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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT, W. N. MCMILLAN, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

IV.—JUJA FARM; HIPPO AND LEOPARD.

AT Juja Farm we were welcomed with the most generous hospitality by my fellow-countryman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. McMillan. Selous had been staying with them, and one afternoon I had already ridden over from Sir Alfred's ranch to take tea with them at their other house, on the beautiful Mua hills.

Juja Farm lies on the edge of the Athi Plains, and the house stands near the junction of the Nairobi and Rewero Rivers. The house, like almost all East African houses, was of one story, a broad, vine-shaded veranda running around it. There were numerous out-buildings of every kind; there were flocks and herds, cornfields, a vegetable garden, and, immediately in front of the house, a very pretty flower garden, carefully tended by unsmiling Kikuyu savages. All day long these odd creatures worked at the grass and among the flower beds; according to the custom of their tribe their ears were slit so as to enable them to stretch the lobes to an almost unbelievable extent, and in these apertures they wore fantastically carved native ornaments. One of them had been attracted by the shining surface of an empty tobacco can, and he wore this in one ear to match the curiously carved wooden drum he carried in the other. Another, whose arms and legs were massive with copper and iron bracelets, had been given a blanket because he had no other garment; he got along quite well with the blanket excepting when he had to use the lawn mower, and then he would usually wrap the blanket around his neck and handle the lawn mower with the evident feeling that he had done all that the most exacting conventionalism could require.

The house boys and gun-bearers, and most of the boys who took care of the horses, were Somalis, whereas the cattle keepers who tended the herds of cattle were Masai, and the men and women who worked in the fields were Kikuyus. The three races had nothing to do with one another, and the few Indians had nothing to do with any of them. The Kikuyus lived in their beehive huts scattered in small groups; the Somalis all dwelt in their own little village on one side of the farm; and half a mile off the Masai dwelt in their village. Both the Somalis and Masai were fine, daring fellows; the Somalis were Mohammedans and horsemen; the Masai were cattle herders, who did their work as they did their fighting, on foot, and were wild heathen of the most martial

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type. They looked carefully after the cattle, and were delighted to join in the chase of dangerous game, but regular work they thoroughly despised. Sometimes when we had gathered a mass of Kikuyus or of our own porters together to do some job, two or three Masai would stroll up to look on with curiosity, sword in belt and great spear in hand; their features were well cut, their hair curiously plaited, and they had the erect carriage and fearless bearing that naturally go with a soldierly race.

Masai warriors near McMillan's ranch on the Mua hills.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Within the house, with its bedrooms and dining-room, its library and drawing-room, and the cool-shaded veranda, everything was so comfortable that it was hard to realize that we were far in the interior of Africa and almost under the equator. Our hostess was herself a good rider and good shot, and had killed her lion; and both our host and a friend who was staying with him, Mr. Bulpett, were not merely mighty hunters who had bagged every important variety of large and dangerous game, but were also explorers of note, whose travels had materially helped in widening the area of our knowledge of what was once the dark continent.

Many birds sang in the garden, bulbuls, thrushes, and warblers; and from the narrow fringe of dense woodland along the edges of the rivers other birds called loudly, some with harsh, some with musical voices. Here for the first time we saw the honey-guide, the bird that is said to insist upon leading any man it sees to honey, so that he may rob the hive and give it a share—though we were not ourselves fortunate enough to witness anything noteworthy in its actions.

Game came right around the house. Hartebeests, wildebeests, and zebras grazed in sight on the open plain. The hippo-

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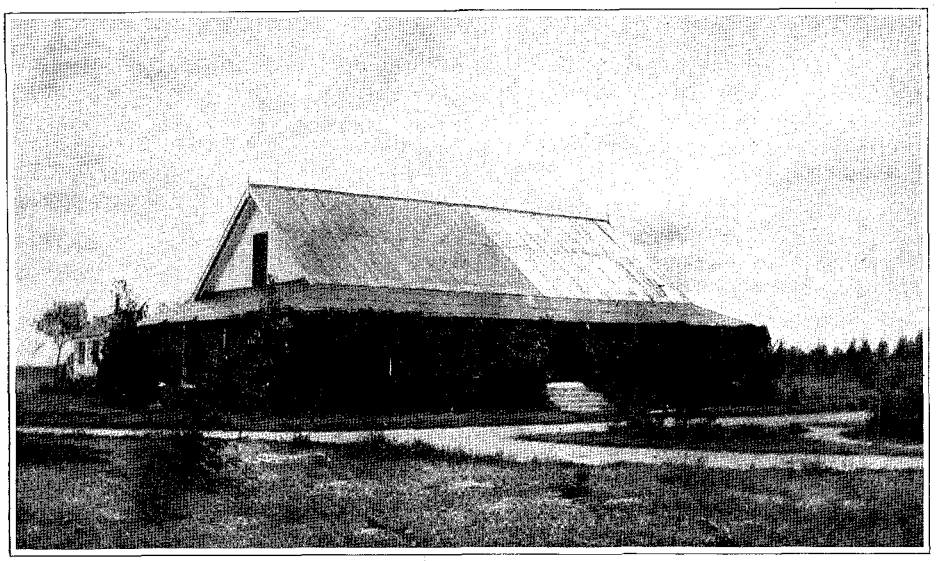

The house at Juja Farm.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

potami that lived close by in the river came out at night into the garden. A couple of years before a rhino had come down into the same garden in broad daylight, and quite wantonly attacked one of the Kikuyu laborers, tossing him and breaking his thigh. It had then passed by the house out to the plain, where it saw an ox cart, which it immediately attacked and broke, cannoning off after its charge and passing up through the span of oxen, breaking all the yokes but fortunately not killing an animal. Then it met one of the men of the house on horseback, immediately assailed him, and was killed for its pains.

My host was about to go on safari for a couple of months with Selous, and to manage their safari they had one of the most noted professional hunters of East Africa, Mr. H. Judd; and Judd was kind enough to take me out hunting almost every day that we were at Juja. We would breakfast at dawn and leave the farm about the time that it grew light enough to see: ordinarily our course was eastward, toward the Athi, a few miles distant. These morning rides were very beautiful. In our front was the mountain mass of Donyo Sabuk, and the sun rose behind it, flooding the heavens with gold and crimson. The morning air blew fresh in our faces, and the unshod feet of our horses made no sound as they trod the dew-drenched grass. On every side game stood to watch us, herds of hartebeests and zebras, and now and then a herd of wildebeests or a few straggling old wildebeest bulls. Sometimes the zebras and kongoni were very shy, and took fright when we were yet a long way off; at other times they would stand motionless and permit us to come within fair gunshot, and after we had passed we could still see them regarding us without their having moved. The wildebeests were warier; usually when we were still a quarter of a mile or so distant, the herd, which had been standing with heads up, their short, shaggy necks and heavy withers giving the animals an unmistakable look, would take fright, and, with heavy curvets, and occasional running in semicircles, would make off, heads held down and long tails lashing the air.

In the open woods which marked the border between the barren plains and the forested valley of the Athi, Kermit and I shot water-buck and impalla. The water-buck is a stately antelope with long, coarse gray hair and fine carriage of the head and neck; the male alone carries horns. We found them usually in parties of ten or a dozen, both of bulls and cows; but sometimes a party of cows would go alone, or three or four bulls might be found together. In spite of its name, we did not find it much given

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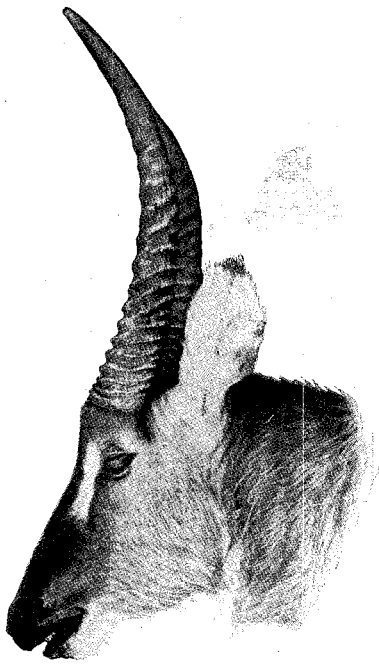
to going in the water, although it would cross the river fearlessly whenever it desired; it was, however, always found not very far from water. It liked the woods and did not go many miles from the streams, yet we frequently saw it on the open plains a mile or two from trees, feeding in the vicinity of the zebra and the hartebeest. This was, however, usually quite early in the morning or quite late in the afternoon. In the heat of the day it clearly preferred to be in the forest, along the stream's edge, or in the bush-clad ravines.



Head of a water-buck bull shot by Kermit Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The impalla are found in exactly the same kind of country as the water-buck, and often associate with them. To my mind they are among the most beautiful of all antelope. They are about the size of a white-tailed deer, their beautiful annulated horns making a single spiral, and their coat is like satin with its contrasting shades of red and white. They have the most graceful movements of any animal I know, and it is extraordinary to see a herd start off when frightened, making bounds clear over large-sized bushes. Usually a single old buck will be found with a large company of does and fawns; the other bucks go singly or in small parties. It was in the middle of May, and we saw fawns of all ages. When in the open, where, like the water-buck, it often went in the morning and evening, the impalla was very shy, but I did not find it particularly so among the woods. In connection with shooting two of the impalla, there are little incidents which are perhaps worthy of mention.

In one case I had just killed a water-buck cow, hitting it at a considerable distance and by a lucky fluke, after a good deal of bad shooting. We started the porters in with the water-buck, and then rode west through an open country, dotted here and there with trees and with occasional ant-hills. In a few minutes we saw an impalla buck, and I crept up behind an ant-hill and obtained a shot at about two hundred and fifty yards. The buck dropped, and as I was putting in another cartridge I said to Judd that I didn't like to see an animal drop like that, so instantaneously, as there was always the possibility that it might only be creased, and that if an animal so hurt got up, it always went off exactly as if unhurt. When we raised our eyes again to look for the impalla it had vanished. I was sure that we would never see it again, and Judd felt much the same way, but we walked in the direction toward which its head had been pointed, and Judd ascended an ant-hill to scan the surrounding country with his glasses. He did so, and after a minute remarked that he could not see the wounded impalla; when a sudden movement caused him to look down, and there it was, lying at his very feet, on the side of the ant-hill, unable to rise. I had been using a sharp-pointed bullet in the Springfield, and this makes a big hole. The bullet had gone too far back, penetrating the hips. I should not have wondered at all if the animal had failed to get up, but I did not understand why, if recovered enough from the shock to be able to get up at all, it had not continued to travel, instead of falling after going one hundred yards. Indeed, I am inclined to think that a deer or prong-buck, hit in the same fashion, would have gone off and would have given a long chase before being overtaken. Judging from what others have said, I have no doubt that African game is very tough and succumbs less easily to wounds than is the case with animals of the northern temperate zone; but in my own limited experience, I three times saw African antelopes succumb to wounds quicker than the average northern animal would

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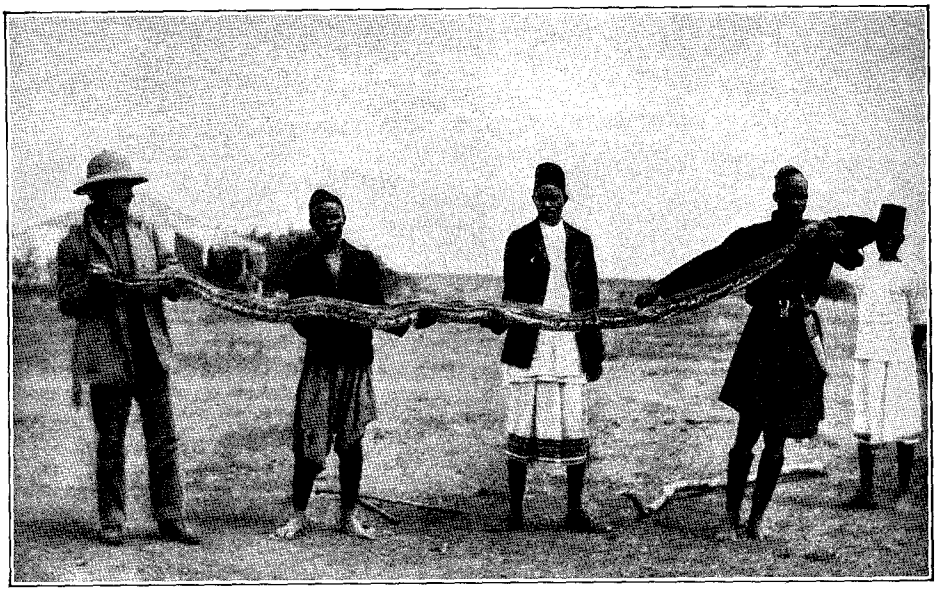

The python.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

have succumbed to the wound. One was this impalla. Another was the cow eland I first shot; her hind leg was broken high up, and the wound, though crippling, was not such as would have prevented a moose or wapiti from hobbling away on three legs; yet in spite of hard struggles the eland was wholly unable to regain her feet. The impalla thus shot, by the way, although in fine condition and the coat of glossy beauty, was infested by ticks; around the horns the horrid little insects were clustered in thick masses for a space of a diameter of some inches. It was to me marvellous that they had not set up inflammation or caused great sores, for they were so thick that at a distance of a few feet they gave the appearance of there being some big gland or bare place at the root of each horn.

The other impalla buck also showed an unexpected softness, succumbing to a wound which I do not believe would have given me either a white-tailed or a black-tailed deer. I had been vainly endeavoring to get a water-buck bull, and as the day was growing hot I was riding homeward, scanning the edge of the plain where it merged into the trees that extended out from the steep bank that hemmed in one side of the river bottom. From time to time we would see an impalla or a water-buck making its way from the plain back to the river bottom, to spend the day in the shade. One of these I stalked, and after a good deal of long-range shooting broke a hind leg high up. It got out of sight and we rode along the edge of the steep descent which led down into the river bottom proper. In the bottom there were large, open, grassy places, while the trees made a thick fringe along the river course. We had given up the impalla and turned out toward the plain, when one of my gun-bearers whistled to us and said he had seen the wounded animal cross the bottom and go into the fringe of trees bounding a deep pool in which we knew there were both hippos and crocodiles. We were off our horses at once, and, leaving them at the top, scrambled down the descent and crossed the bottom to the spot indicated. The impalla had lain down as soon as it reached cover, and as we entered the fringe of wood I caught a glimpse of it getting up and making off. Yet fifty yards farther it stopped again, standing right on the brink of the pool, so close that when I shot it, it fell over into the water.

When, after arranging for this impalla to be carried back to the farm, we returned to where our horses had been left, the boys told us with much excitement that there was a large snake near by; and sure enough

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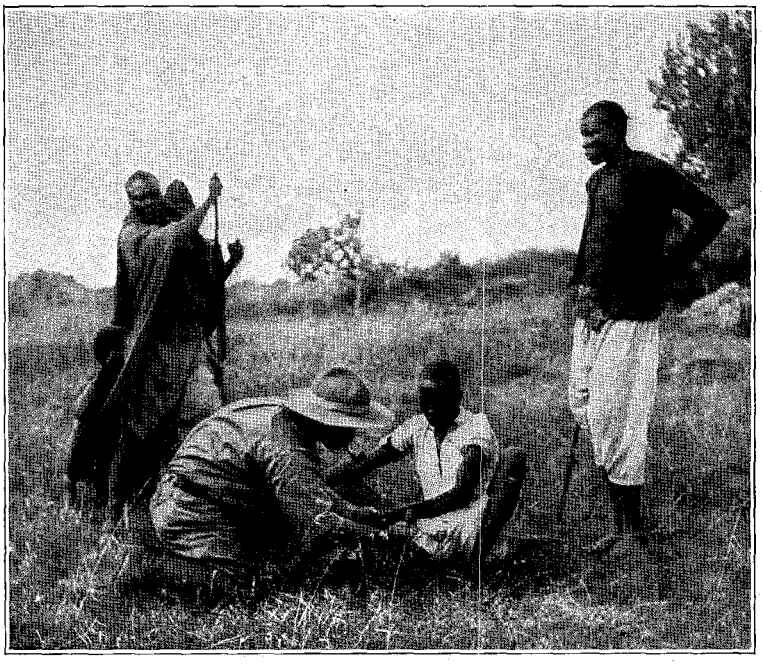

Judd permanganating the beater who was mauled by the leopard.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

a few yards off, coiled up in the long grass under a small tree, was a python. I could not see it distinctly, and using a solid bullet I just missed the backbone, the bullet going through the body about its middle. Immediately the snake lashed at me with open jaws, and then, uncoiling, came gliding rapidly in our direction. I do not think it was charging; I think it was merely trying to escape. But Judd, who was utterly unmoved by lion, leopard, or rhino, evidently held this snake in respect, and yelled to me to get out of the way. Accordingly, I jumped back a few feet, and the snake came over the ground where I had stood; its evil genius then made it halt for a moment and raise its head to a height of perhaps three feet, and I killed it by a shot through the neck. The porters were much wrought up about the snake, and did not at all like my touching it and taking it up, first by the tail and then by the head. It was only twelve feet long, weighing about forty pounds. We tied it to a long stick and sent it in by two porters.

Another day we beat for lions, but without success. We rode to a spot a few miles off, where we were joined by three Boer farmers. They were big, upstanding men, looking just as Boer farmers ought to look who had been through a war and had ever since led the adventurous life of frontier farmers in wild regions. They were accompanied by a pack of big, rough-looking dogs, but were on foot, walking with long and easy strides. The dogs looked a rough-and-ready lot, but on this particular morning showed themselves of little use; at any rate they put up nothing.

But Kermit had a bit of deserved good luck. While the main body of us went down the river-bed, he and McMillan, with a few natives, beat up a side ravine, down the middle of which ran the usual dry watercourse fringed with patches of brush. In one of these they put up a leopard, and saw it slinking forward ahead of them through the bushes. Then they lost sight of it, and came to the conclusion that it was in a large thicket. So Kermit went on one side of it and McMillan on the other, and the beaters approached to try and get the leopard out. Of course none of the beaters had guns; their function was merely to make a disturbance and rouse the game, and they were cautioned on no account to get into danger.

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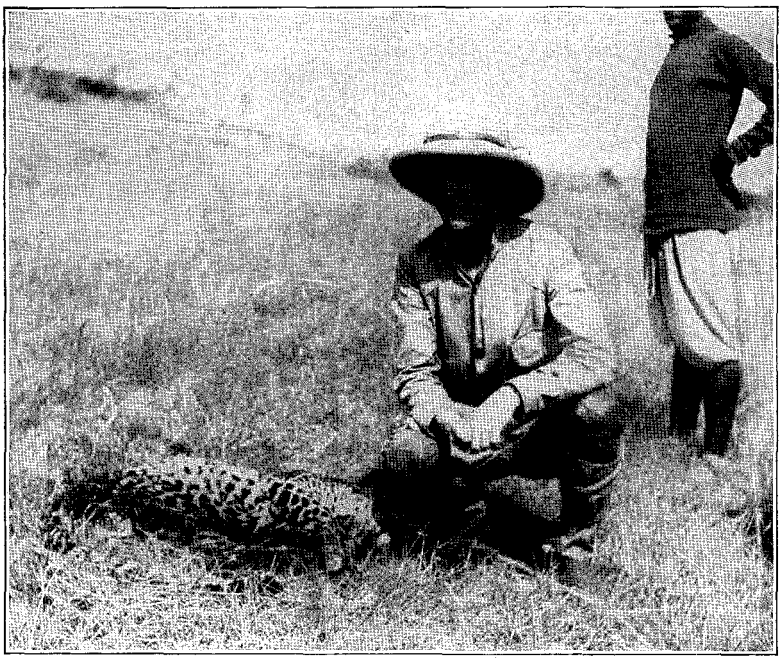

Kermit Roosevelt and the leopard.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

But the leopard did not wait to be driven. Without any warning, out he came and charged straight at Kermit, who stopped him when he was but six yards off with a bullet in the forepart of the body; the leopard turned, and as he galloped back Kermit hit him again, crippling him in the hips. The wounds were fatal, and they would have knocked the fight out of any animal less plucky and savage than the leopard; but not even in Africa is there a beast of more unflinching courage than this spotted cat. The beaters were much excited by the sight of the charge and the way in which it was stopped, and they pressed jubilantly forward, too heedlessly; one of them, who was on McMillan's side of the thicket, went too near it, and out came the wounded leopard at him. It was badly crippled or it would have got the beater at once; as it was, it was slowly overtaking him as he ran through the tall grass, when McMillan, standing on an ant heap, shot it again. Yet, in spite of having this third bullet in it, it ran down the beater and seized him, worrying him with teeth and claws; but it was weak because of its wounds, and the powerful savage wrenched himself free, while McMillan fired into the beast again; and back it went through the long grass into the thicket. There was a pause, and the wounded beater was removed to a place of safety, while a messenger was sent on to us to bring up the Boer dogs. But while they were waiting, the leopard, on its own initiative, brought matters to a crisis, for out it came again straight at Kermit, and this time it dropped dead to Kermit's bullet. No animal could have shown a more fearless and resolute temper. It was an old female, but small, its weight being a little short of seventy pounds. The smallest female cougar I ever killed was heavier than this, and one very big male cougar which I killed in Colorado was three times the weight. Yet I have never heard of any cougar which displayed anything like the spirit and ferocity of this little leopard, or which in any way approached it as a dangerous foe. It was sent back to camp in company with the wounded beater, after the wounds of the latter had been dressed, they were not serious, and he was speedily as well as ever.

The rivers that bounded Juja Farm, not only the Athi, but the Nairobi and Rewero,

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contained hippopotami and crocodiles in the deep pools. I was particularly anxious to get one of the former, and early one morning Judd and I rode off across the plains, through the herds of grazing game seen dimly in the dawn, to the Athi. We reached the river, and, leaving our horses, went down into the wooded bottom, soon after sunrise. Judd had with him a Masai, a keen-eyed hunter, and I my two gun-bearers. We advanced with the utmost caution toward the brink of a great pool; on our way we saw a bushbuck, but of course did not dare to shoot at it, for hippopotami are wary, except in very unfrequented regions, and any noise will disturb them. As we crept noiselessly up to the steep bank which edged the pool, the sight was typically African. On the still water floated a crocodile, nothing but his eyes and nostrils visible. The bank was covered with a dense growth of trees, festooned with vines; among the branches sat herons; a little cormorant dived into the water; and a very small and brilliantly colored kingfisher, with a red beak and large turquoise crest, perched unheedingly within a few feet of us. Here and there a dense growth of the tall and singularly graceful papyrus rose out of the water, the feathery heads which crowned the long draped green stems waving gently to and fro.

Native boy carrying in a leopard shot by Kermit Roosevelt near Juja ranch.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

We scanned the waters carefully, and could see no sign of hippos, and, still proceeding with the utmost caution, we moved a hundred yards farther down to another lookout. Here the Masai detected a hippo head a long way off on the other side of the pool; and we again drew back and started cautiously forward to reach the point opposite which he had seen the head.

But we were not destined to get that hippo. Just as we had about reached the point at which we had intended to turn in toward the pool, there was a succession of snorts in our front and the sound of the trampling of heavy feet and of a big body being shoved through a dense mass of tropical bush. My companions called to me in loud whispers that it was a rhinoceros coming at us, and to "Shoot, shoot." In another moment the rhinoceros appeared, standing twitching its tail and tossing and twisting its head from side to side. It did not seem to have very good horns, and I would much rather not have killed it; but there hardly seemed any alternative, for it certainly showed every symptom of being bent on mischief. My first shot, at under forty yards, produced no effect whatever, except to hasten its approach. I was using the Winchester, with full-jacketed bullets; my second bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, bringing it to a halt. I fired into the shoulder again, and as it turned toward the bush I fired into its flank both the bullets still remaining in my magazine.

For a moment or two after it disappeared we heard the branches crash, and then there was silence. In such cover a wounded rhino requires cautious handling, and as quietly as possible we walked through the open forest along the edge of the dense thicket into which the animal had returned. The thicket was a tangle of thorn bushes, reeds, and small, low-branching trees; it was impossible to see ten feet through it, and a man could only penetrate it with the utmost slowness and difficulty, whereas the movements of the rhino were very little impeded. At the far end of the thicket we examined the grass to see if the rhino had passed out, and sure enough there was the spoor, with so much blood along both sides that it was evident the animal was badly hit. It led across this space and into another thicket of the same character as the first; and again we stole cautiously along the edge some ten yards out. I had taken the heavy Holland double-barrel, and with the safety

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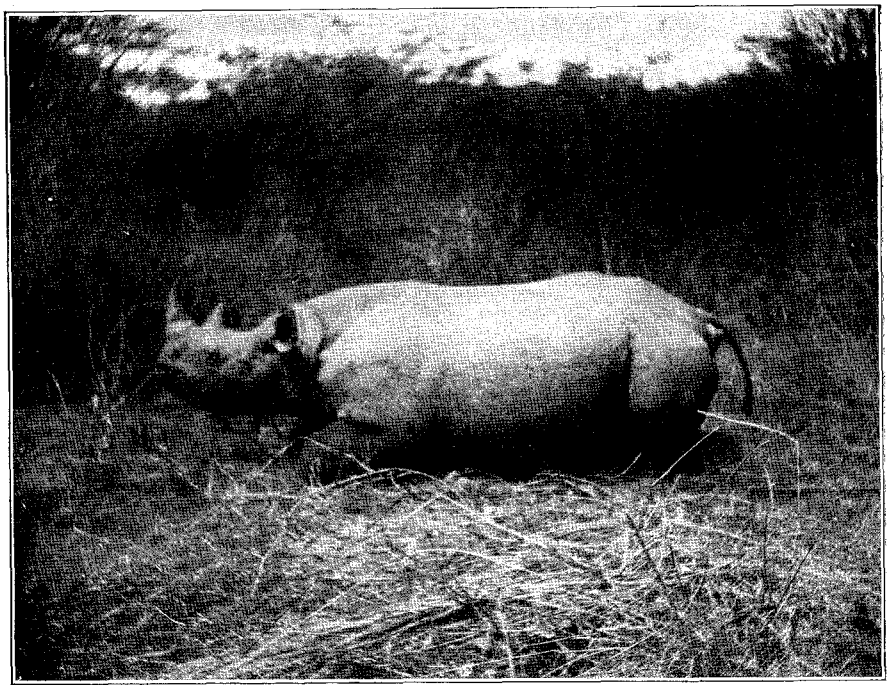

The second rhino.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

catch pressed forward under my thumb, I trod gingerly through the grass, peering into the thicket and expectant of developments. In a minute there was a furious snorting and crashing directly opposite us in the thicket, and I brought up my rifle; but the rhino did not quite place us, and broke out of the cover in front, some thirty yards away; and I put both barrels into and behind the shoulder. The terrific striking force of the heavy gun told at once, and the rhino wheeled, and struggled back into the thicket, and we heard it fall. With the utmost caution, bending and creeping under the branches, we made our way in, and saw the beast lying with its head toward us. We thought it was dead, but would take no chances; and I put in another, but as it proved needless, heavy bullet.

It was an old female, considerably smaller than the bull I had already shot, with the front horn measuring fourteen inches as against his nineteen inches; as always with rhinos, it was covered with ticks, which clustered thickly in the folds and creases of the skin, around and in the ears, and in all the tender places. McMillan sent out an ox wagon and brought it in to the house, where we weighed it. It was a little over two thousand two hundred pounds. It had evidently been in the neighborhood in which we found it for a considerable time, for a few hundred yards away we found its stamping ground, a circular spot where the earth had been all trampled up and kicked about, according to the custom of rhinoceroses; they return day after day to such places to deposit their dung, which is then kicked about with the hind feet. As with all our other specimens, the skin was taken off and sent back to the National Museum. The stomach was filled with leaves and twigs, this kind of rhinoceros browsing on the tips of the branches by means of its hooked, prehensile upper lip.

Now I did not want to kill this rhinoceros, and I am not certain that it really intended to charge us. It may very well be that if we had stood firm it would, after much threatening and snorting, have turned and made off; veteran hunters like Selous could, I doubt not, have afforded to wait and see what happened. But I let it get within forty yards, and it still showed every symp-

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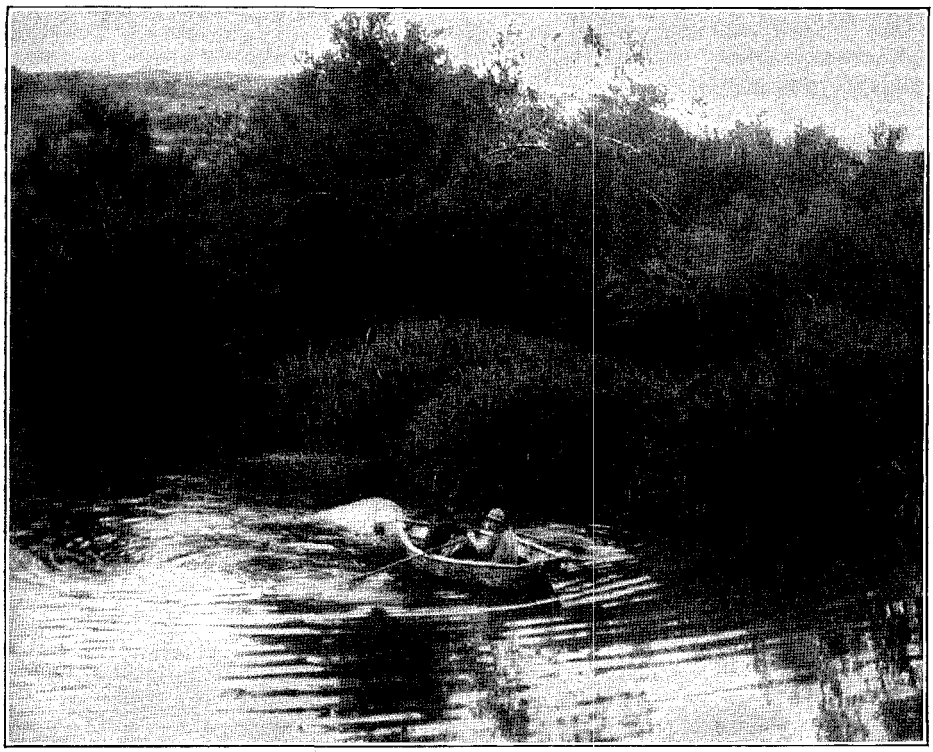
tom of meaning mischief, and at a shorter range I could not have been sure of stopping it in time. Often under such circumstances the rhino does not mean to charge at all, and is acting in a spirit of truculent and dull curiosity; but often, when its motions and actions are indistinguishable from those of an animal which does not mean mischief, it turns out that a given rhino does mean mischief. A year before I arrived in East Africa a surveyor was charged by a rhinoceros entirely without provocation; he was caught and killed. Chanler's companion on his long expedition, the Austrian Von Höhnel, was very severely wounded by a rhino and nearly died; the animal charged through the line of march of the safari, and then deliberately turned, hunted down Von Höhnel, and tossed him. Again and again there have been such experiences, and again and again hunters who did not wish to kill rhinos have been forced to do so in order to prevent mischief. Under such circumstances it is not to be expected that men will take too many chances when face to face with a creature whose actions are threatening and whose intentions it is absolutely impossible to divine. In fact, I do not see how the rhinoceros can be permanently preserved, save in very out-of-the-way places or in regular game reserves. There is enough interest and excitement in the pursuit to attract every eager young hunter, and, indeed, very many eager old hunters; and the beast's stupidity, curiosity, and truculence make up a combination of qualities which inevitably tend to insure its destruction.



Towing the hippo shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

As we brought home the whole body of this rhinoceros, and as I had put into it eight bullets, five from the Winchester and three from the Holland, I was able to make a tolerably fair comparison between the two. With the full-jacketed bullets of the Winchester I had mortally wounded the animal; it would have died in a short time, and it was groggy when it came out of the brush in its final charge; but they inflicted no

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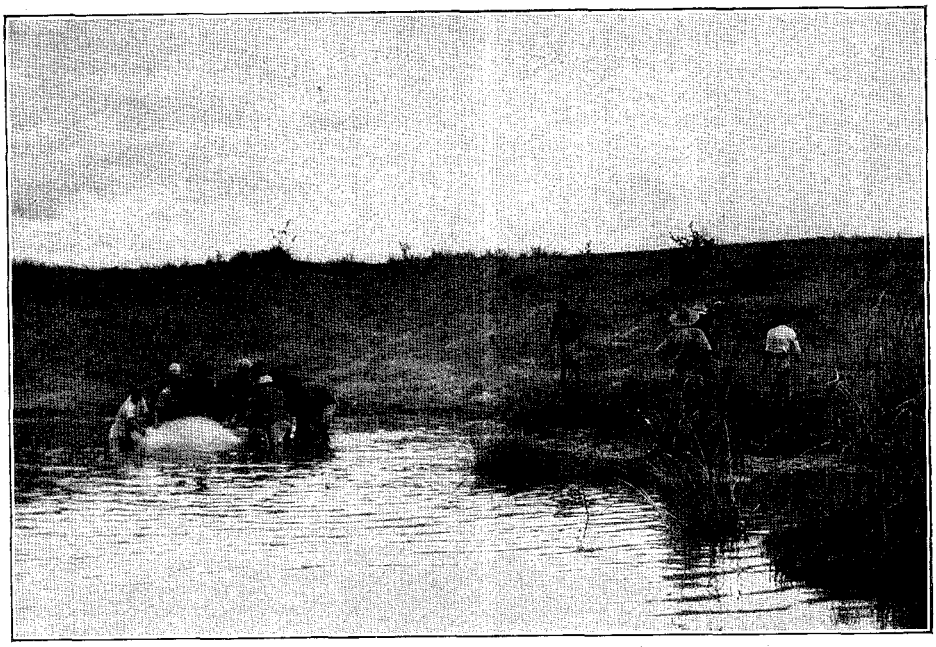
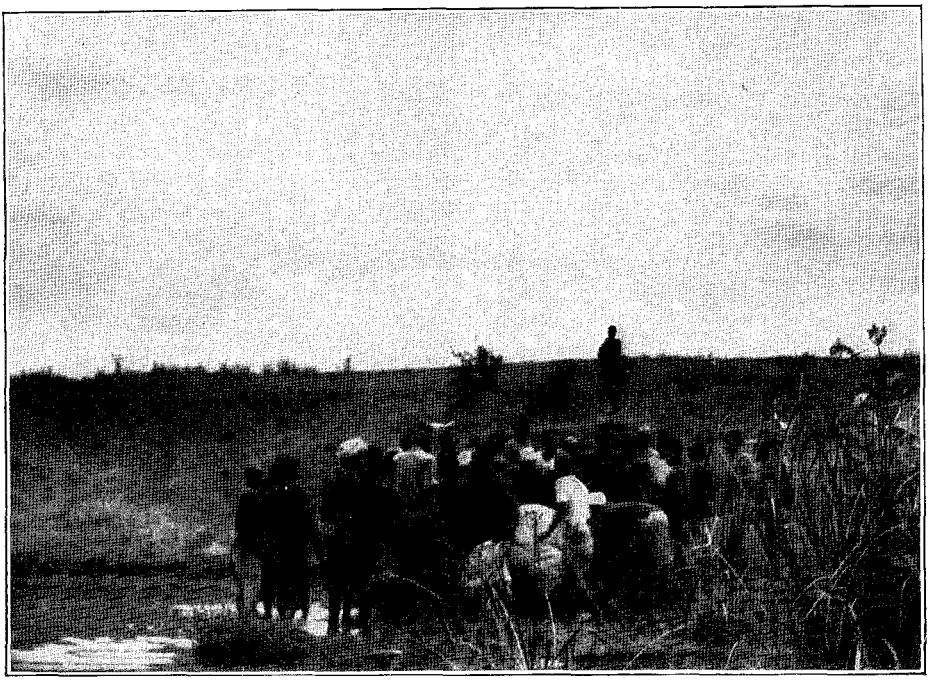


Landing the hippo.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan



Rolling out the hippo.

From a photograph by W. N McMillan.

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such smashing blow as the heavy bullets of the Holland. Moreover, when they struck the heavy bones they tended to break into fragments, while the big Holland bullets ploughed through. The Winchester and the Springfield were the weapons one of which I always carried in my own hand, and for any ordinary game I much preferred them to any other rifles. The Winchester did admirably with lions, giraffes, elands, and smaller game, and, as will be seen, with hippos. For heavy game like rhinoceroses and buffaloes, I found that for me personally the heavy Holland was unquestionably the proper weapon. But in writing this I wish most distinctly to assert my full knowledge of the fact that the choice of a rifle is almost as much a matter of personal idiosyncrasy as the choice of a friend. The above must be taken as merely the expression of my personal preferences. It will doubtless arouse as much objection among the ultra champions of one type of gun as among the ultra-champions of another. The truth is that any good modern rifle is good enough. The determining factor is the man behind the gun.

In the afternoon of the day on which we killed the rhino Judd took me out again to try for hippos, this time in the Rewero, which ran close by the house. We rode upstream a couple of miles; I missed a wart-hog on the way. Then we sent back our horses and walked down the river bank as quietly as possible, Judd scanning the pools, and the eddies in the running stream, from every point of vantage. Once we aroused a crocodile, which plunged into the water. The stream was full of fish, some of considerable size; and in the meadow land on our side we saw a gang of big, black wild-geese feeding. But we got within half a mile of McMillan's house without seeing a hippo, and the light was rapidly fading. Judd announced that we would go home, but took one last look around the next bend, and instantly sank to his knees, beckoning to me. I crept forward on all-fours, and he pointed out to me an object in the stream, fifty yards off, under the overhanging branch of a tree, which jutted out from the steep bank opposite. In that light I should not myself have recognized it as a hippo head; but it was one, looking toward us, with the ears up and the nostrils, eyes, and forehead above water. I aimed for the centre; the sound told that the bullet had struck somewhere on the head, and the animal disappeared without a splash. Judd was sure I had killed, but I was by no means so confident myself, and there was no way of telling until next morning, for the hippo always sinks when shot and does not rise to the surface for several hours. Accordingly, back we walked to the house.

At sunrise next morning Cuninghame, Judd, and I, with a crowd of porters, were down at the spot. There was a very leaky boat in which Cuninghame, Judd, and I embarked, intending to drift and paddle downstream while the porters walked along the bank. We did not have far to go, for as we rounded the first point we heard the porters break into guttural exclamations of delight, and there ahead of us, by a little island of papyrus, was the dead hippo. With the help of the boat it was towed to a convenient landing-place, and then the porters dragged it ashore. It was a cow, of good size for one dwelling in a small river, where they never approach the dimensions of those making their homes in a great lake like the Victoria Nyanza. This one weighed nearly two thousand eight hundred pounds, and I could well believe that a big lake bull would weigh between three and four tons.

In wild regions hippos rest on sandy bars, and even come ashore to feed, by day; but wherever there are inhabitants they land to feed only at night. Those in the Rewero continually entered McMillan's garden. Where they are numerous they sometimes attack small boats and kill the people in them; and where they are so plentiful they do great damage to the plantations of the natives, so much so that they then have to be taken off the list of preserved game and their destruction encouraged. Their enormous jaws sweep in quantities of plants, or lush grass, or corn or vegetables, at a mouthful, while their appetite is as gigantic as their body. In spite of their short legs, they go at a good gait on shore, but the water is their real home, and they always seek it when alarmed. They dive and float wonderfully, rising to the surface or sinking to the bottom at will, and they gallop at speed along the bottoms of lakes or rivers, with their bodies wholly submerged; but as is natural enough, in view of their big bodies and short legs, they are not fast swimmers for any length of time. They make curious and unmistak-

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The dead hippo.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

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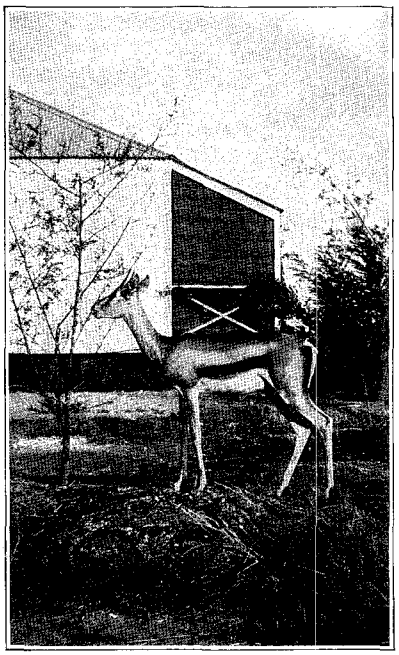
able trails along the banks of any stream in which they dwell; their short legs are wide apart, and so when they tread out a path they leave a ridge of high soil down the centre. Where they have lived a long time, the rutted paths are worn deep into the soil, but always carry this distinguishing middle ridge.

The full-jacketed Winchester bullet had gone straight into the brain; the jacket had lodged in the cranium, but the lead went on, entering the neck and breaking the atlas vertebra.



The tame Grant's gazelle at Juja.
From a photograph J. Alden Loring.

At Juja Farm many animals were kept in cages. They included a fairly friendly leopard, and five lions, two of which were anything but friendly. There were three cheetahs, nearly full-grown; these were continually taken out on leashes, Mrs. McMillan strolling about with them and leading them to the summer-house. They were good-tempered, but they did not lead well. Cheetahs are interesting beasts; they are aberrant cats, standing very high on their legs, and with non-retractile claws like a dog. They are nearly the size of a leopard, but are not ordinarily anything like as ferocious, and prey on the smaller antelope, occasionally taking something as big as a half-grown kongoni. For a short run, up to say a quarter of a mile, they are the swiftest animals on earth, and with a good start easily overtake the fastest antelope; but their bolt is soon shot, and on the open plain they can readily be galloped down with a horse. When they sit on their haunches their attitude is that neither of a dog nor of a cat so much as of a big monkey. On the whole, they are much more easily domesticated than most other cats, but, as with all highly developed wild creatures, they show great individual variability of character and disposition. They have a very curious note, a bird-like chirp, in uttering which they tw[illegible] the upper lip as if whistling. When I fi[illegible] heard it I was sure that it was uttered b[illegible] some bird, and looked about quite a time be[illegible] fore finding that it was the call of a cheetah.

Then there was a tame wart-hog, very friendly, indeed, which usually wandered loose, and was as comical as pigs generally are, with its sudden starts and grunts. Finally, there was a young Tommy buck and a Grant's gazelle doe, both of which were on good terms with every one and needed astonishingly little looking after to prevent their straying. When I was returning to the house on the morning I killed the rhinoceros, I met the string of porters and the ox wagon just after they had left the gate on their way to the carcass. The Grant doe had been attracted by the departure, and was following immediately behind the last porter; a wild-looking Masai warrior, to whom, as I learned, the especial care of the gazelle had been intrusted for that day, was running as hard as he could after her from the gate; when he overtook her he ran in between her and the rearmost porter, and headed her for the farm gate, uttering what sounded like wild war-cries and brandishing his spear. They formed a really absurd couple, the little doe slowly and decorously walking back to the farm, quite unmoved by the clamor and threats, while her guardian, the very image of what a savage warrior should look like when on the war-path, walked close behind, waving his spear and uttering deep-toned shouts, with what seemed a ludicrous disproportion of effort to the result needed.

Antelopes speedily become very tame and recognize clearly their friends. Leslie Tarlton's brother was keeping a couple of young kongoni and a partly grown Grant on his farm just outside Nairobi. (The game comes

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Mr. Roosevelt and Bwana Engozi (Judd).
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

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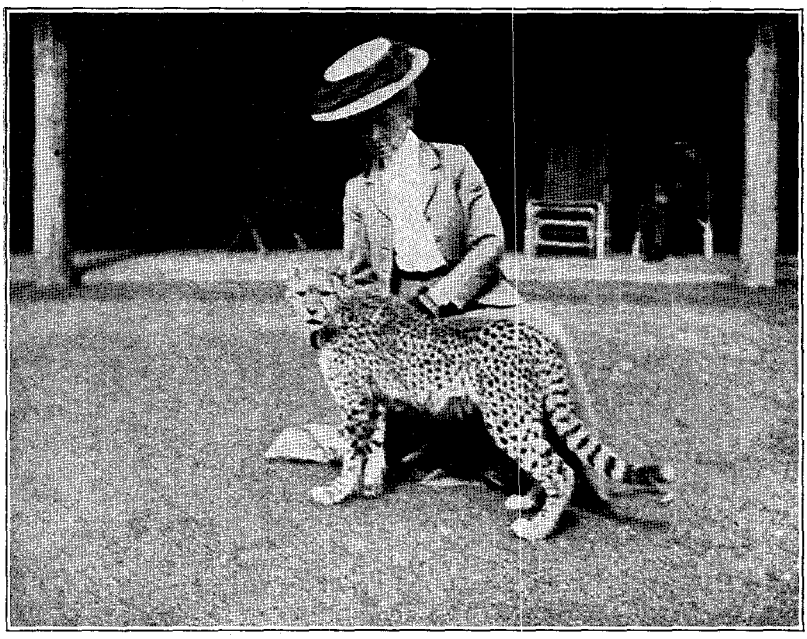

Mrs. McMillan and cheetah.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

right to the outskirts of Nairobi; one morning Kermit walked out from the McMillans' town-house, where we were staying, in company with Percival, the game ranger, and got photographs of zebras, kongoni, and Kavirondo cranes; and a leopard sometimes came up through the garden on to the veranda of the house itself.) Tarlton's young antelopes went freely into the country round about, but never fled with the wild herds; and they were not only great friends with Tarlton's dogs, but recognized them as protectors. Hyenas and other beasts frequently came round the farm after nightfall, and at their approach the antelopes fled at speed to where the dogs were, and then could not be persuaded to leave them.

We spent a delightful week at Juja Farm, and then moved to Kamiti Ranch, the neighboring farm, owned by Mr. Hugh H. Heatley, who had asked me to visit him for a buffalo hunt. While in the highlands of British East Africa it is utterly impossible for a stranger to realize that he is under the equator; the climate is delightful and healthy. It is a white man's country, a country which should be filled with white settlers; and no place could be more attractive for visitors. There is no more danger to health incident to an ordinary trip to East Africa than there is to an ordinary trip to the Riviera. Of course, if one goes on a hunting trip there is always a certain amount of risk, including the risk of fever, just as there would be if a man camped out in some of the Italian marshes. But the ordinary visitor need have no more fear of his health than if he were travelling in Italy, and it is hard to imagine a trip better worth making than the trip from Mombassa to Nairobi and on to the Victoria Nyanza.

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REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

"Rest Harrow grows in any soil. . . . The seeds may be sown as soon as ripe in warm, sheltered spots out of doors. . . . It is a British plant."—*Weathers.*

BOOK I

OF THE NATURE OF A PROLOGUE, DEALING WITH A BRUISED PHILOSOPHER IN RETIREMENT.

I

AN observant traveller, homing to England by the Ostend-Dover packet in the April of some five years ago, relished the vagaries of a curious couple who arrived by a later train, and proved to be both of his acquaintance. He had happened to be early aboard, and saw them come on. They were a lady of some personal attraction, comfortably furred, who, descending from a first-class carriage, was met by a man from a third-class, bare-headed, free in the neck, loosely clad in gray flannel trousers, which flapped about his thin legs in the sea-breeze, a white sweater with a rolling collar, and a pair of sandals upon brown and sinewy feet, uncovered by socks: these two. The man's garniture was extraordinary, but himself, no less so. He had a lean and deeply bronzed face, hatchet-shaped like a Hindoo's. You looked instinctively for rings in his ears. His hair, densely black, was longish and perfectly straight. His eyes were far-sighted and unblinking. He smiled always, but furtively, as if the world at large amused him, but must never know it. He seemed to observe everything, except the fact that everybody observed himself.

To have once seen such a man must have provided for his recollection; and yet our traveller, who was young and debonair, though not so young as he seemed, first recognized the lady. "Mrs. Germain, by George!" he said to himself. "Now, where's she been all this time?" The frown which began to settle about his observing eyes, speedily dissolved in wonder as they encountered the strange creature in the lady's company. He stared, he gaped, then slapped his thigh. "Jack Senhouse! That's the man. God of battles, what a start! Now, what on earth is Jack Senhouse doing playing courier to Mrs. Germain?"

That was precisely the employment. His man had handed the lady out of her compartment, entered it when she left it, and was possessing himself of her littered vestiges, while these speculations were afloat. Dressing-case, tea-basket, umbrellas, rugs, and what not, he filled his arms with them, handed them over to expectant porters, then smilingly showed their proprietress the carriage ridded. He led the way to the steamer, deposited his burdens and saw to the bestowal of others, fetched a chair, wrapped her in rugs, found her book, indicated her whereabouts to a mariner in case of need. All this leisurely done, in the way of a man who has privilege and duty for his warrants. Inquiring then, with an engaging lift of the eyebrows, whether she was perfectly comfortable, and receiving with a pleasant nod her answering nod of thanks, he left her and returned to the train. Tracked through the crowd, and easily by his height, bare head, and leisurely motions, he was next seen shouldering a canvas bag on his way back to the boat. Jack's belongings, his bag of tricks! Jack all over, the same inexhaustible Jack! It was delightful to our traveller to find Jack Senhouse thus verifying himself at every turn. He was for the steerage, it appears—and of course he was!—where depressed foreigners share with bicycles, motor-cars, and newly

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boiled pigs the amenities of economical travel. In this malodorous and slippery well, his interested friend saw him sit down upon his bundle, roll a cigarette, and fall into easy conversation with an Italian voyager who, having shaved, was now putting on a clean collar and a tartan necktie.

The traveller, Mr. William Chevenix, who had watched him so long, a faultlessly dressed and cheerful Englishman of some five-and-thirty summers, with round eyes in a round and rosy face, now assuring himself that he would be damned if he didn't have it out with the chap, descended the companion, picked his way through the steerage, and approached the seated philosopher. He saw that he was known, and immediately. Nothing escaped Senhouse.

"How d'ye do, how d'ye do?" He held out his hand. Senhouse rose and grasped it. The Italian took off his hat and strolled away.

"I'm very well, thanks," he said. "Have you noticed those shores beyond the canal? Samphire there, just as we have it at home. Leagues of samphire."

The younger man looked in the direction indicated, cheerfully and blankly. "'The samphire by the ocean's brim,'" he said, lightly. "I attach no importance to it whatever, but it's very like you to lift one into your conversation at a moment's notice. I'm all for the formalities, myself, so I observe that I haven't seen you for years. Years! Not since—why, it must be eighteen."

"It's precisely eight," said Senhouse, "and I've been abroad for four of them."

His friend inspected him with candid interest. "At your old games, I take it. You've filled England with hardy perennials, and now you're starting on Europe. Great field for you. You'll want a pretty big trowel, though. A wheelbarrow might be handy, I should have said."

Senhouse fired. "I've been planting the Black Forest, you see. Great games. They gave me a free hand, and ten thousand marks a year to spend. I've done some rather showy things. Now I want to go to Thibet."

The other's attention had wandered. "I saw you come on board," he said. "I watched you play the Squire of Dames to a rather pretty woman whom I happen to have known. She was a Mrs. Germain in those days."

"She still calls herself so," Senhouse said. He was staring straight before him out to sea. The steamer was under way.

"Married a queer old file in Berkshire, who died worth a plum. Goodish time ago. They called him Fowls, or Fowls of the Air. So she's still a widow, eh?"

Senhouse nodded. "She's his widow." Then he said: "You know her? You might go and amuse her. I can't, because of these bonds." He exhibited his sockless feet with a cheerful grin.

"Oh, I shall, you know," he was assured. "You're not dressy enough for Mrs. Germain—I agree. She'd never stand it."

"She doesn't," said Senhouse. "She dislikes a fuss, and thinks me rather remarkable."

"Well," said the other, "I think she's right. You always were a conspicuous beggar. Now look at me. Think I'll do?"

Senhouse peered at him. "I think you are exactly what she wants just now," he said. "Go in, and approve yourself, Chevenix!"

Mr. Chevenix, the spick and span, had something on his mind which he did not know how to put. He continued to reflect upon Mrs. Germain, but only by way of marking time. "She used to be very good fun in my young days. And she made things spin in Berkshire, they tell me. I know she did in London—while it lasted. What's she doing? There was a chap called Duplessis, I remember."

"There still is," Senhouse said, but in such a manner as to chalk No Thoroughfare across the field. Chevenix perceived this rather late in the day, and ended his ruminations in a whistle. "She kept him dangling—" he had begun. Instead of pursuing, he said abruptly, "I say, you remember Sancie Percival, of course?"

A change came over Senhouse's aspect, which a close observer might have noticed. He was very quiet, hardly moved; but he seemed to be listening with all his senses, listening with every pore of his skin. "Yes," he said, slowly. "Yes, I do. I'm not likely to forget her. She was my dearest friend, and is so still, I hope."

The solemnity of his intended message clouded Mr. Chevenix's candid brow. "She's still at Wanless, you know."

Senhouse set a watch upon himself. "No doubt she is," he said. "She's well?"

The other probed him. "She's never

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made it up with her people. I think she feels it nowadays."

Senhouse asked sharply, "Where's Ingram?"

"Ingram," said Chevenix, "is just off for a trip. He's to be abroad for a year. India."

Senhouse shivered. "Alone?"

"Well, without her, anyhow. He always was a casual beggar, was Nevile." He could see now that he was making a hit. "Got old Senhouse where he lives," he told himself. "Fact is, I've been out with him as far as Brindisi. He asked me to. I had nothing to do. But I want to see Sancie Percival again. I was awfully fond of her—of the whole lot of them." He reflected, as a man might deliberate upon familiar things, and discover them to be wonders. "What a family they were, by Jove! Five—of—the—loveliest girls a man could meet with. Melusine, what a girl she was! Married Tubby Scales—fat chap with a cigar. Vicky, now. How about Vicky? She was my chum, you know. She's married, too. Chap called Sinclair—in the Guides. But Sancie beat them all in her quiet way. A still water—what?"

Senhouse, his shin clasped in his bony hands, contemplated the sea. His face was drawn and stern. There was a queer twitching of the cheek-bones. "Got him, by Jove!" said Mr. Chevenix to himself, and pushed on. "I say, I wish you'd go and see her," he said.

Senhouse got up and leaned over the bulwarks. He was plainly disturbed. Chevenix waited for him nervously, but got nothing.

Then he said, "The fact is, Senhouse, I think that you should go. You were the best friend she ever had." Senhouse turned him then a tragic face.

"No, I wasn't," he said. "I think I was the worst."

Chevenix blinked. "I know what you mean. If it hadn't been for you and your confounded theories you imply that she——"

"I don't know—" Senhouse began. "God only knows what she might have done. She was not of our sort, you know. I always said that she was unhuman."

"That's the last thing she was," said Chevenix, neatly, but Senhouse scorned him.

"You don't know anything about it," he said. "What are the doings of this silly world, of our makeshift appearances, to the essentials? Antics—filling up time! You speak as if she gave Ingram everything, and lost it. She did, but he never knew it—so never had it. Ingram had what he was fitted to receive. Her impulse, her impulsion, was divine. She has lost nothing—and he has gained nothing."

"If you talk philosophy, I'm done," cried Mr. Chevenix. "I'm a practical chap, I am; and I say to you, my boy: Go and see her. She's so far human that she's got a tongue, and likes to wag it, I suppose. I don't say that there's trouble, and I don't say there's not. But there are the makings of it. She's alone, and may be moped. I don't know. You'd better judge for yourself." He implied more than he said.

Senhouse, trembling from his recent fire, turned away his face. "I don't know that I dare. If she's unhappy, I shall be in the worst place I ever was in in my life. I don't know what I shall do."

"That's the first time you ever said that, I'll go bail," Chevenix interrupted him. But Senhouse did not hear him.

"I did everything I could at the time. I nearly made her quarrel with me—I dared do that. I went up to Wanless and saw Ingram. I hated the fellow, I disapproved of him, feared him. He was the last man in the world I could have tackled with a view to redemption. He was almost hopelessly bad, according to my view of things. Fed by slaves from the cradle, hag-ridden by his vices; a purple young bully, a product of filthy sloth, scabbed with privilege. I saw just how things were. She pitied him and thought it was her business to save him. She did nobly. She gave herself for pity; and if she mistook that for love, the splendid generosity of her is enough to take the breath away. The world ought to have gone down on its knees to her—but it picked up its skirts for fear she might touch them. What a country! What a race! Well, feeling toward her as I did, and loathing him, I urged him to marry her—to make her his property for life. Dead against my convictions, mind you, but what else could I do? God help me, I played the renegade to what I sincerely believed. What else was open? I couldn't see her done to death by a world of satyrs."

"Of course you couldn't, my dear man," cried Chevenix. "Girls of her sort must be married, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind," re-

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plied Senhouse, fiercely; "but I loved her. You may put it that I funked. I did—and to no purpose."

"If you were to see her now," Chevenix put in, "you could do some good. She'll be pretty lonely up there." Senhouse got up.

"I'll see her," he said. "Whatever happens."

"Right," said Chevenix. "That's a good man. That's what I wanted of you. I'll tell her that you're coming. Now, I'm going to do the civil to Mrs. Germain."

Senhouse had turned away, and was leaning over the bulwarks, lost in his thoughts. He remained there until the passage was over.

Mr. Chevenix, having approached the lady with all form observed, made himself happy in her company, as, indeed, he did in all. "Now this is very jolly, Mrs. Germain, I must say. I'm a companionable beggar, I believe; and here I was, in a ship where I didn't know a living soul until I met you and Senhouse. Didn't even know that you knew Senhouse. Queer fish, eh? Oh, the queerest fish in the sea! But you know all that, of course."

Mrs. Germain, a brunette, with the power of glowing, colored becomingly, and veiled her fine eyes with somewhat heavy and heavily fringed eyelids. "Oh, yes," she said, "I have known him for a long time."

"Met him abroad, I suppose—tinkering round, as he does. The everlasting loafer, artist, tinker, poet, gardener. 'Pon my soul, he's like the game we used to do with cherry-stones round the pudding plate. Don't you know? Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, and all the rest. He's all those things, and has two pair of bags to his name, and lives in a cart, and is a gentleman. Not a doubt about that, mind you, Mrs. Germain."

She smiled upon him kindly. "None at all," she said. "I like him extremely."

"You would, you know," said Chevenix, his tones rich in sympathy. "All women do. You couldn't help it. You've got such a kind heart. All women have. Now, I've known Senhouse himself five or six years, but I've known about him for at least eight. I used to hear about him from morn to dewy eve, once upon a time, from one—of—the—loveliest and most charming girls you ever met in your life. Did you know her? A Miss Percival—Sanchia Percival. We used to call her Sancie. Thought you might have met her, perhaps. No? Well, this chap Senhouse would have gone through the fire for her. He would have said his prayers to her. Did you ever see his poems about her? My word! He published 'em after the row, you know. He as good as identified her with— Well, we won't mention names, Mrs. Germain, but he identified her with a certain holy lady not a hundred miles from the Kingdom of Heaven. Blasphemous old chap—he did, though."

Mrs. Germain, toying with her scent-bottle, was interested. "I never heard him speak about a Miss Percival," she said. She used a careless tone, but her flickering eyelids betrayed her.

"You wouldn't, you know," he told her with the same sympathetic earnestness. "There was too much of a row. He was cut all to pieces. I thought he'd go under; but he's not that sort. Who called somebody—some political johnny—the Sea-green Incorruptible? Oh, ask me another! You might call old Senhouse the Green-tea Irrepressible; for that was his drink (to keep himself awake all night, writin' poems), and there never was a cork that would hold him down—not even Sancie Percival. No, no, out he must come—fizzling."

"I see," said Mrs. Germain, still looking at her fingers in her lap. "I'm very much interested. You mean that he was very much—that he paid her a great deal of attention?"

Chevenix stared roundly about him. "Attention! Oh, heavens! Why, three of his letters to her would fill the *Times* for a week—and he kept it up for years! She used to get three a week—budgets! blue-books! For simple years! Attentions!" He shook his head. "The word's no good. He paid nobody anything at all when she was in the same county. He used to sit listening to her thrilling the waves of air. He used to hear her voice in the wind—and when it changed, he used to fire off his answers!"

Mrs. Germain laughed—whether at Chevenix or his preposterous hero is not to be known. "You are rather absurd," she said. "Mr. Senhouse never gave me the idea of that sort of person. Why did they never——?"

Chevenix narrowed his eyes to the merest slat. "*Marry?*" he said, in an awed whisper. "Is that what you mean?"

Mrs. Germain showed him her soft brown orbs, which for two seasons had been

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said to be the finest pair of dark eyes in London. "Yes," she said. "I do mean that. How clever of you to guess!"

Chevenix bowed to her. "Not at all," he said. "I'm quite good at that kind of thing. You have to be, if you knock about. Besides, that's the whole point. Bless you! He would just as soon have married Diana of the Ephesians. He said so. I heard him. He would have thought it an insult to hint at it. Didn't I tell you that he was a poet?"

"Yes," the lady said quickly. "You did. But I suppose poets occasionally marry."

"Not that sort," Chevenix pronounced, with a shake of the head. "At least, they don't marry the right person. They never do. Or there are two or three persons. Look at Shelley. Look at Dante. I happen to know all about both of 'em. Senhouse drank 'em up—and gave 'em out like steam. He thought no end of Dante and Shelley. As a matter of fact, he didn't believe in marriage, as a game—as a kind of institution, you know. He thought it devilish wrong—and said so—and that's where the trouble was. Marry Sancie! I wish to Heaven he had. There'd have been no trouble at all. They were made for each other. She loved his fun—and was easy with him, you see. She was queerish, too—a shy young bird; but she was quite at home with him. No, no. The trouble really began with him putting her out of conceit with marriage. And she didn't care for him in that sort of way, then. And then—well, the less said the better."

"Oh," said Mrs. Germain, absorbed by the devolutions of the tale. "Oh!"

"'Oh' 's the sort of expression one used at the time," said Chevenix. "There wasn't much else to be said. It was a holy row." He mused, he brooded, and said no more. Luckily for him, he discovered Dover at hand, and escaped. Mrs. Germain was put into a first-class carriage by two attendant squires, provided with tea and a foot-warmer; and then Chevenix bowed himself away and Senhouse disappeared. She had a novel on her knees, but read little. She looked out of window, frowning and biting her red lip. When she reached Victoria, she tightened both lips, and you saw that, so compressed, they made a thin red line straight above a square chin. Her charm and favor both lay, you then discovered, in expression.

Senhouse, hatless and loose-limbed, stood at the door to help her out. She accepted his services, and was put into a cab.

"Where's he to take you?" he asked her pleasantly.

She said at once, "To Brown's Hotel." Then, before she got in, with a hand, unperceived by the general, just touching his arm: "Jack, I want to speak to you, but not to-night. Will you come in the morning, please? I am rather tired, and shall dine early and go to bed. Is my maid here?" She looked about. "Oh, I suppose she's seeing to the luggage. You might find her, and tell her where to come to."

Senhouse smiled and nodded. "Certainly; all these things shall be done. Anything else before you go off?"

She hesitated for a minute, then said, "Yes, there *is* one more thing. You mustn't come to Brown's like that. You must put on ordinary things."

He raised his eyebrows, then laughed—throwing his head up. "Wonderful lady! Wherewithal shall I be clothed? Do you really think these things matter?"

She was firm. "I really do. I hope you will be kind enough to—to—please me."

He looked very kindly at her. "My dear," he said, "of course I shall. Be quite easy about it." He held out his hand. "Good-night, Mary."

She took it, but didn't meet his look. "Good-night," she said, and drove away without another signal.

Senhouse, shouldering his bundle, found the lady's maid, and gave her her sailing orders. His manner to her was exactly that which he had shown to the mistress, easy, simple, and good-humored. Leaving her, he went a leisurely way through the press, and took a tram-car from the corner of Vauxhall Bridge Road in the direction of Battersea.

II

SENHOUSE, after a night of solitary musing upon certain waste places known best to outlanders, walked up St. James's Street at six o'clock in the morning, talking lightly and fiercely to himself. A long life of loneliness had given him that habit incurably. Discovering the hour by a clock in Piccadilly, he realized that it was too early to wait upon Mrs. Germain in Albemarle Street, so continued his way up the empty hill, entered the Park, and flung himself upon the

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turf under the elms. Other guests were harbored by that hospitable sward, shambling, downcast lice of the town. These, having shuffled thither, dropped, huddled, and slept. His way was not theirs: to him the open space was his domain. He ranged the streets, one saw, as if they had been the South Downs, with the long stride and sensitive tread of a man who reckons with inequalities of footing. So now he ranged the fenced park. The country and the town were earth alike, though now of springing grass, and now again of flagstones.

His face, after a night of fierce self-searching, looked its age, that of a man past forty; his aspect upon affairs was no more a detached observer's; his eyes were hard, his smile was bleak. Sodden misery, stupor, and despair lay all about him, and would have drawn his pitying comments, if it had not been so with him that all his concern must now be for himself.

"She wants me, and I must go to her," was the burden of his thought; but, like a recurring line in a poem, it concluded very diverse matter.

"I played the traitor to her; I could not wait—and yet, I must have known. I said to myself, It is enough to have known and loved her; watch her happy, and thank God. That should have been enough for any man who had ever seen the blue beam of her eyes shed in kindliness upon him; but I grew blind, and could not see it. I lost my lamp and went astray. I ran about asking one after another to stop the bleeding of my wound. God is good. After eight years, *she wants me, and I must go to her.*

"I love her, as I have always loved; for she is always there, and I have come back. She can never change, though her beauty grow graver, and all knowledge of the vile usage of the world have passed before her young eyes. Artemis no more, for she has stooped to the lot of women; but still invincibly pure, incapable of sin, though she know it all. It can never touch her; she goes her way. She wears a blue gown now, not a white one. Demeter, the sad, bountiful Mother she will be—yet the same woman, the sweet and grave, the inflexible, the eternal. And, standing as she has always stood, *she wants me, and I must go to her.*

"I remember the wonder, I remember the morning glory of her first appearing. The spell of the woods was upon her. Bare-headed, gowned in white, she girt up her vesture and dipped her white limbs in the pool. I went to her, all my worship in my face; I worked with her at her task. Together we pulled the weed, we set the lilies free. High-minded as a goddess, she revealed herself to me. I was the postulant, dumb before the mysteries; I adored without a thought. I was nothing, could be nothing to her, but her lover—and now *she wants me, and I must go to her.*

"For two years I was close to her side—either I or my words never left her. She became humble, suffered me to lead her, opened to me her mind, shared with me her secret thoughts. I told her the truth; I hid nothing from the first. From the first day she knew that I loved her. There was no presumption in this—I asked nothing, expected nothing. I told her often I looked forward to her wedded state—and then it came, and I was not ready for it as it came. Horrible thing, her nobility was her punishment. She has suffered, she suffers; *she wants me, and I must go to her.*

"How am I to go, tied and bound as I am? What can I do? I have been false to my vows. I belong in duty to another world, to another woman, who can command me as she will. I don't know, I don't see. I know only one thing, and see only her, calling me with her inflexibly grave eyes. *She wants me, and I must go to her.*"

He got up and left the Park. It was ten o'clock of an April morning. Crocuses—her flowers—were blowing sideways under a south-west wind. Blue sky white clouds, shining on the just and the unjust, covered Her in Yorkshire and him, her grim knight, in Mayfair. He stalked, gaunt and haggard-eyed, down the hill, threading his way through the growing traffic of the day, and faced his business with the lady in the case.

Mrs. Germain was serious when he entered her sitting-room. She was in a loose morning-gown of lace and pink ribbon. Pink was her color. Her dark eyes looked heavy. She should have been adorable, and she was—but not to him just now. He stood before her, looked at her where she sat with her eyes cast down at her hands in her lap. She had let them rest upon him for the moment of his entry, but had not greeted him.

Now, as he stood watching her, she had no greeting.

"Good-morning, Mary," he said pres-

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ently, and she muttered a reply. He saw at once that she was prepared for him, and began in the middle.

"A friend of mine," he said, "is alone and unhappy. I heard of it yesterday from Chevenix. I must go and see her. I shan't be away long, and shall then be at your disposition."

Her strength lay in her silence. She sat perfectly still, looking at her white hands. Her heavy eyelids, weighted with all the knowledge she had, seemed beyond her power of lifting. He was driven to speak again, and, against his will, to defend himself.

"I am in a hatefully false position. I ought to have told you long ago all about it. It seemed impossible at the time, and so from time to time, to open the shut book. I closed it deliberately, and from the time of doing it until this moment I have never spoken of it, even to myself. Chevenix, who knew her well, broke it open unawares yesterday —and now we must read in it, you and I."

He stopped, took breath, and began again. "I don't see how you can forgive me, or how I can, so to speak, look myself in the face again. I have played the knave so long with you, that it is perhaps the greatest knavery I can commit to be honest at last. But I am going to do it, Mary. I want to tell you the whole story. You have told me yours."

Her eyes flickered at that, but she said nothing. Passive as she sat, heavy in judgment, she was yet keenly interested. All her wits were at work, commenting, comparing, judging, and weighing every word that he said.

He told her a strange, incoherent story of poet's love. This mysterious, shrouded Sanchia figured in it as the goddess of a shrine—omnipresent, a felt influence, yet never a woman. He spoke her name with a drop of the voice; every act of hers, as he related it, was colored by sanction to seem the dealing of a divine person with creeping mankind. To Mrs. Germain it was all preposterous; if he had owned the humorous sense, it would have been tragically absurd. For what did it amount to, pray, but this, that Jack Senhouse had been in love with a girl who had loved somebody else, had married her choice, and was now repenting it! Jack, then, in a pique, had trifled with her, Mary Germain, and made love to her. Now he found that his Sanchia was to be seen, he was for jumping back. Was he to jump, or not to jump? Did it lie with her? Jack seemed to think that it did.

If it did, what did she want? As to one thing she had long been clear. Jack Senhouse was a good lover, but would be an impossible mate. She had found his gypsy tent and hedgerow practice in the highest degree romantic. With gypsy practice, he had the wheedling gypsy ways. Her adventure in the North—for instance—when, panic-struck, she had fled to him by a midnight train, had sought him through the dales and over limestone mountains through a day and night, and cried herself to sleep, and been found by him in the dewy dawn, and soothed by his masterful cool sense—wasn't this romantic, then? It had drawn her to him as she had never before been drawn to a man. She felt that here, at last, was a man indeed to be trusted. For she had been there with him, and not a living soul within miles, entirely at his discretion —and he had not so much as kissed her fingers. No, not even that—though he had wanted to. That she knew, as women do know such things. Romantic indeed, trustworthy! Why, a Bayard, a Galahad of a gypsy! After this adventure, after he had driven her back to her duty, she had owned allegiance to nobody else in the world. And when her husband died, she had renounced her widow right, embraced hardship, kept herself by teaching; and when finally he came to her and offered her her choice, she had chosen Poverty for her lord as single-heartedly as ever did Francis find his Lady in a beggar's garb.

And that being done, it did not "do." That was how she put it now; but the process had been slow, and never defined. He had carried her off to Baden for his work of naturalizing plants. He had a great name for that, a European name. In three weeks his work absorbed him; within that time she knew that she was no mate for him. You can't be picturesque for ever, she thought. She had never reckoned with his incredible simplicity, had never for a moment connected his talk with his acts. Perhaps Jack was the only really logical man in the world. Now she found that in talking of Poverty as the only happiness, he literally and really believed it so. He would own nothing but the barest necessities neither pictures nor furniture, neither clothes nor books. Pictures, furniture! Why, he had no roof to shelter them! Clothes? Where was he to carry them, if not on his back?

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Books? He had half-a-dozen, which contained all the wisdom of the world. So he used to cry. Now, this might be as it was—but when he seemed to expect her to be of the same mind and behavior, you will see that he must needs be mad.

Yet so it was. He had lived in a tent for twenty years, so took his tent to Germany, and went on living in it. In that, with complete gravity, he received the Grand Duke of Baden, and several uniformed high officials, who wore plumed headgear and incredibly high collars and glittering boots of patent leather. Folded superbly in cloaks of milky blue, they looked to Mary like gods; to Senhouse they were amusing fellow-creatures, interested in his plants and plans. He spread maps on the ground, and followed his racing finger with racing speech. His German was faulty, but exceedingly graphic. His words shook the tent-curtains. Within half an hour, such was the infection of his eloquence, he had most of his company on their knees beside him, and the Grand Duke, accommodated with a camp-stool, buried his hand in his beard, and followed every line without a breath. Of all in that tent, she, Mary Germain, had been the only person to feel the indescribable squalor in the situation—and she the only one who might have been born to it; for her upbringing had been humble, and her rise in the world sudden and short of durance. But she knew now that she had hardly been able to live it out for very shame.

Directly the visitors had departed there had been a scene—she, in tears of vexation which scalded, and he, concerned at her trouble, but unable for the life of him to see what it was all about. He had been kindness itself. He always was the kindest and gentlest creature. If she wanted a house, hotel, or what not, she should have it. In fact, he got her one, installed her, and undertook to keep her there. She bit her lip now to remember that she had agreed—and the ensuing difficulties. He had no money, and would have none of his own, and he refused to live under a roof on any terms whatsoever. Of ten thousand marks a year, which he was to receive from his Grand Duke, half was to be hers; he would see her when she would, and she must follow him about as she would—or not, if she would not. He could not see that there was anything extraordinary in these propositions. To him, it was the simplest thing in the world that two people should do as they pleased. Society? What in the name of God had society to do with it? She remembered her tears, and his blank dismay when he saw them. He thought that she was unhappy, and so she was, but she was grievously angry also, that she could not make him see what things would "do," and what things never "do."

His work had inflamed him; he had marched from place to place, unencumbered, and without a thought or care in the world—inspired with his scheme, in which plants stood for the words in a poem. He slept out many nights on the Felsenberg, on the ground, wrapped in a cloak. He disappeared for weeks at a time, in impenetrable forests, sharing the fires of charcoal burners, mapping, planning, giving orders to a secretary from the botanical department, as wild as a disciple should be. There was nothing for her, poor lady, but to sit about in hotel saloons—the widow of an English gentleman, occasionally visited by an eccentric friend. So she put it, for the benefit of society; but this had not been her idea of things when she had tumbled into Senhouse's arms—nor had it been his.

Her ruling idea in these days of disenchantment and discomfort—and it was her ruling idea still—was to preserve appearances. The great, invincible, fundamental instinct of the class from which she had sprung: to keep one's self unspotted by the world. The variation upon the text is Senhouse's own, done in a moment of exasperation over her untiring effort to appear what she was not, and did not want to be. She loved the man sincerely; if she had been married to him, she would have kept faithfully to his side. But she had no lines; her wedding-ring was not of his giving. Without these assurances she simply could not love him. It came to that.

He had, when they had first approached the matter of alliance, put aside marriage, literal marriage, as out of the question. He took it airily for granted that she agreed with him. The servitude of the woman which it implied was to him unspeakably wicked. He could not have treated the vilest woman in such a manner. But he had reckoned without the woman in her case. Freedom to love, without sanction or obligation, destroyed love. When he found

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that out, which he did after a year, he offered himself and his convictions to her. He humbled himself before her—but by that time she would not. By that time she had recovered her widow's portion (which had been dependent upon her remaining sole), and was entitled to some thousands a year, and a good dower-house in Berks. She declined to marry him, and acted as such. She had been his wife in fact for a quarter of a year; she was his friend—as he was hers—for the rest of their time abroad. He had respected her wish, but had kept himself at her free disposal, until now, of late, when this disturbing Sanchia Percival arose out of the nothingness, and was shown to her as a goddess newly from the shades. And so now, here sat Mrs. Germain, with her eccentric friend, pale and gaunt, before her, unlike himself as she had always known him, about to take her at her word, and to behave as a friend might. What should she say?

He would come back if she chose; he had said so—and he was incapable of lies. If he came back, and if she chose, he would marry her, and be the imperturbable, delightful, incalculable, impossible companion she had always known him. He would marry her—and decline to come under her roof. He would, perhaps, pitch his tent in her paddock; he would sit at her table in sweater and flannels, sandals on his feet, while she and her guests were in the ordinary garb of—gentlefolks. Gentlefolks! Yes. But the maddening and baffling thought was a conviction: he would be the greatest gentleman there. She knew that. Lord of his mind, lord of his acts, easy in his will, and refusing to bow to any necessity but that, he would be the superior of them all. Could this be borne? Or could she bear to surrender so rare a friend to a Miss Percival?

Who could Miss Percival be? It was a good name—better than Middleham, which had been her own, as good as Germain, which had been her husband's. Sanchia! Sanchia, an extraordinary name, an unusual name. It sounded Spanish and aristocratic. The Honorable Hertha de Speyne: she had known the daughter of a noble house so styled in her governess days, her days of drudgery, and even now it had a glamour for her, who had since hobnobbed with many honorables, flirted with many young lords, and been kissed by a duchess. Miss Sanchia Percival: the Honorable Sanchia Percival. No doubt this was a high lady. And she must be beautiful or Jack wouldn't speak of her as he had. He hushed his voice down, he spoke as if she was a goddess, as if to disobey her call was out of the question. A dull heat stirred her deeply within, and she found herself setting her teeth together. No! Jack had brought her to this pass—and she would not be left.

These were the thoughts of Mrs. Germain as she sat very still, with heavy-lidded eyes, listening to Senhouse's story. He ended it in these words: "You charmed me, Mary, and you still charm me. You are very sweet, and I shall never want a dearer mate than you might be, if you would. I vow to you that you are the only woman with whom I have wished to live, as we might live if you would. I can't make you see, I'm conscious, what I feel about Sanchia—but it's certainly not that. My little dear, can't you trust me?" He looked down and saw her tears slowly dropping; he was very much moved, knelt by her side. She turned her face away, dangerously moved also. She struggled with her tears, her face contorted, her bosom heaving in riot. Senhouse took her hands, but she wrenched them away and covered her face with them. Passion grew upon her, passion of regret, of loss, of rage, of desire—"Oh, leave me, leave me! Oh, cruel, cruel! No man in the world could be so cruel—" and then she sprang up and faced him, flushed and fierce as a woman whom love has made mad.

"I believed in you, I gave you everything I had. You have had it, and you leave me. I made no pretences—I told you all my secrets. You said that you loved me—and now you leave me. Go, please. I hope I shall never see you again."

Her great eyes loomed in her hot face like beacons. Her color was high, her lips vivid. She looked as beautiful as an Indian flower. She was fighting for her own like a cat. An absent, shadowy, icily pure Sanchia could never contend with this quivering reality of scarlet and burning brown; and the man stood disarmed before her, watching her every movement and sensible of every call of her body. Her wild words provoked him, her beauty melted him; pity for her, shame, memories of what he had believed her, impossible visions of what she might be: he was tossed this way and that, was whirled, engulfed, overwhelmed. There

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is only one end to such strifes. With a short cry he threw up his arms.

"'God help us, I stay!" he said, and took her.

III

HEAR now of the immediate end. This gentleman, a philosopher and poet, rich in theory, having reached a middle point in his career, found that he had, without knowing it, encountered a Fact, which had gripped him in a vital part, squeezed the very fibres of him, sucked him apparently dry of human juices, even of the zest to live, and presently departed, leaving him faint by the wayside. Not until it was clean gone did he have the least suspicion that it had been there, and (if he could have known it) the first glimmering of reawakening pulse in him was the considering of its nature. Brooding upon it, while he grieved over his languor, he discovered that it had not been hard and scaly, like your ordinary vampire; but soft-lipped, brown-eyed, warm-fleshed, cloudy-haired; in fact, a pretty woman. Now, in all his previous relations with this sex, while he had given much of himself, he had never met before with a woman whose need was the measure of her allure. If she had not wanted him so much, he would never have thought of her twice. But this was precisely what had happened. She had acted upon him as a vacuum upon air. Her helplessness, her ignorance, her appalling belief in him, her clinging power, heightening her physical charm, had sucked him in in a stream; and when she was full of him, he was empty. She had been the first to find it out. Having trailed him in her wake for a season, against his instincts, against his conscience, she presently coaxed him to let her go. Let her go! He asked nothing better than to see her happy, and saw no other way of being so himself. When she had gone, and was safely married to an old admirer, our expended friend lay, like a gaffed salmon, faintly flapping on the bank. For a year or more he lay, and dated his recovery of tone from the moment of finding out the nature of his disaster. "She was hungry, and I fed her. She was thirsty, and I gave her drink. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed (certainly) be the name of the Lord."

He proposed now to resume his former life of sojourn in tents, and desultory practice of the arts, a life which, as it was at once highly practical, and entirely dependent upon enjoyment, we may call one of contemplative activity. For twenty years he had not lived in a house, slept in a bed, or owned anything beyond the barest necessities. (The only thing he had, indeed, found himself owning had at last removed itself.) He had been by turns poet, painter-in-water-colors, tinker, botanizer, antinomian, and anarchist; and attributed his success in all these busy walks to the fact that he was as strongly averse to the possession of property as he was incapable of getting any. Here, then, was his capital, with which to commence the world again. With this at his back, you would have said, he had but to pack his knapsack, stow his tent, and take to the road. But that was not so.

He had, with the purest intentions, broken all the laws of society. Entitled to a competence, he had had neither house nor gear, earned just so much as would keep him in food. He knew what it was to go without a dinner, and what to sleep under the stars. Yet he had been extraordinarily happy. He had held up his head, and kept it, alike with the learned—for he had learning—and with the simple, whose simplicity he shared. He had had the knack, in fact, of getting himself accepted on his own terms, exorbitant as they were; and of both rich and poor alike he had demanded entire equality. "Barefoot I stand," had been his proposition, "of level inches with your lordship, or of you, my hedgerow acquaintance. Take me for a man, decently furnished within, or take me not at all. Take me never, at least, for a clothes-horse." In all these things, which he had proclaimed far and wide, in divers tongues, all of them eloquent, he had violated the unwritten laws of our country, as great and small know them to be. Chiefest he broke them in being happy. That was outrageous. But he was now, it seemed, confronted with a Law of Nature when he found that, having broken with a way of life, you cannot resume it; not because it isn't there (for there it is), but rather because you are not there yourself. You are elsewhere, and the road is hard to find. At forty-two, you are not the mountaineer of thirty-seven. Worse than that, worst sign of all, you don't want to be.

Here was a shock for the Poet in him, which it was the Philosopher's task to allay.

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In heated debate, the two contended for his reasonable soul.

POET: I am young.

PHILOSOPHER: You put it so. You are forty-two, and as old as you feel.

POET: Away with you. I am young, I tell you. There are worlds to see.

PHILOSOPHER: Europe, Asia, Africa——

POET: Alas! I have never been to Thibet.

PHILOSOPHER: My friend, if you wished to see Thibet, you would be half-way there by now. I know you so well. Believe me, you have seen more than enough. The world is so much larger than you that five-and-twenty acres in Sussex will yield you more wonders than you can ever use. Take them, make them yours, and from them build up your Thibet. I understood that you were a poet.

POET: My heart fails me. I have loved and lost. I have seen the dawn, and it has blinded me.

PHILOSOPHER: Mary is happy. You could never have made her so.

POET: A sweet, good girl, but—I was not speaking of Mary.

PHILOSOPHER: So I supposed. Let me remind you that Sanchia——

POET: Remind me of nothing. I remember everything. She was the dayspring from on high. When I think of Greece, I think not of Plato and Sophocles; but of things more delicate and shy: of the tender hedge flowers of the Anthology, of Tanagra and its maidens in reedy gowns, of all of this in a sweet, clean light. Ah, and I think of Her, as I saw her first in the woodland, in her white gown, with the sun upon her hair. She was like the fluting of a bird—clear melody. She girt herself high, and set her foot in the black water. She dipped her pure body in above the knees. She, the noblest, the wholesomest, the youngest of the gods. Remind me of nothing, I beg you.

PHILOSOPHER: I must really remind you of this. You renounced her of your own deliberation, and promised to dance at her wedding.

POET (with a sob): So I would, God bless her!

PHILOSOPHER: That is a charitable sentiment. I have done you good.

POET: You are an ass.

I have summarized an argument which was really prolonged and very acrimonious. The Philosopher prevailed, and the Poet, beaten at every point, forswore what ambitions remained to him, built himself a shepherd's hut in a valley of the Wiltshire Downs, and planned out his Memoirs in three stout volumes.

Volume I, "King's Lynn"; Volume II, "Middle Kingdom"; Volume III, "Shepherd's Crown," are titles which indicate the scope and spirit of a projected work. They were characteristically chosen before a line was written; nor, indeed, was a single other word put to paper, not so much as an Advice to the Reader, for two years. The building of his house with his own hands, and the disposition of the land about it, occupied him for the better part of one; the next, with its progressive seasons of fruition, was spent in meditative ecstasy; by the beginning of the third his cure was complete. The Poet in him was now the Philosopher's humble servant, as should surely always be the case. Resolved that the world should be sweetened yet, he attacked his Book.

He began with the third volume, in which, under the heading of "Shepherd's Crown," he proposed to discharge himself of the conclusions of his ripened manhood upon the world, as he now saw it from his grassy outlook. Not yet could he trust himself with "King's Lynn." That was for Thoughts. That was to be filled with spheral music, which lay under lock and bolt deep within his nature. Before he could set that free to throb and beat in his brain, he must be quite sure that it could not win a way back into his heart. For She of whom it must consist, whose very name was music, whose presence, as he said, was like the fluting of a bird, was the renounced, impossible Sanchia; that Sanchia whom, for reason clear and good, he had loved (upon his knees, with covered eyes) and suffered to go her ways. The Philosopher was clear upon the point that Volume I must be withheld for a season; and that Volume II, if it was to deal with the enchantment of the flitted Mary, must wait also. Mary must be charitably handled; give her time. In Volume III, now, we were to have neither music on the one hand, nor the sharp fragrance of loose hair and warm breath on the other; but green thoughts, rather, "calm of mind, all passion spent," as surely, at forty-two, it must be. Let the wise book deal with Life,

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not the living; with Love, not of woman; with Death, but not of the body.

Early in the third year, this wanderer, come to anchor, began his book, and at his task I propose to leave him until near the end of mine. But, that he shall know the man again when the tale hath need of him, the reader will be pleased to accompany me into his neighborhood for a moment.

Into the great ridge of chalk which is the backbone of South Wilts, and runs east and west from Sarum to Shaftesbury, there cuts up from the south a deep, winding, and narrow valley. The hills, between whose breasts it runs a turfy way, fold one into the other; a man coming up from Dorset, and minded to strike across country to Marlborough, might well pass within two hundred yards of our recluse, and never see a sign of him. It was at the head of this glen, sheltered by hills from north, east, and west, but open full to the south, that he had built his one-storied, deep-eaved house of larch and shingles. Here, under the sky, he watched and labored and slept, and saw nobody, living principally on vegetables of his own growing, and cheese, which he made from the milk of a flock of goats. Bread he had once a week from a peasant's cottage at the valley's foot; gypsy folk brought him occasionally tea and tobacco. For the most part he drank water, and was too good a traveller to be rooted to his pipe.

The ground behind him sloped sharply up to the ridgeway, which we call the Race Plain in those parts, and had nourished, when he first took up his rest below it, little but nettles, mulleins, and scrub of elder. A few fair trees—ash, thorn, spindle, service—struggled with the undergrowth, which should live. He was for the trees, needing their shade; cleared the ground, terraced it with infinite pains, and utilized the water of a mist pool which he had made on the high land by a system of canals of remarkable neatness and ingenuity. Tree-trunks, split and hollowed out, conveyed what water he wanted, as and whither he would.

To the west of his dwelling the slope was gentler, and there woods and brake-fern grew peacefully together, and made a fine refuge from the heats. Behind this shelter, hidden from sight of the house, he had a broad lynch for his vegetables, and grew and protected them to be the envy and despair of rabbits. In the woods, and below, in the valley bottom, where wind-sown thorns made a natural park, his goats found eatage. He reserved the terraces about the house for the flowers which he loved and understood.

He was an expert gardener, who in his day had been famous for his skill in naturalization. His feats in this work have made a stir beyond our shores. Alpine plants grew wild upon English rock faces at his whim, irises from the glaring crags of the Caucasus spread out their filmy wings, when he bade them, on Devonshire tors. These wonders he chose not to repeat—for reasons. Pence, to begin with, failed him. The work itself was associated with the happiest and the saddest moments of his life; he had not the heart to begin it. Moreover, in the course of his year's work of house-building and settling in, he had kept an eye for Nature's way in his valley, and when it came to making a flower-garden, he found that she had one there to his hand.

He said, "Nothing is lovelier in flowers than true color. Form is nothing to Nature; it is one of Art's tricks. Here I may have a succession of pure washes by mere concentration of what I find. The downs give me everything; all I have to do is to group them.

"Here is my design: For early spring, cowslips in a cloud. Scattered broadcast, they are happy accidents which you come upon walking; but if you mass them, their scent tells; and you find they are nearer the color of oranges than of limes.

"For mid-April and early May, I have the orchids—a blood-spatter on the bottom; higher the flecked white, the pink, and the yellow with brown. Then for a shelf among rocks, the milk-worts—the sky-blue, the white, and the pink: with these I float out May like Fra Angelico. For June, there are ragged robins, like filaments of rosy cloud, and forget-me-not, to drift like wood smoke over the chalk rubble. In July, I have a pageant. Foxglove and eglantine make melodious my woods; lady's-slipper gives a golden cope for the hillside, with purple campanula to wind about it like a scarf. After this—August, September, October—our uplands faint out in semitones: gray scabious, gray harebell, pale bedstraw, white meadowsweet, like the lace of an old lady's cap. But even so, if I must have a sunset glow of brown-pink, herb-willow gives it me. Pinch out the leader of each

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Drawn by Frank Craig.

The hum of cities and buzz of dinner-tables . . . sound in his ears not at all.—Page 30.

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slim spike, and you make a different plant of it." Thus the Poet embroidered the Philosopher's text, and kept away from his memories, and husbanded his pence.

These things, at any rate, he did, collecting with diligence the plants to his hand, separating them from the grasses and bents in which they hid, massing them and marshalling to his purposes. The thing was done with extreme art and infinite patience; the result, a rainbow stream of color through the working year.

He added a few foreign growths: cyclamen for the woods, because he did not see how one could do without them who had once seen them in Calabria; wild gladiolus, because it loved the corn, and there was land in tillage within a mile of him; a few primulas for his conduit's edges; wild crocus, because She whom he had loved best had loved them; colchicums for the bottom in autumn, because once She, straying with him in meadows, had picked some for her bosom, and at parting given him one. He had it still, though he never cared to look at it. She, and it, belonged to his first volume, and neither crocus nor colchicum had been added at the date of which I write. He planted them when he reopened that book, and they are thriving now.

Here was work enough for a man somewhat mauled by the world, to forget his hard knocks withal; and he forgot them. Looking about him, the length and breadth of his silent and lonely valley, he could see nothing but amenity in the earth, which owed man so little. It was so with him at this time, that the more he saw to love in Nature, the less he could find admirable in man, who denied her at every turn. It was men, not she, who had given him his bruises; it was she, not men, who had taught him how to forget them. When outraged Society cried him down for a breaker of laws, he had replied that, so far as he knew, he had broken none of Nature's; and had it been argued that we live otherwise than as the beasts that perish, he would have retorted: "Whether the beasts perish or not, it is very clear that they live to the full in this world, and that we don't. Suppose they perish, at least they have lived. If we are to live hereafter, as to which no one is certain, we are faced at our temporal death with the fact that, born into this world with certain faculties, instincts, appetites, and senses, we have let most of them atrophy, and the rest rot, by many contributory causes, of which the chief is over-eating. If I die, to live again, I have it behind me that I have lived well already. I am that much to the good. And, that others may have the same fortune, I shall devote what time remains to me to teaching the truth, *The less you have the more you are.*" This was his intention when he sat down to pen his "Shepherd's Crown"; before he dared look back upon "King's Lynn," or to plant the sacred crocus, or to look upon the dry colchicum flower, which had been granted the grace of a fair breast.

In person, it shall be repeated, he was lean, tallish, of a dark-sallow complexion, hatchet-faced, and high-browed. He had densely black and straight hair, and a thin mustache upon his upper lip, which, after outlining the crooked smile he nearly always showed, drooped at the corners like a Tartar's. His eyes were what is called black, had a burning quality, and gave him (with high eyebrows) an arch expression, as if he was laughing at himself for being interested in you. They could be most tender to ignorance; were extremely sympathetic to women; to the pretentious they were those of a scoffer; the bloated they ignored. Shepherds, who often saw him lonely on his hills, or brooding in his valley on life and death, came down now and again to commerce with him, and reported him to the villages as, upon the whole, a mellow man. Not a laugher, but one with infinite relish for the humorous. The gypsies knew him well. To them, he was always Mr. John.

We meet him again, but not yet. We have him fast in his moorings, and are to see him rather as a fixed point, about which other wandering lights stray in narrowing circles, to which they converge. We are to conceive of him, if you please, as writing his book, while the hum of cities, and buzz of dinner-tables, noisy enough to us and full of excitement, sound in his ears not at all. And when I have done, you will discover, if you care, why he changed the title of his third volume from "Shepherd's Crown," and chose it to be called "Rest Harrow."

The way thither is long, and many things are to happen to many people; but little happens to him except the wheeling of the years.

(To be continued)

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HER COMPELLING EYES

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

"I'D give my eyes to be in Cleveland before the Continent Limited!"

It was then 5.15. The Continent Limited had left New York at 4.40—and they were wonderful eyes. Their appeal thrilled Danbury Rodd like a call for help from over the waters.

He was not seeking adventure. Why should he when his occupation made adventure reek of the shop? Rather, he had promised himself the novelty of an evening of relaxation in the commonplace. Indifferently watching the people passing in and out of the main door of the Great Century Hotel, and the cross currents of humanity on the avenue, while he waited for a friend with whom he was to have an early dinner, there was no reason why he should particularly observe a young man who arrived in a two-seated runabout. Such young men are frequent at the Great Century. If this one enjoyed any distinction from type it was in seeming to be over well pleased with himself.

After sending up his card he took a seat near Rodd. He had not long to wait. Rodd saw him rise buoyantly with a smile of greeting, only to stop abruptly, as if struck by a chilling draught which had issued from the elevator door at the same time as the person whom he was expecting.

By raising his brows Rodd now witnessed a bit out of a third act of a drama of suppressed emotion, with the second principal a young woman. She came swiftly, the sweep of some resolution driving her steps. She was high-strung, exquisite, with a slight figure, he noticed instantly. But this became an irrelevant detail after he had seen her eyes. These were gloriously burning with some message she had to deliver. The young man was evidently to be its recipient. She halted before him with a militant and impetuous finality, which crumpled him in discomfiture.

"I ought not to have accepted and I'm not going," she said.

"You have grown very sober. Not going, you say? Why?" he asked, blankly.

She granted him silence for his floundering words, without appearing to hear them, and proceeded, her voice tense as a taut wire:

"No! Oh, I wish I had taken the train! *He*"—with an accent on the pronoun which seemed only to mystify her listener—"will never forgive me. I'd give my eyes to be in Cleveland before the Continent Limited!"

"But—" the young man began.

Conjunctions were wasted. She had already turned to go. The young man made the grimace of one who is getting the first taste of bitter medicine.

"H—m," he murmured, loud enough for Rodd to hear, "not even her eyes can beat the Continent to Cleveland."

"I'm not so sure," thought Rodd. His sympathy had been on her side from the outset. Who was *he?* Plainly, *he* should be taught how worthy of forgiveness she was. "With the Continent having a good start, too! By George! It's a thing to try!"

An errand of mercy was an excuse for breaking his engagement. That friend might dine alone to pay him for being late. Acting on his impulse as it formed, Rodd signalled the elevator boy and with a staccato run was inside before the door closed. A sidelong glance told him that the wonderful eyes were moist, though still flashing determination. He did not get sentimental about them. He was sentimental about nothing except the weather reports. His concern was how to win her consent to his plan. More pressing still was the problem of simply introducing himself under circumstances contrary to every convention. If she had lived on the eleventh floor he might have had another precious second in which to marshal his wits for a tactful beginning before leaving the car.

When she got out at the fourth floor, he followed and started after her along the corridor where not even a chambermaid was in sight. It was now the third second—a terrible one. What an absolutely fan-

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tastic mission he had embarked on! Cold little beads were forming on his forehead at the monstrousness of his pursuit. Either he must retreat or speak, and incoherently his uppermost idea sprang to his lips.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I believe the thing is possible. It is fair all the way, except for a slight centre of depression near Erie."

She whipped around with a stare, and those eyes were so forbidding that he was inclined to run, until he saw them stricken with something like fear, well founded from the nature of his irrational speech.

"I'm not mad," he explained, "and I do beg your pardon."

"Well you may, considering that I don't remember ever having met you," she answered sharply, now holding her ground.

"No. But I couldn't help it after overhearing what you said. Please do listen for a moment. I'm not armed and I hate to waste the time to bring 'Who's Who' from the hotel desk. They might not have the latest edition and probably that's the only one I am in; because, you see, the whole business is so strictly up to date."

She began to take his measure. He was sandy-haired, freckled, short-nosed, with an aerial intensity and the appeal of a cosmic ingenuousness. If he were a lunatic he was in a harmless mood and he did not seem inclined to come any nearer.

"In a word," he said, more directly, having partly overcome his mortal embarrassment, "I believe I can have you in the station in Cleveland to-morrow morning when the Continent pulls in."

"You could!" Those eyes centred in two dancing points of inquiry. But their curiosity was evanescent. In its place was a flame of resentment at giving his remark a moment's consideration. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Indeed! How?" she asked, as if she were determined by a practical question to teach this ridiculous creature that she was no fool.

"By simply trusting to me, nothing else. It's very easy."

"Well, of all the—" she found no expression adequate. A frown gathered over the blaze of her eyes. Evidently she had had enough of him.

"That's the only way—in an aeroplane," he hastened to say. "I was so excited with the idea that I forgot to mention that detail."

"I'd give my eyes to be in Cleveland before the Continent Limited!"—Page 31.

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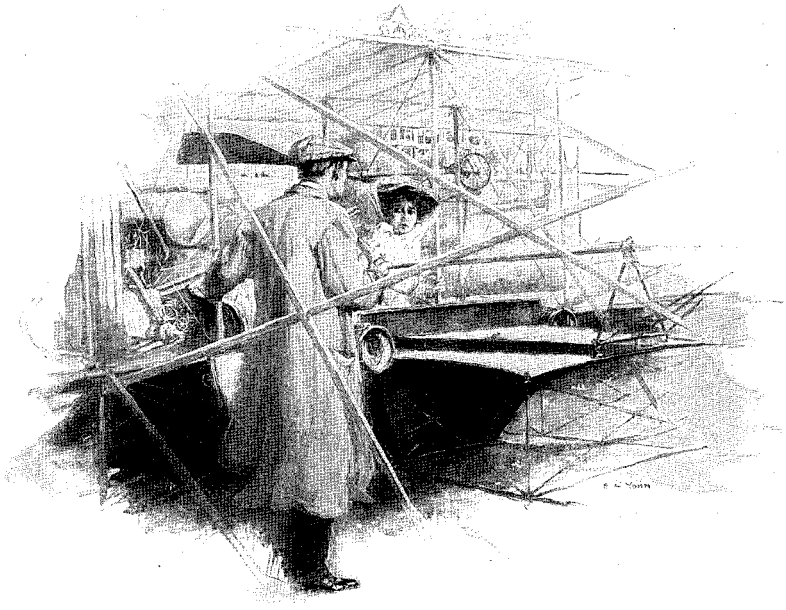

"Think if there should be an accident!"—Page 34.

Quick comprehension smoothed her brow and she paused.

"Then you must be Danbury Rodd," she said. "Of course! And what you propose is that I shall go up in the air with a stranger because I did not take a train. You have a very extraordinary way of introducing yourself, and as you do not seem to know any better"—she was pedagogically severe—"I will excuse your rudeness if you do not persist."

Naturally he persisted. He wanted to beat the Continent Limited; and the sport of the thing was to do it with one of the Continent's passengers.

"I left the machine quite ready and the trip is perfectly safe. If that Erie squall is not too widespread we can go around it. We may have a chance," he added, departing on another tangent of incoherency lighted by a smile, in the hope, possibly, of appealing to her sense of romance, "yes, we may have a chance to make a bow-knot in the tail of a comet. That is great fun. Some day I expect to hang one on the moon's neck for a scarf, with a star for a pin. Besides, think of how pleased *he* will be"—the pronoun being the climax of his whimsical campaign.

"*He!*" she gasped. "Sir, you are impertinent!"

"No. I couldn't help overhearing and I am only arguing," he answered, honestly.

Was he really impertinent or was he as extraordinary and fantastic and withal as genuine as public report painted him?

"When I have just refused to go unchaperoned in a runabout, do you suppose I would accept this offer?" Then she herself, unconscious of her inconsistency, put in play that pronoun which he had so reprehensibly brought into the discussion. "Yes, and what would *he* say to such a reckless, daredevil thing as that?"

"But it isn't a runabout—it's an aeroplane," he answered, as if this were an argument which would turn a Supreme Court decision into sophistry. "An automobile is conventional; an aeroplane is still so unconventional that no one expects any conventions."

"Of all lunacy! And I stand here and listen to you! It's impossible—out of the question!" she answered.

"Very well. I've done my best. I've made the offer and have a free conscience," he said, and turned back to press the elevator button, grave disappointment written on his face.

She half wheeled in her tracks only to halt majestically, as if resenting his theft of her right to dismiss him.

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"I think I'll try it myself anyway," he concluded, as the elevator door swung open, "just to show that I really can beat the Continent!"

"In that case—it is delightful, if it is lunacy!—in that case—" she paused, and her eyes seemed to be conducting a war of sparkles between valor and discretion.

"Of course, my position is that of a chauffeur," he explained. "Yours is like ordering a special car or taking a cab."

He was as impersonal as a smooth-running dynamo and he seemed equally trustworthy in this new rendering of the situation. He saw the eyes grow calm and royal. Their glance seemed to cut off a foot of his height. They made him conscious of the scrubby nail-ends of his mechanic's fingers, used to personal attention to repairs. "In that case, I will avail myself of the opportunity," she said, quietly. All ready for automobiling, she was equally ready for aviation. Five minutes after they had ascended in the elevator they descended together to tempt fate with wings. They took the subway express and all the way uptown she made no answer to any of his remarks, but with impressive self-possession studied an advertisement of a child with a face as broad as a tureen-cover that seemed unable to get enough soup. Evidently his position was fixed. He was the chauffeur; he was Mr. Mercury.

"Every minute counts a mile for the Continent, and it must count a mile and a quarter for us," he said, as they alighted.

He ran up the stairs to the street and she ran beside him and kept up easily with his rapid stride to the aero shed two blocks distant, where she stood at one side silent, a study in repressed emotion, while he brought his racing machine, the *Falcon*, out into the light. He gave engine and fittings a swift inspection, and bade her take her place in the single seat beside the driver's. This she did without a word, like one in a dream. Then, suddenly, as if discretion had risen in tumult against valor, she cried:

"No, no! I can't! It's madness! Think if there should be an accident!"

"But there will not be. I can always land all right, now. That problem is solved."

The vision of the scandalous proceeding into which she had been tempted only grew more forbidding.

"But there *might* be! Land all right, you say?" her sentences coming in gusts. "Where? Out in some pasture in Ohio—and all the world would know about it—and *he* would know about it—that I'd been flying across the country alone with a stranger!"

Rodd viewed that objection as lightly as if it were a cobweb which she had mistaken for an insurmountable wall.

"*He'll* not have a wireless as to the exact spot of this hypothetical accident, so as to be on hand when we drop—and you have a veil. You need not lift that until after you are aboard the train at the nearest railroad station and on your way back to New York. However, it never does to take up one who is afraid, and——"

"Afraid!"

All doubt passed out of her eyes. They scorned him; they laughed defiantly. She settled back in her seat as the motor began singing. For a second there was the straining effect of one who is trying to lift himself by the boot-tops, before some invisible giant, with the strength of the solar system in his fingers, bore them off the ground. The windows of Harlem were a maze of checkery flames, succeeded in stereopticon abruptness by a magic apron of farmland unfolding on the other side of the Hudson, which was gone like the sweep of a silver thread across the retina as the *Falcon* set its course westward. She realized their speed only if she measured by a hill or a village growing out of the confusion of the dusky green of even-tide. All the roads seemed running in the direction of their flight. The others were merged in the gathering dusk and flitting landscape.

He tried to start a conversation, which was so one-sided that he grew dubious of hearing any more about the mysterious *he*. Apparently, such intimate affairs were not for the chauffeur.

"That's Binghamton," he remarked, after a long silence, as they passed southward of a big town. "I know it well, for I had a breakdown and stopped over for lunch there once." He looked at the clock attached to the frame at his feet. "We haven't a speedometer that will take account of the currents yet, but by elapsed time and counting the revolutions we've been doing a hundred an hour."

They had an average of one hundred and ten when they saw the glow of Buffalo in the distance shortly after midnight. The

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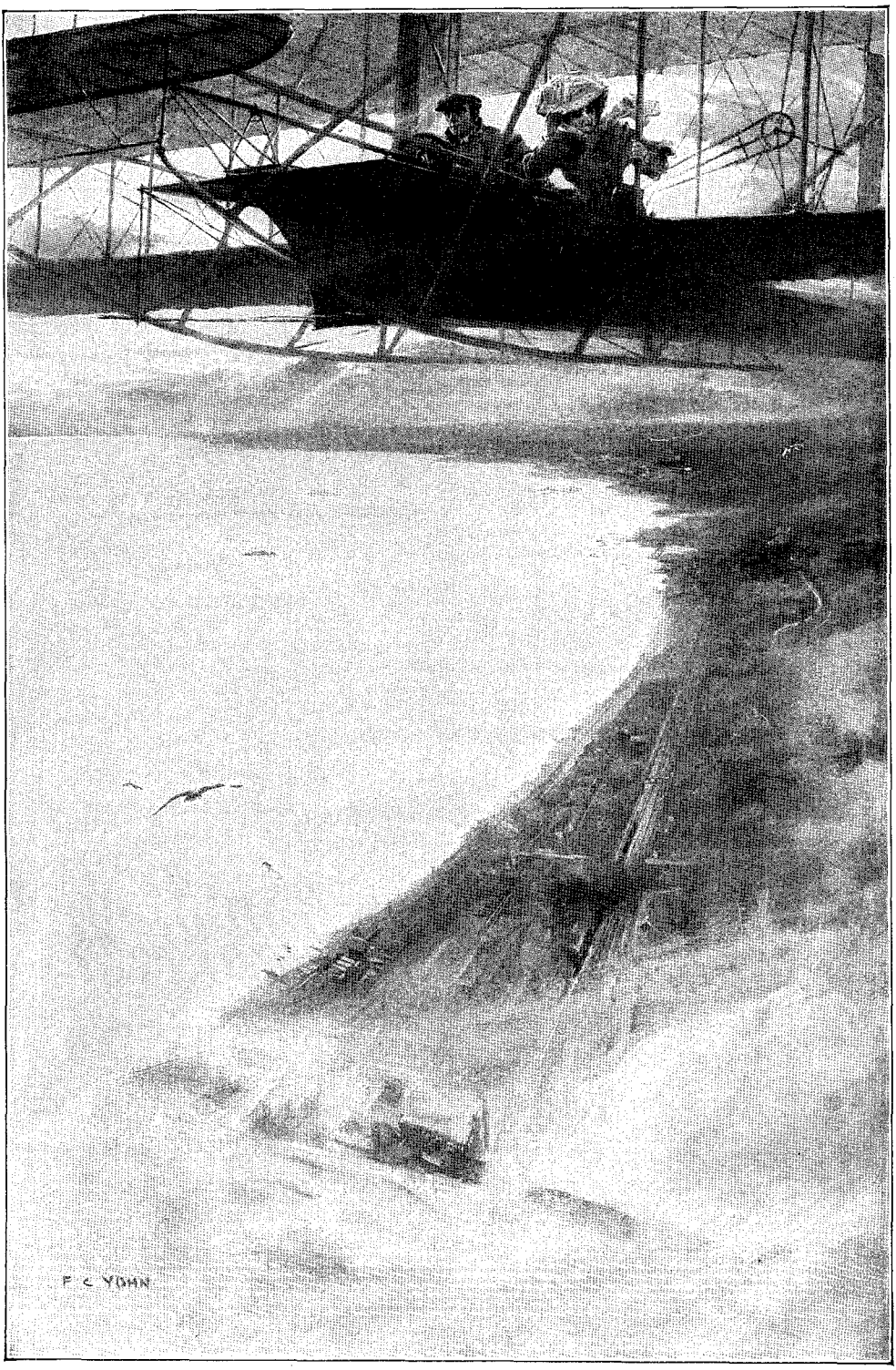

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It will be a race!" she cried. "A race in the air with the fastest train in the country!"—Page 38.

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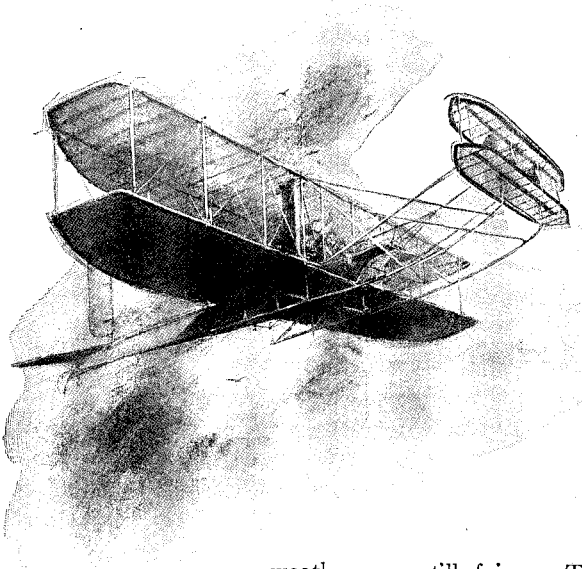

weather was still fair, with a full moon and bright constellations. But not a word yet from her, except polite inquiries about mechanical details and occasional thrilling exclamations over the grandeur of flight and its ease and perfect tranquillity, which reminded her of a sailing yacht under a steady breeze.

"We'll beat the Continent by two hours," he said, "if we can keep up this rate and that centre of depression over Erie doesn't get too busy."

He had the first real, live look since his start out of those eyes which had been so prodigal to nature and aeroplaning marvels.

"You cannot guess how much you have done for me," she answered, earnestly. "If we win, how can I ever repay you?" she asked.

Blank surprise on his part met the question.

"Why, I supposed the bargain was already made!" he said. "Didn't you say what you would give to be in Cleveland?"

He thought that the inflection of his words explained his attitude of which he was so strictly conscious; but he instantly found out his mistake. Those eyes shot daggers and chains of forked flashes, which were needful warmth in an atmosphere changing so suddenly from midsummer to midwinter that it might easily have aggravated that centre of depression over Erie.

"Yes, Mr. Rodd," she answered, in a manner which makes an iced monosyllable go a long way before the surname carries it on to the North Pole.

She shivered inwardly in disgust with herself. She might have known, she thought, that he would become silly and sentimental, this stranger with whom she was alone in the air; and she had only her folly to thank for her position.

"The memory of your eyes!" he went on, without a trace of a smile. "Of course the original eyes belong to *him*—or to *he*, for I have not gone so far as the objective case yet."

Though she could not control the visual signals, ever barometric of her feelings, she was so far able to hold her indignation in check that nothing more than another

When he looked down after that, both were waving their handkerchiefs frantically.—Page 39.

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"Yes" escaped. She hoped it was a satirical, freezing, amused "yes," which would make him ashamed of his boorishness and inquisitiveness if he had any delicacy at all.

"The memory of your eyes!" he continued. "They are a pass to more than a quick trip to Cleveland. The memory of them, in the same way as the memory of the faces of friends in events that are the landmarks of life, and the gratification in them when we beat the Continent—there I have your thanks!"

What a man he was! He spoke paternally, as if he were sixty, and with the very precision of impersonality he had paid her a compliment and recalled the origin of the present situation. Had not they come because of *he?* She was ashamed of her own misconstruction of Rodd's remark. He had a right to be piqued at her superior manner and to regard her as ungrateful and unappreciative. Her thoughts reverted to the hotel lobby. Her eyes burned as they did when she dismissed that young man. There was the intoxication of flight, for one cause; but why seek explanations of what led her into that outburst of confidence which followed?

"Did something ever happen suddenly," she began, "that made you take your heart out? Yes, just take your heart out and study it as if it were a lesson?"

"I've had my engine all to pieces a good many times," he answered. "I suppose that's quite the same thing—to me!"

"Well, I found my heart—my human heart—this afternoon," she pursued. "Up to 4.50 it was still an undiscovered land. At 4.30 I met Mr. Jerold and concluded, on his urging to go out with him this afternoon, to a week end at his aunt's. At 4.50 I was on my way back to my hotel to change my gown when this great thing happened to me. I saw all the foolishness, all the smartness and little day-by-day pleasures and flirtatious tendrils, and then in deep I found the kernel—and what a great, sweet kernel it was! I knew Joe would be warranted in never speaking to me again."

She was somewhat disconnected, even prolix, it seemed to Rodd. He wondered if Joe were *he*, which was an unnecessary conjecture, as she was already explaining.

"And Mr. Jerold was one of the flirtations. Suddenly I saw this superficial being in his true light. I knew he wanted me for my money—he didn't love me and, anyway, he was just a passing figure. By this time I had missed the train. I had missed it purposely to go to Westchester, when *he*"—yes, evidently *he* was Joe—"had wired me he was postponing going to St. Louis so we could have the week end at mother's, with Sunday at the farm. Joe is simple, all wool and strong, not clever—and I'm so glad he isn't—and we have been as good as engaged for a long while. I've kept putting him off and having a good time without knowing what was inside my heart till this afternoon, when I struck the mine of gold. He's very jealous—which isn't altogether a fault, is it?—and he's been nobly patient.

"He's just this kind: when he comes to a certain line he will cross it and never recross it. And if he had ever heard that when he was waiting for me I was such a silly, thoughtless, worthless girl as to be led off to a house party by that man, he would choke a little and press up his square chin and cross that line. And there I'd be, with that mine of gold I had just found turned to ashes, looking at his sturdy back forever. Now I've told you everything! Now you see why I want to be in the station at Cleveland when he comes to meet me!"

"I think you will," he answered, "unless this Erie washout interferes."

The air grew humid and cooler, like a spray of invisible electric points in its tickling rush against their faces. A cloud blanketed the stars.

"I think I may as well try to pass over it," he said. "There's no telling how far I'd have to go in order to pass around."

Their speed was that of the wind-driven thunderhead they saw marching above the landscape. They had a glimpse of lightning under their feet; space enveloped them.

"The crops are getting a much-needed rain below, without a drop for us—not yet. Here's another and a higher cloud."

This shut out the moonlight. They were in chill and inky darkness. Hail played a drumbeat on the cloth and hissed on the cylinders for a few minutes, before they struck a cross current of wind with a tornado force. The *Falcon* was still like the yacht, but riding a choppy sea, rocketing and diving.

"There is no danger," he explained.

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"I am sure there isn't," she said, coolly. "I've my sea legs already."

"You see, there is nothing on land to judge my direction by and the compass is jumping about like a worm on a griddle; and even knowing the direction, there is no telling how far we are out of our course. The only thing is to keep her head on and try to hold her at a speed even with the wind—and while we're losing time the change of the wind's direction may take us down to Pittsburg or up to Ottawa."

"Then we wouldn't make it, would we?" she asked, her voice, which had been nervous with the exaltation of the experience, changing to concern.

Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, a half hour elapsed and still they rode the tempest comfortably, if in mad impatience. The *Falcon* had ceased rocking, now that she had a steady element to deal with. They were as solid as a light-house with a gale whistling by.

"It's a thing we've got to master yet, knowing your position in a storm. It makes you understand Erickson and Columbus, who worked their way with primitive instruments across unknown seas," he remarked at length, adding, with a glance at the luminous face of the little clock: "Good heavens! It's 4.20 and the Continent is just due at Erie"

His words might have had magic in them from the transformation that followed. But the power lay with the heat of the morning sun. Suddenly as it had risen, the wind fell. As his eyes, trained to keen aerial observation, got their first glimpse of earth, he shouted:

"What luck! We've kept our position perfectly!"

With the passing of the mist they saw houses, fences, and fields silvered with dew. Along one of the four steel ribbons on the shore of Lake Erie, like a quadruple hem on the dark flounce of a shimmering satin skirt, they identified a rushing streak which had just roared through the town.

"The Continent Limited, by the brassy end of its observation car!" he said.

"It will be a race!" she cried. "A race in the air with the fastest train in the country!"

"Oh, no!" he answered. "You see, we rose in the storm, another thing we've got to overcome, for we are a thousand feet high. Oh, no! No race. Look at the way the breeze is driving the leaves of that grove of poplars! There's a favoring current below. No race!"

The *Falcon* drove past the Continent Limited at treble the rival's speed. Meanwhile, his companion had grown silent and thoughtful. In place of the elation he had looked for, the mercury of her nature was developing an unexpected mood.

"As I remember, there is an open space just in front of the station where we can land," he observed. "You'll have a good quarter of an hour to wait."

"A good quarter of an hour!" she repeated, with avidity. Her gloom departed as swiftly as it had come. "Splendid! A whole fifteen minutes—honestly?"

"Yes," he answered, curiously.

"Then," she announced, "we could drop on the lawn before Joe starts to meet me. Will you? It's his father's house on Euclid Avenue, and there is a big yard, with no trees."

And this after her journey for purposes of deception! He concluded that she was as volatile as the air currents.

"Frankly, you amaze me!" he confessed. "Don't you see that is telling him that you weren't on the Continent—that it's inviting him to ask questions about why you failed to catch it and why you are here on the *Falcon?*"

"Of course it is," she rejoined. "Oh, how am I to explain? It seems so unreasonable—and it's so real and logical to me! I thought my discoveries were over and I've found I had only just begun exploring. This night, this ride—they've set so many things going in my mind! Selfishness is an awful thing, isn't it? It would keep that mine of gold by cunning, deceit—any way. And did ever the light of morning suddenly make everything clear to you? Everything is to me now. Let Joe ask questions. If he doesn't, I'm going to confess to him."

"Others would tell, anyway, that's true," Rodd assented easily, but watching her face critically for the effect of his words.

"I don't care about that," she answered. "He'll hear everything—about how I was going up to Westchester—everything! That's the only right basis to begin on. Otherwise, I'd—I'd feel I'd not been fair and we'd better not begin at all."

He felt the gratification of prophecy as

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he recalled that one of the things he had first noticed about her eyes, lying deep like a permanent fire under all their power of expression, was their honesty. Now they radiated the truth and hope of her inmost being.

"Then, if you'd got that far in your thoughts yesterday afternoon you wouldn't have come with me," Rodd observed.

"Yes, I would—I hope that I would," she answered. "I am glad I did. Think of being all night in that hotel when my thoughts were in Cleveland! It was a big, bold, good thing to do in reparation. It was going to him with my confession just as fast as I could."

Rodd, too, had made a discovery—one in womanly possibilities. He had enjoyed an honor in having her for a passenger which made the triumph of having beaten the Continent Limited, now a speck on the rails far in the rear, a negligible incident.

"Do you—do you think when he hears everything that he will—will cross that line?" she asked, a touch of plaintive appeal in her voice.

"We shall soon know," he answered.

They were already on the outskirts of Cleveland. Rodd slowed down to the speed of a suburban trolley car. As they skimmed the house-tops they saw delivery wagons with milk, rolls, and newspapers for the city breakfast table coursing the almost deserted streets. The full march of the day's activities had not yet begun. With the *Falcon* hovering over Euclid Avenue, the girl indicated a man descending the steps of a house, evidently bent toward an automobile on the drive. He rubbed his eyes at sight of the visitation from the air which was about to light at his feet.

"Now, I'm off as soon as you step down," Rodd said.

"Oh, please!" she answered. "You must meet him."

"I'll wait around for a time and you signal me if it's all right. It's no place for a third person," said Rodd.

"How can I ever—" she began.

He had a glance of gratitude more eloquent than any set phrase, in which beamed as a secondary light her appreciation of his final act of considerateness, and she took his outstretched fingers in a quick pressure before she sprang lightly to earth and he saw her exquisite figure over his shoulder, as the *Falcon* took wing, sweeping forward in the culminating crisis of the resolution which had been born at 4.50 the previous afternoon.

"After he looks in those eyes and hears her story," Rodd thought, "Joe is a chump if he ever is able to locate that rigid meridian of his again."

He soared in circles, watching the girl standing opposite the man. Once, as he dipped, he could see her face clearly transfused with the emotion of her confession. Then he had to swing a plane to keep the *Falcon's* trim in her slow orbit. When he looked down after that, both were waving their handkerchiefs frantically. He waved his own in answer. The man made violent motions of one conveying food to his mouth as a pantomimic substitute for an invitation to breakfast.

"That would be intruding. Besides, the recollection is perfect as it is," Rodd thought and flew away.

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OLD LONDON

By Frederic C. Howe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

LONDON has always had her lovers, of whom Pepys was among the first, while John Burns, but a few years since an ordinary day laborer, then leader of the Dockers' strike, then member of the London County Council and of Parliament, and now one of the ministry of his Majesty's empire, is among the last. Every parish, every church, every monument, almost every street, has its antiquarian. But the strangest antiquity of all London is "The Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London." This is the legal title of the old city.

I know of no place in Europe, and no institution, whether religious, political, or social, where the tentacles of the past cling as tenaciously to the present as they do around the little patch of ground, but one mile square, which nestles about the Mansion House and the Bank of England. This is London, legal London, historical London, the London of the antiquarian and the modern financier. It is not the London which appears upon the map, with its population of 7,000,000 souls, and its area of 693 square miles. Metropolitan London requires 262 county, borough, urban, and rural councils, boards of guardians, and parish councils, besides the Parliament of the empire, to govern it. These agencies combined spend nearly $170,000,000 a year, about the budget of Greater New York.

But the city of London proper, which lies in the heart of Greater London, has a living population of but 35,000 by night, although 300,000 people do business there by day, while all of the currents of British life pass through its portals. Here is the soul of the empire, with its population of 400,000,000, and its area of 11,400,000 square miles, or more than one-fifth of the population and area of the globe. Here, too, is the heart of the trade, commerce, and financial transactions of the world. From this little spot "the nation of shopkeepers" sends forth its administrators and its soldiers, its men-of-war and its merchant marine to every nook and cranny of the globe, at the command of Lombard, Gracechurch, Threadneedle, and Fenchurch Streets and Bartholomew Lane. It was at the behest of the city that Clive and Warren Hastings subjugated India, that the opium trade was imposed on China, that Gordon went to his death in Khartoum, and the flower of England went to South Africa.

Out from this pulmonary centre the commercial life of Christendom radiates. London is the counter of the world. And the old City Corporation, with its banks, its brokers, its offices and machinery for exchanging the products of India with Africa, and of China with America, is the clearing-house of us all. England is the only great nation which opens its doors to the trade of the world, unhampered and unrestrained by taxes, tariffs, imposts, or octroi. White, black, yellow, and red, the followers of Christ, of Buddha, of Mohammed and Confucius, all send their wares, in consequence, to the ports which invite them. For trade hates barriers. It will go around the world to avoid a tariff wall. And because of this fact Great Britain is the counter across which the wealth of the world is exchanged. Here the products of every clime are freely swapped. The exports of America come to the ports of England, to be reshipped in turn to the ports of South America, Africa, and Asia. The products of the Orient take the same course, and for the same reason. It is not that England has subsidized her merchant marine. It is not that trade follows the flag. It is the freedom with which men trade across an open counter that has given Great Britain supremacy of the seas. It is this that has built up her cotton and her woollen trade, her cutlery, and tool industries. It is this that has given her wares a welcome entry into every port. For no people are so ignorant that they do not prefer to trade with those who trade with them. And no shipping can be profitable where bottoms

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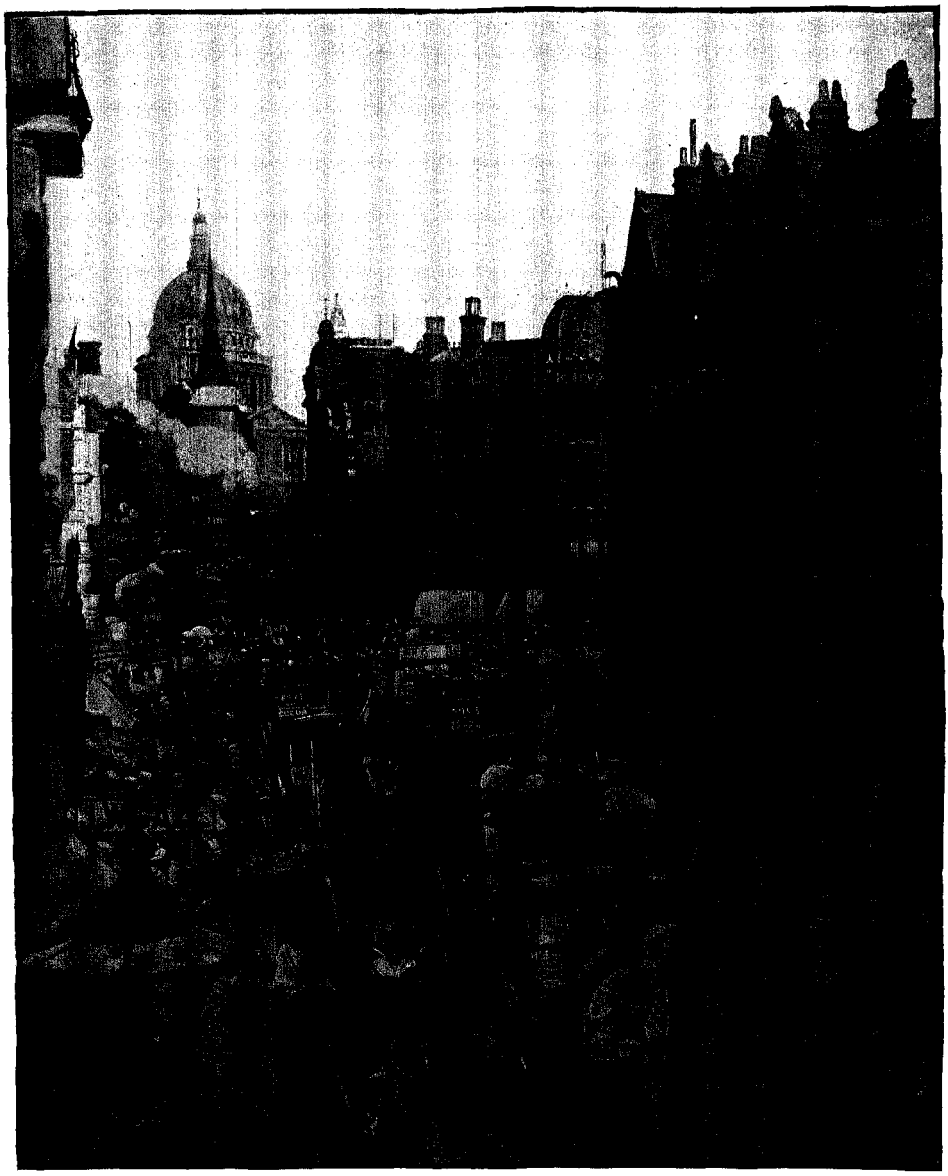

Entering the city: Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's from Fleet Street.

are empty one way. There can never be any commerce, and there never has been any commerce, where all of the profits are made by one party. London is the centre of the commercial world, just as were Genoa, Amsterdam, and Antwerp before her, because the people of the earth freely distribute their wares from English ports. The shipping of the United Kingdom equals two-thirds of that of the entire world. It amounts to 19,724,728 gross tons. At one time the United States was a close competitor. But protection closed our gates to other people, and mediæval navigation laws compelled our ship owners to place their vessels under foreign registry.

New York would be the clearing-house of the world were her ports free from the barriers of a prohibitive tariff. Nothing could then prevent the centre of civilization

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Liverpool Street station, at the eastern limit of the city.

again shifting to the west, as it has done repeatedly before. The law of commercial gravity would make this inevitable.

And just as London is the centre of the financial world, so Lombard Street, which flanks the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor, is the centre of financial London. Into Lombard Street flows annually the $450,000,000 which England receives as interest on her foreign investments. Here the loans of the United Kingdom, as well as of her colonies, are floated. Here the Bank of England controls the rate of discount, and aids in the maintenance of the nation's credit in times of stress. Here the trade balances of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa are settled by the transfer of balances upon the books of the banks. Lombard Street pays the bills of the billion and a half people of the world with about

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the same ease that the clearing-house of an inland city clears the checks of its local customers.

The best approach to the ancient city of London is through the Strand and Fleet Street. Its boundaries begin at Temple Bar by the Courts of Justice. Ahead rises St. Paul's Cathedral, in its commanding dignity. Through this aorta the life of London surges all day long to the heart of the city, whose beginnings run back to the days of the Danes and early English, and whose political forms and privileges are older than the claims of the present reigning house of England. For the charter of the city of London is a mediæval survival. It is claimed to be older than the Norman conquest. The Commonwealth and the Restoration, the Revolution and the Reform Acts, have passed over it, democracy and socialism have made their appearance, but "The Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London" remains unchanged. Here alone, the merchant guilds, or livery companies, once universal and all-powerful in the cities of Europe, retain their ancient privileges. Here alone they linger on, much as the wedding journey remains, a survival of the days when the bride was stolen from a hostile tribe, and carried away by her savage suitor to her new home. The city of London is still governed by the guilds, or livery companies. They choose the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and the aldermen. For all practical purposes the guilds are the city of London. It is impossible to tell where the one begins or the other ends. It is as though there existed in and around Wall Street an old Dutch city wholly detached from Greater New York and governed, not by the people, but by the brokers, the bankers, the insurance companies, and the shipping houses who do business in that region.

From the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries practically all of the cities of Europe were in the hands of the rich merchants, who ruled and in turn were ruled by the trading guilds. These companies were closed corporations. They admitted members much as did the religious orders. They enjoyed a closed shop. They fixed the hours of labor, wages, and output. They enjoyed virtual monopolies in their respective trades. It was they who erected the splendid halls which one finds in Brussels, Bruges, Bremen, and the old free cities of the Continent. The guilds of London still have the legal right to exclude any one but their own members from doing business in the city, but they do not exercise the right. The only surviving function of a once universal trade monopoly is the affixing of the hall-mark to silver by the goldsmiths, and the stamping of herring by the fishmongers.

In all of the cities of Europe the powers of the guilds have been taken away. Their property has been devoted to public uses. The guilds of the city of London, however, still manage the city, and in point of wealth, and possibly influence, are more powerful than in mediæval times. They refuse to be abolished, refuse to permit the property, which belongs in reality to Greater London, to be devoted to public uses. Certainly no other city in the United Kingdom would make answer to Parliament as did the City Corporation when under investigation in 1893. In an elaborate brief, the city asserted, in effect, that it was above Parliament. It said: "The city enjoys privileges and franchises which can neither be lost by forfeiture nor voluntarily surrendered. Throughout the early history of the city and its charters, there is the amplest evidence that for most, if not for all, of these, and for the greater part of the rights and privileges enjoyed by the citizens, due and full pecuniary compensation has been given."

Here is an *imperium in imperio*, a sovereignty within a sovereignty, all resting on purchase; the right of a freedman to his hard-bought liberty from his master. The city paid for these privileges, much as, early in the nineteenth century, the nations of Europe paid tribute to the Dey of Algiers, on condition that he would keep his hand off from their commerce. Every effort of Parliament to merge the corporation into the metropolis, or reform its charter, has failed. When the mediæval municipal charters of all the other cities of England were abolished in 1830, London was left untouched. It is more powerful than the Liberal party when in power, and the Conservative party does not care to interfere with it. Only once has the nation been able to ascertain what property the guilds owned, how the income was spent, or anything about their business. That was in

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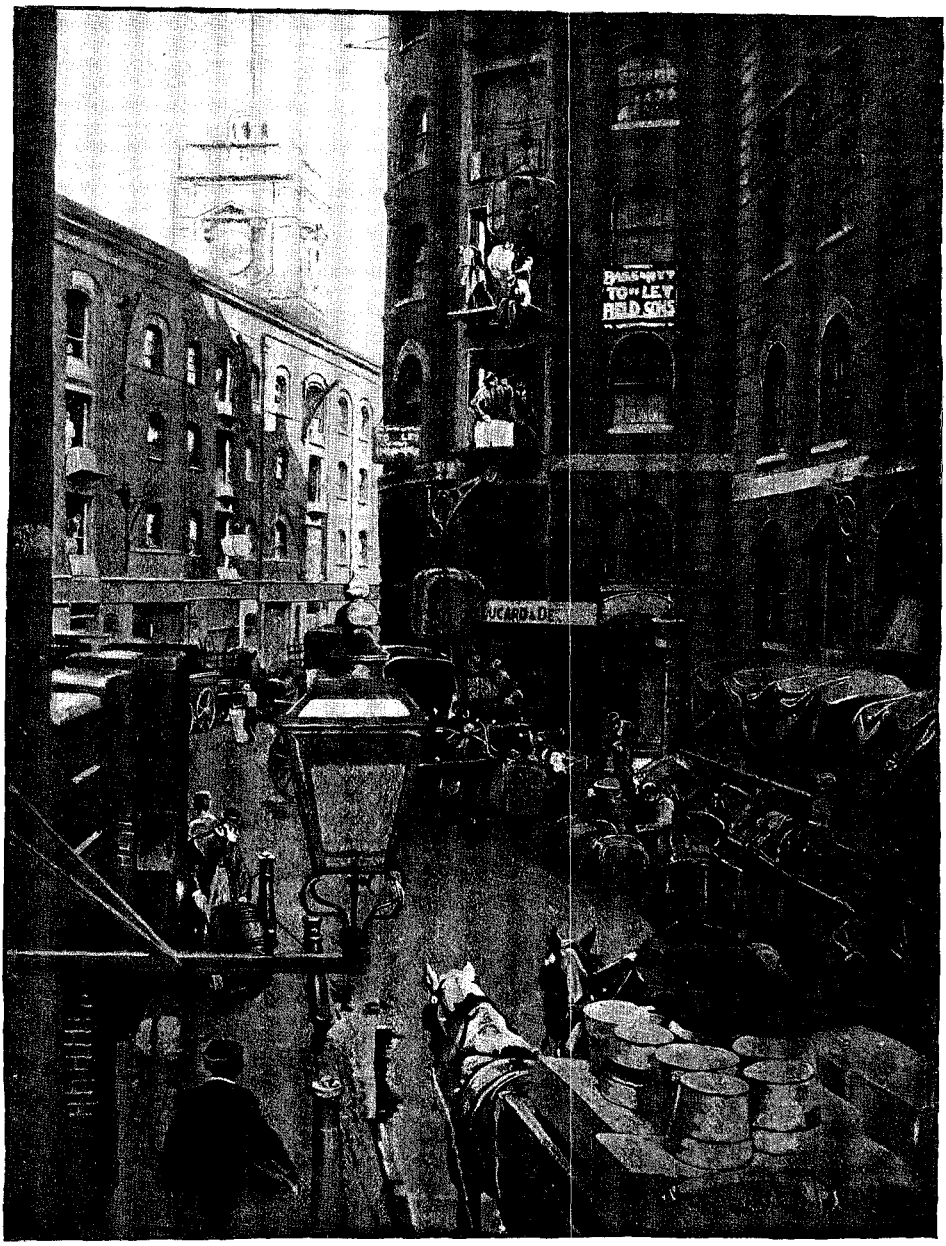

Tooley Street and St. Olave's Church, Southwark.

1894. Since that time both the city and the guilds have been immune from attack.

The city of London is bounded on the east by Liverpool Street station and Tower Bridge; on the south by the Thames; on the west by the Royal Courts of Justice and the city of Westminster; and on the north by the High Holborn and Charterhouse Street. Only the Christian Church is contemporary with its origin. It still preserves its ancient lares and penates, Gog and Magog, which were carried for centuries at the head of the Lord Mayor's procession, and which now preside over the banquet chamber of the Guildhall. Wars, dynasties, even democracy, have passed

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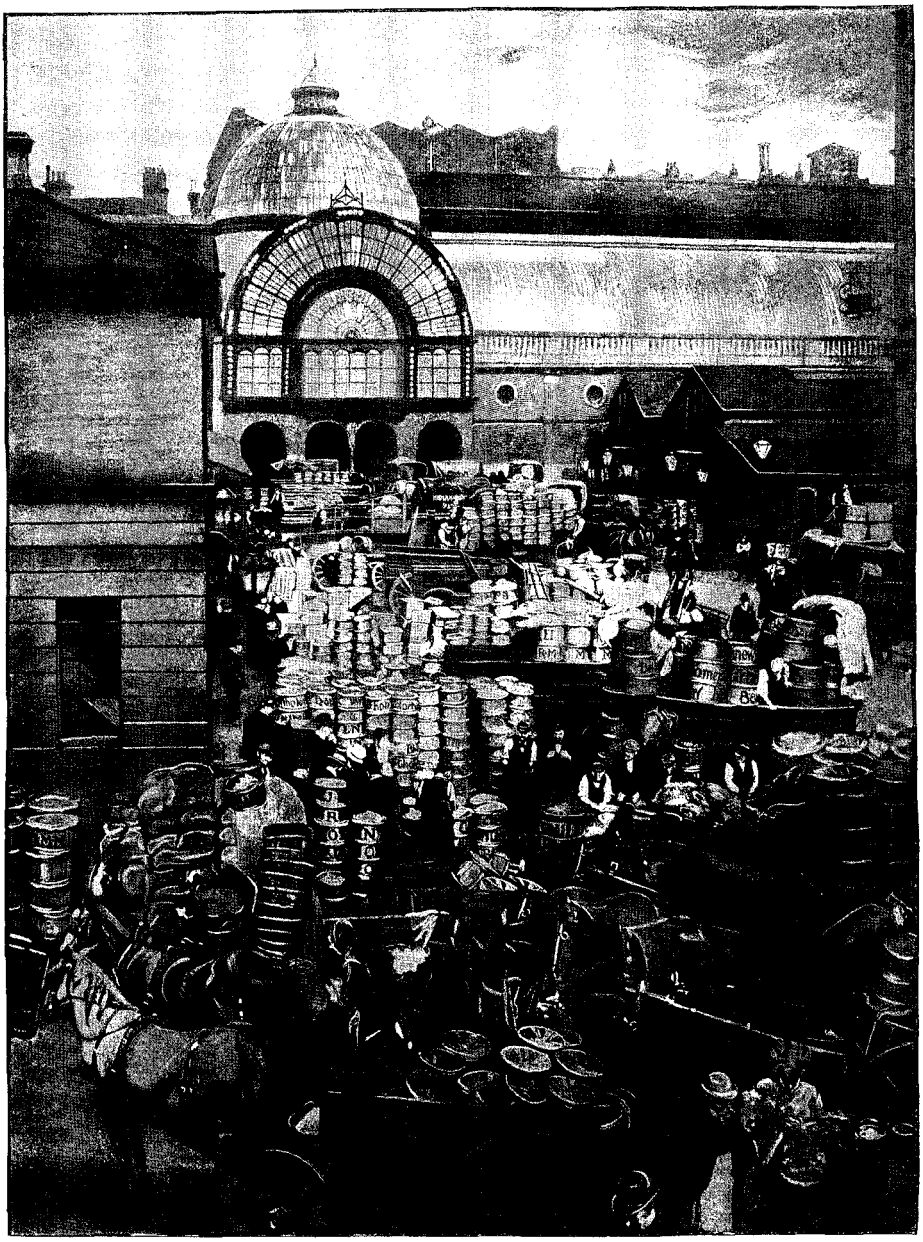

Covent Garden Market.

over this little principality within an empire, and left its forms and ceremonies almost as fixed and unmoved as those of the Celestial empire.

Within its boundaries it enjoys a kind of regal independence. On formal occasions, when the King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of all India comes to the city, the gates at Temple Bar are closed against him. Legally the king may not enter without the city's permission. This is a survival of the days when the king was the most unwelcome of visitors. He usually came for the purpose of robbing the city of some of its privileges, or to make a forced loan from its merchants. Now

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the king is the most honored of guests. He is met in state by the Lord Mayor, who tenders the king the sword of the city. In stately mediæval style the king bows to the mayor, and says that "he considers the sword in very good keeping."

Within the limits of the city the Lord Mayor is a little sovereign. His only troops are 1,000 policemen, but no royal troops may enter the city without his permission. He receives the password of the Tower every three months, under the sign-manual of the king. But other things are more precious to him than this, for he is the recognized fountain-head of hospitality in the United Kingdom. The city of London is the only city in the world which royalty officially recognizes. The Mayor of London recently received the Emperor of Germany, the President of France, and many lesser potentates. The city of Berlin attempted to assume a similar distinction during the recent visit of King Edward to Germany.

Within the city the Lord Mayor takes precedence of all persons save the king. Even the Prince of Wales falls behind him on official occasions.

Prior to the creation of the Thames Conservancy Board, in 1857, for the care and preservation of the shipping of London, the Lord Mayor rode to Parliament immediately after his election in a splendid mediæval barge, with tapestried canopies and banks of rowers, like an Oriental prince. Since the control of the Thames has been taken away from the city the barge has never been used.

"The Lord Mayor's Show" is the greatest show of London. Following his election by the members of the Guilds, the Lord Mayor and the aldermen proceed with great ceremony from the Mansion House, along Fleet Street and the Strand, to the Courts of Justice, where the Lord Mayor takes the oath of office. The Lord Mayor is clad in fifteenth century apparel. He is covered with official jewels. Accompanied with a retinue of sheriffs and aldermen, the show then proceeds to the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor's banquet takes place. The cost of the show and the banquet amounts to about $20,000, one-half of which is paid by the Lord Mayor, and the other half by the sheriff.

As compensation for his services, the Lord Mayor receives an allowance of $50,000 a year. He is obliged to spend from $75,000 to $100,000 a year, however, in maintaining the office. So he pays for his whistle. However, on the termination of his year he is almost always elevated to a baronetcy. In addition he has the Mansion House in which to live, a palatial residence which faces the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, and Lombard Street. He looks out on the busiest and noisiest spot in the world by day, and into almost sepulchral silence by night. For a mere handful of people sleep in the city, though more than a million pass through the city each day.

All this splendor and quasi-royalty is somewhat out of harmony with the official roster of the Lord Mayors and the Board of Aldermen from which they are chosen. It is badly in accord with the contempt of the English nation for trade and tradesmen. Were a critical Englishman to visit America and say that the mayors and aldermen of New York were tailors, mercers, drapers, apothecaries, barbers, blacksmiths, cooks, and fishmongers, and gardeners, and had been such for centuries, I fancy the average Englishman would think rather contemptuously of a government that did not rise above the shopkeeper or the laborer for its official class. Yet such a statement would be literally true of the city of London, one of the smallest, the most ancient, and probably the richest of the world's municipalities.

Only these men do not work at their trade. They are only titular apothecaries, fishmongers, drapers, etc. They belong to some one of the guilds which represent these crafts or trades. In reality they are great merchants, bankers, men of leisure, and members of the gentry. The king is a liveryman. So was General Grant. The present mayor, Sir George Wyatt Truscott, is a stationer. His predecessor was a haberdasher. Most of the twenty-six aldermen who are chosen by the 8,000 liverymen dwell in Mayfair, Regent Parkway, Whitehall, and out along the Thames. And of these twenty-six aldermen, eighteen are knights. But they are all *ex officio* merchant tailors, goldsmiths, spectacle makers, shipwrights, cutlers, turners, grocers, etc., and serve the city by virtue of this fact. Not more than two or three of them even

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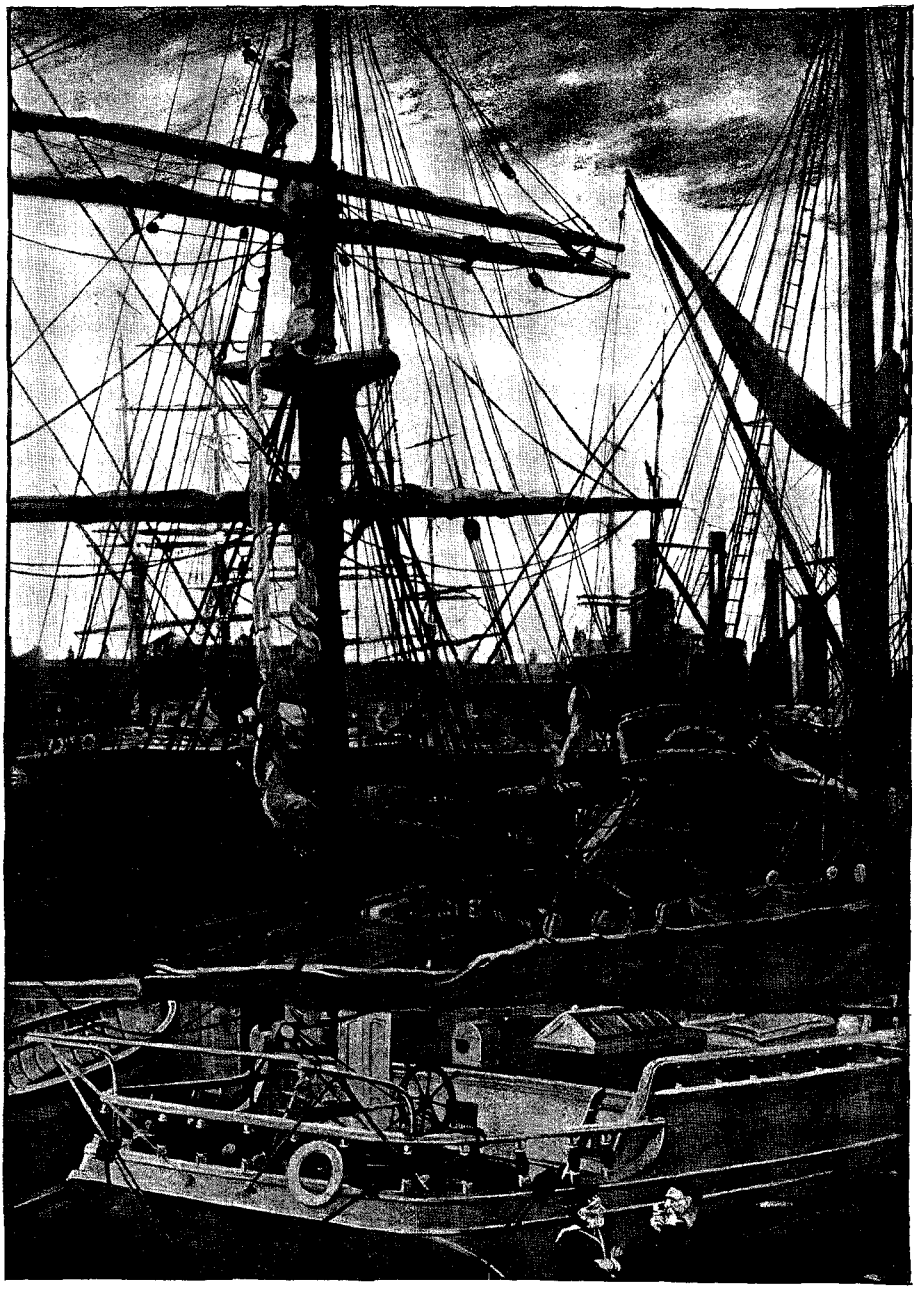

Old Limehouse Basin.

dwell in the city which they govern. For they are the government of London, and they serve on committees, manage the city's estates and properties, look after its health and policy just as do other less dignified aldermen. But they do it as American business men serve on the boards of managers of social or country clubs. And on the whole, they do that part of the work very well.

Members of the companies are still admitted in but four ways. First, by right of

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patrimony, or descent from father to son. Second, by servitude, *i. e.*, by apprenticeship to a member. Third, by purchase. Some of the guilds do not admit by purchase, and the mercers admit only by descent. A fourth method of admission is by honorary presentation.

These are the means by which a man may become "free of the company," which means that he has become a liveryman, and one of the rulers of the metropolis of the world.

This entitles him to be one of the 8,000 persons who elect the Lord Mayor, who is chosen each year on Michaelmas Day (September 29). For the Lord Mayor is not chosen either directly or indirectly by the voters of the city. He is the representative of the seventy-four livery companies, and is usually chosen from one of the twelve great companies. The members assemble in the Guildhall, now the town hall, and choose two aldermen, out of such as have already served as sheriff, and who have not previously been elected mayor. From these two names the aldermen select the Lord Mayor, usually the senior in rank. There is no secret ballot. The election is by the showing of hands.

Why, it may be asked, do men seek the distinction of becoming a liveryman? Why do they fight so hotly for their privileges in an age when all men are freemen, and the right of the ballot has been accorded to all? As a matter of fact, every man in England is not equal at the polls. Plural voting still persists in that country, while over a million men are not on the registry of voters at all. And aside from the exclusive right of electing the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the liverymen have the right to vote for members of Parliament in the city as well as in the constituency where they reside, provided they live within twenty-five miles of London.

These, however, are the least of the privileges which the liverymen enjoy. The richer guilds own splendid halls hidden away in the heart of the city. Many of these halls are very old, although most of the ancient palaces were destroyed by the great fire of London. Those which remain and those which have been erected during the past century indicate the wealth and greatness of the guilds, and the powers which they enjoyed in an earlier day. The most splendid halls are those of the goldsmiths, drapers, fishmongers, mercers, saddlers, merchant tailors, and samplers. They are filled with gold and silver plate of great value, as well as with fine paintings and hangings. In the olden days, before the national credit was established, needy sovereigns were in the habit of borrowing this plate as collateral for some loan or other. To-day it is used on state occasions, when some great banquet is given. The halls would make splendid social clubs, but they are limited to ceremonial occasions, when a reception, ball, or dinner is given to the members and their families. In addition, some of the guilds afford substantial death benefits to their members. This is all that remains of the ancient functions of the livery companies. The services which they perform are now mainly charitable, culinary, and ceremonial.

Then there is political preferment. Men in England take great pride in public office, even though it be but service on a board of guardians of the poor. For the traditions of this little country all cluster about service in some form or other, whether it be in the state, in the army, or in the Church. Public service is a hall-mark of distinction, and it is only through membership in a guild that a man may become Lord Mayor, or one of the twenty-six aldermen of the city. As a matter of fact, almost all of the members of the common council are also liverymen, the ordinary citizen being practically excluded from a voice in his local affairs.

Nowhere in the world does the glamour of age count for as much as in England, and nowhere is it more jealously guarded than in the corporation of London. This of itself is sufficient to explain the desire of men to preserve these ancient institutions. But critics not a few have hinted that other reasons explain the tenacity with which the livery companies fight for their existence. For the guilds are very rich—nobody knows how rich they really are. They own landed estates in the city, in Hammersmith, Essex, Kent, and Surrey; in Ireland, and Wales—in fact, all over the United Kingdom. Their funds are invested in consols and other securities. The twelve great companies own the Ulster Estates in Ireland. Much of this property came by gift or bequest for public charities, and the critics insist that the revenue should all be

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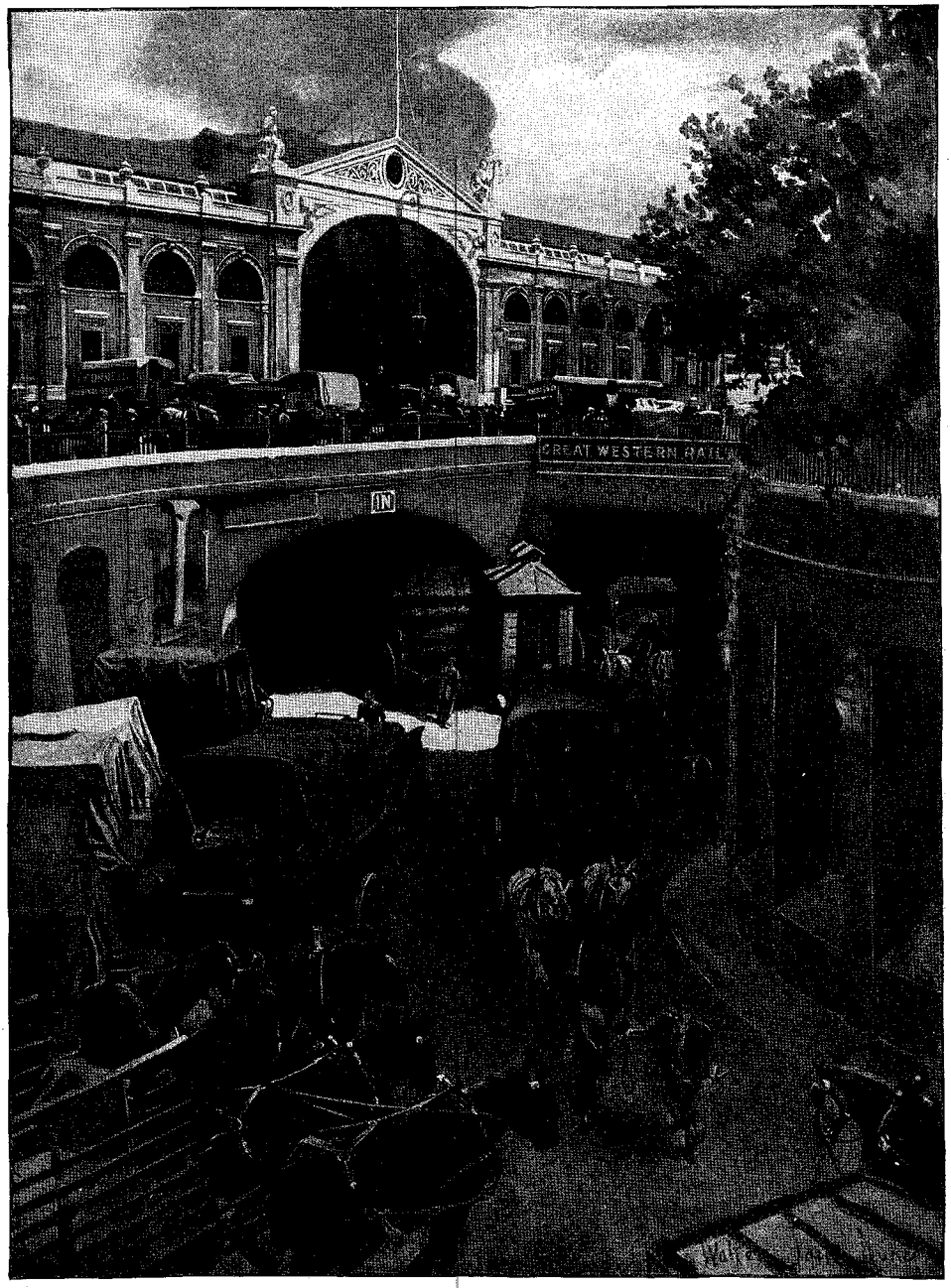

London Central Markets, Smithfield.

used for public purposes. But the guilds invest their funds and use their revenues as they will. They account to nobody but themselves. A royal commission was appointed by Mr. Gladstone in 1884 to investigate the companies. The commission included such men as the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Derby, Viscount Sherbrooke, and the Lord Chief Justice of England. Certainly these men were not dangerous radicals. Yet the commissioners declared that the funds of the guilds were public

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property, and urged the immediate intervention of Parliament to prevent their alienation and to assure their use for public purposes. The report stated that 1,500 self-appointed committees of the guilds took fees from the estates amounting to $200,000 a year. In addition they spent $500,000 a year in banquets, while $750,000 was paid for balls and the expenses of the management. It cost at least $1,500,000 to administer an income of $4,000,000 derived from trust funds. The estates of the seventy-four guilds were estimated to be worth $75,000,000. The commission said they would be worth $100,000,000 by 1905.

But the recommendations of the parliamentary commission came to naught; the City Corporation was so powerful in Parliament that nothing was ever done. Even to-day the management of the affairs of the livery companies is conducted in secret by committees which nominate themselves and their successors, and acknowledge responsibility to no one.

The guilds, it is true, expend substantial sums for charity. About $1,000,000 is used for purposes specified in the trusts created by the donors. The drapers support the Crystal Palace; they have given largely to the University of London. Radcliffe Library at Oxford has received large donations from the livery companies. Professorships are maintained in various institutions, and substantial contributions are made to technical education. Gresham College is maintained by the corporation of London, as are many other charities for the poor, for orphans, and the blind.

The city itself is also tremendously rich. In addition to such property as a municipality usually owns, the city is a large landlord. It owns one-tenth of the real estate within its limits. It rents its buildings just as does a private owner. It controls the Irish Ulster estates, which were acquired in 1609, during the reign of James the First, although the rents and revenues are paid to the livery companies in proportion to the investment made by them at the time the estates were acquired. The city also owns Epping Forest, a great stretch of woodland, twelve miles long, east of London, acquired at a cost of $1,500,000. It also owns the celebrated Burnham beeches, and has the right of patronage of many city churches. It further owns one of the largest and most beautiful cemeteries in or around London.

The corporation has also a monopoly of the market rights of the city of London. By the terms of a contract entered into with Henry III, it was agreed that no one else should ever be given any market rights within seven miles of the city. And Parliament has protected this ancient monopoly, even though the needs of seven million inhabitants of London have been sacrificed in consequence. The London County Council has never been able to secure the right to open a market within its jurisdiction, and only in one instance, if it be an instance, has this monopoly been invaded. In 1552 Charles II granted to the Earl of Bedford permission to establish a market in the old fields of the Convent of Westminster, near by the fields known as Seven Dials, or Long Acre. This is now the Covent Garden Market owned by the Duke of Bedford. By virtue of this ancient grant, the duke still levies tribute on the metropolis of the United Kingdom. No huckster, market gardener, costermonger, or child with a basket of flowers may offer his produce about the market, or upon the streets, without the consent of the duke, and upon such terms as his agent exacts. For the market privilege is not limited to the site of the market itself, for by the terms of the original grant—made, it is true, nearly four centuries ago—no other market may be established within seven miles of Covent Garden. Neither the London County Council, the borough councils, nor any other individual or corporation may open a market in Greater London, so sacred is this ancient grant. No one knows the amount of the tribute collected through this monopoly, but it is colossal. Along with the rights of the City Corporation, the market profits are estimated to be over a million dollars. It costs twelve cents a day to stand a basket of flowers upon the streets within the confines of the market radius, and three times this sum to back a cart against the curb. The stalls within the market are very expensive, for all of the south of England competes for them, while all London comes here to buy its vegetables, fruits, and flowers. Dynasties change and generations come and go, but grants, gifts and contracts, with no higher sanction than the thoughtless whim of a king to a dissolute

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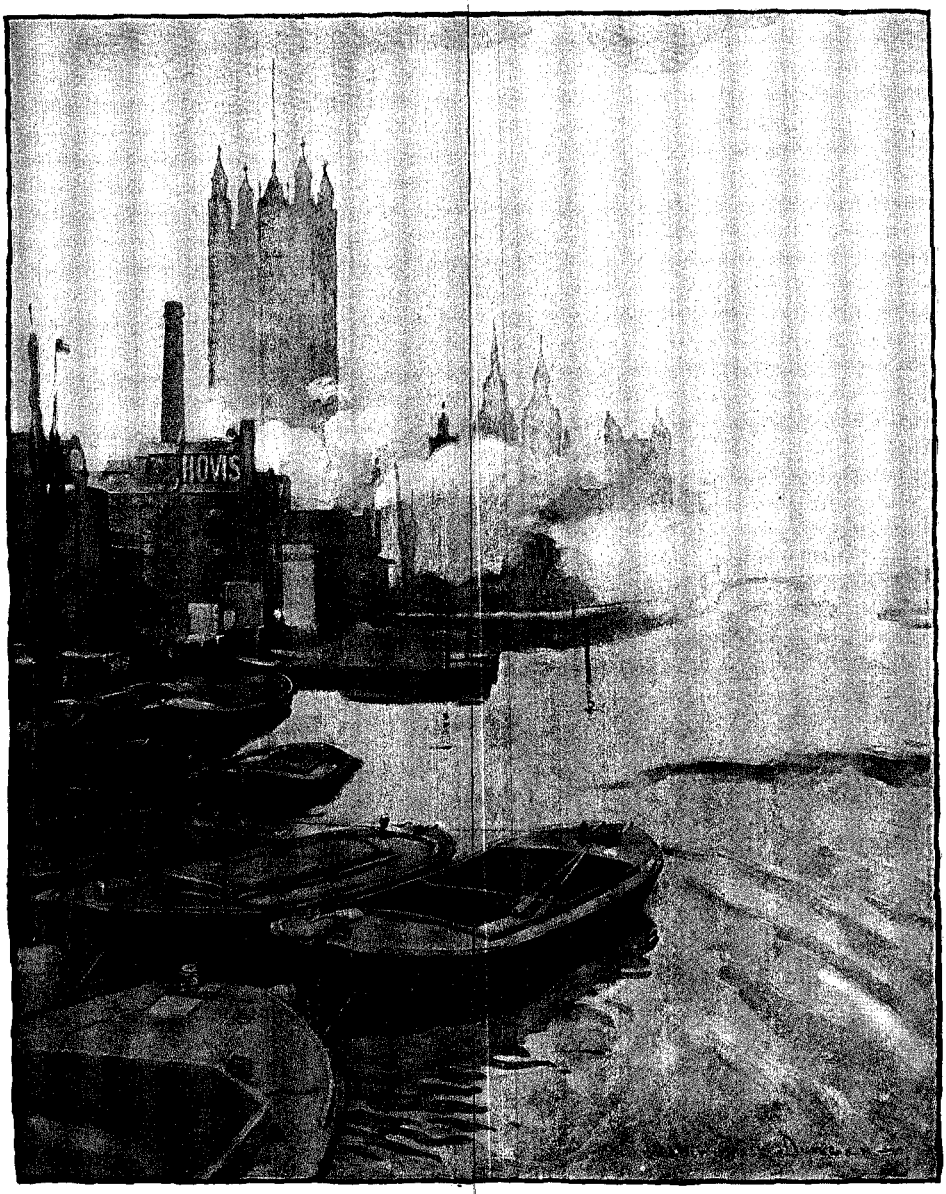

The Houses of Parliament.

favorite, remain immune from alteration or attack, so sacred is the name of age in the United Kingdom.

The markets of the City Corporation alone are capitalized at $17,500,000. They include Billingsgate, the great fish market fronting on the Thames below London Bridge, where the language is as refined as the odors which emanate from it. The Metropolitan Cattle Market of the city is said to be the largest cattle market in the world. Here more than 4,000,000 cattle are sold every year. Other markets are also maintained under grants which the city obtained centuries ago for the sale of hay, grain, provisions, and vegetables. The revenues of the city from these markets, as well as from the real estate which it owns, amount to over $4,000,000 a year.

The city of London is but one of the

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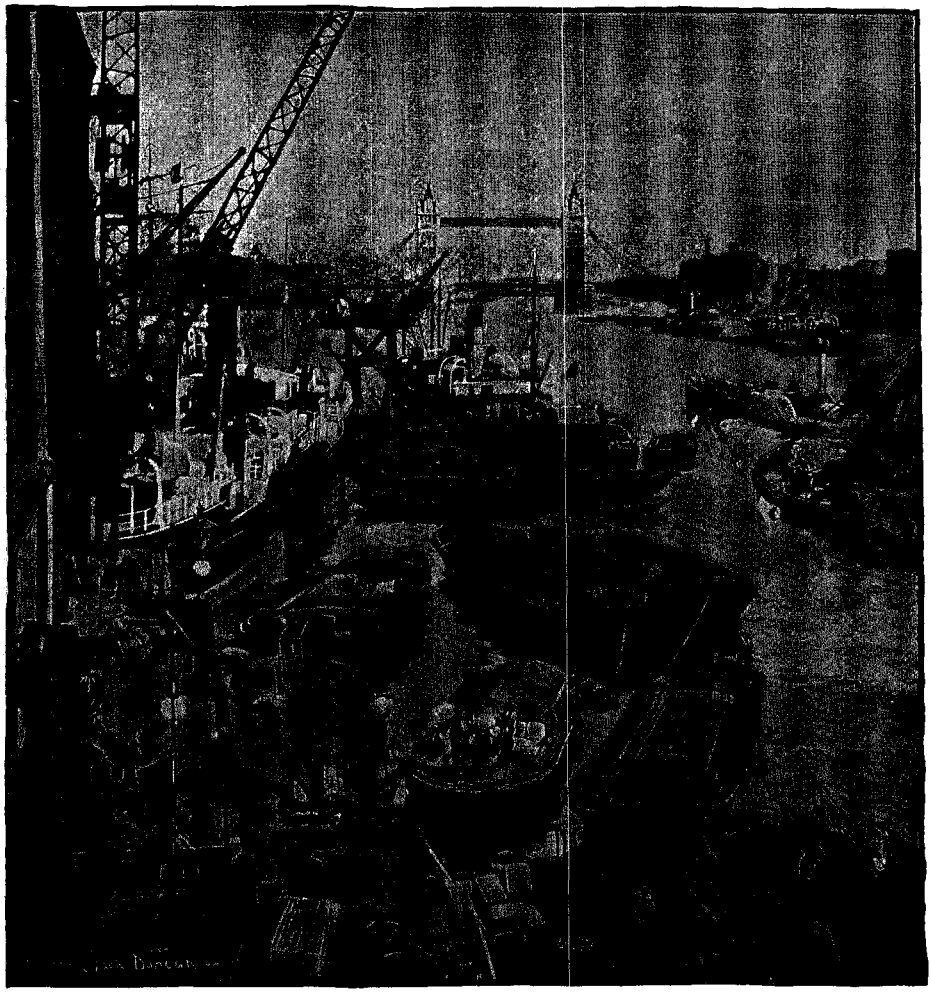

The Thames Basin, toward Tower Bridge; Billingsgate Market on the left.

many political, educational, religious, and social institutions which linger on in England, untouched by the progress of democracy. They are protected by that veneration for the past that characterizes the country. The wealth of the guilds and of the city is, for the most part, expended in inconsequential charities. The great metropolis, with its millions of poor, its awful tenements, its ignorance and squalor, needs schools and hospitals and breathing places the worst way. And were the $100,000,000 of trust funds devoted to some big useful purpose, a substantial decrease could be made in the misery of the city. But inertia and privilege are strong in Great Britain, and nowhere are they stronger than in the city itself. Its power radiates into Parliament and the Church, and effectively prevents any interference with its abuses.

It is this veneration for the past that distinguishes England from all of the countries of western Europe. France, Germany, even Italy, have dared to use the knife on feudalism. They destroyed the system by a surgical operation. In England alone, however, the feudal system, with its age, its caste, its classes, its economic relation of lord and vassal, remains in its essential features the framework of society.

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THOSE THAT WAIT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

AS the last call of the guard died away, Phillips roused himself from the campchair where he had been dozing, his head against the upright of the tent, and looked guiltily down the alley of gray canvas, with its darker shadows, horizontal, motionless. The Wardmaster yawned; then he got up, with his hands to his forehead. His head was throbbing, and the ground under his feet wavered so that he had to wind his arm around the upright for support.

Somewhere back in the ward there began the insistent tattoo of a tin cup on the side of a cot. Phillips prodded with his foot a figure in a blanket at his feet.

"Get up, Simpson," he said. "I'm all in. What's the matter with you? Wake up!"

The blanket twisted, stretched, and raised itself by degrees.

"What is it?" Simpson inquired drowsily, showing a strong inclination to fold up on the ground again. The tin cup began again, louder.

"A night attack by the enemy!" Phillips retorted with fine sarcasm. "Take some water back to the Swede, and then get me a thermometer, will you? Somebody chewed mine up to-day."

With the slender glass tube in his hand, however, the Wardmaster hesitated—then he gave it back.

"What's the use?" he said listlessly. "I'd get a little more quinine to-morrow—that's all. Lord, isn't it hot!"

The nurse looked at his youthful Sergeant understandingly.

"It's the flannel," he said. "I was dreamin' of sheets, oceans of 'em. I was buried in 'em—cool, slippery ones." He shook his blanket out and examined it carefully by the light of the lantern. "Something's been bitin' me all night." he growled. "Just when I think I've got it, it jumps, damn it."

He rolled himself in the gray blanket and flopped down again, but he did not go to sleep at once. After a couple of uneasy turns he raised himself on his elbow and looked along the three tents which formed the long tunnel-like ward.

"Think of it," he grumbled, "hospitals at home achin' to take 'em, and coddle 'em, and feed 'em with decent grub. And they're stuck here in a swamp, with a cigarette-smokin' kid in charge of the kitchen, and two tin basins and a bottle of insect powder by way of equipment! God—give me a bullet, every time!"

He dropped back in a drowsy heap and was almost instantly asleep; beneath the blanket his feet stuck out, covered with socks through which his naked toes protruded.

The Wardmaster dozed again. He was roused by something rubbing against his foot. To his fever-stirred brain the intruder loomed large and menacing, but it resolved itself into a cat, as lean, as wretched as himself. He got up with difficulty, and pouring some milk out of a pitcher into a cup, set it on the ground.

"I warn you, Thomas," he said gravely, "the bacillus *coli communis* is floating around: that milk's probably full of it. If you get any, the papers will call it malaria."

The cat lapped hungrily, curling his tail around him and folding his paws after the manner of cats. A little air drifted along the ground, lifting the flaps of the tents, and the sharp shadows became hazy with the night mist. The cat slept, gorged, at Phillips's feet, undisturbed by the call of the guard.

"Post number one: one o'clock." "Post number two: one o'clock, and all's well."

Phillips was not asleep. He slid his finger along his wrist and smiled grimly as he felt the artery leap under it. Then, partly because he was suffocating, partly because he had got in the habit of doing it, he went out into the night and stood for a moment staring at a group of tents that loomed misty white above the ground fog. And in his face there was something not pleasant to see.

When he went back, a man was sitting on the side of the nearest cot. He was testing his strength, putting his feet down and raising himself an inch or two with his

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hands. Evidently he was satisfied, for he called Phillips over.

"Let me get up in that chair, Sergeant," he pleaded in a whisper. "I can't sleep, and I can kick Simpson if he's needed. You take this bed: you'd better lie down before you fall down."

Without protest Phillips dropped on the cot and stretched himself luxuriously. The convalescent wrapped his blanket around his knees and put his feet on the end of the bed.

"Going to sleep?" he asked cautiously.

"No."

"Look here, Phillips—you'll have to start home to-morrow if you're going at all. I've been watching you, and—you're sick. I'll be blamed if I think it's malaria either."

"Typhoid," Phillips said laconically.

"Furlough come yet?"

"No."

"What's the matter," asked the other man. "I thought—aren't you going to get it?"

Phillips clenched his hands under the blanket.

"The application never went in," he said quietly. "I asked the clerk about it, and—he said he tore it up, under orders, and threw it away."

The man in the chair sat upright. "Why, it's murder! That's what it is." He bit his lip over the slip, but the other man did not notice. He was arguing—with himself.

"We're short of men, Collins," he was saying. "There's nobody to put here—and of course—he couldn't know. It may come yet."

"Like hell it may," Collins muttered. "As for the Major not knowing, it's his business to know. Do you live with your folks? Want me to write to them?"

"With my mother. No. No use alarming her."

"Father dead?"

"No." There was a note of finality that stopped further questioning, and Collins desisted.

Phillips lay there for a thousand years, looking up at the streaked canvas over his head, seeing strange processions of people he had known, watching the tent roof recede miles away, and then come back and drop on his face and try to smother him. And one of the professors from his medical college came again and again, and sat on the foot of the cot and asked him the rise and fall and tributaries of the ilio-hypogastric nerve.

When a century had passed, he wakened suddenly and sat up. The floor slipped back as he put his feet down, but once erect he could walk, treading gingerly so as not to arouse the hammering devils in his head.

"How long was I asleep?" he demanded irritably.

"Twenty minutes," Collins said. "Say, the boy that came yesterday—first Wisconsin—is pretty bad. Temperature, one-naught-six. Simpson says are you going to send for Shields?"

"No good. Shields is laid up."

"Try for the Major then."

But Phillips turned on him bitterly.

"We'll let the Major sleep," he snarled.

He got a basin of cold water, and sponged the sick boy carefully. Over and over, with long, downward strokes, on his knees, because he couldn't stoop, he worked away, losing count of time, but always wetting the sponge and keeping on. Once or twice he squeezed it over his own head and the water ran down in little trickles of coolness under his shirt. When he finished, the boy was sleeping, and Phillips stumbled back to the cot. Collins was sitting there, holding the cat on his knee.

"Jove," he said, "I know what hell's like now—it's not furnace-hot and dry: it's hot—and damp—and muggy. How do you feel?"

"Rotten," Phillips said wearily.

"You said a funny thing in your sleep," Collins persisted, watching him. "You got up on your elbow and looked straight at me, and you said, 'All my life I have been taught to look up to you: that you were a great man. And they lied!'"

Phillips did not answer. He lay back on the cot and closed his eyes. And once again the figures crowded around.

. . . . . .

It was Johnson, of the Ambulance Corps, who found him the next day, refusing to be undressed, and raving of a furlough that had torn itself into scraps. And when Major Armitage, on hospital inspection that day, came around, the sick man buried his face in his pillow and babbled. Johnson undressed him, bathed him, and sat by him for a while, cursing the kitchen

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which sent in soup filled with vegetables, and straining through a towel the little that Phillips would take.

"He's finished himself, all right." Simpson whimpered. "No sleep—rotten grub—and workin' twenty-four hours a day. And it ain't only that." He came close to Johnson and bent over. "Have you noticed about Armitage?" he asked. "Wasn't he talkin' about him? He was—all last night. Once he thought I was the Major, and he said, 'You've done worse than you knew. You've killed the man I thought you were.'"

"Delirium," Johnson scoffed. "What kind of sense does that make?"

"There's something you and I don't know, Lieutenant," Simpson persisted. "One night, a couple of weeks ago, when he looked pretty bad, I coaxed him to go out and walk around. When he didn't come back, I found him outside the Major's tent, in the shadow, with his arms folded, and a queer look in his face. I touched him twice before he knew I was there. It's been a queer business."

"Has the Major noticed? Does he know him?"

"Not that I know of. But for that matter, his own mother wouldn't recognize him."

A week later Johnson sought and found Captain Armour, the Surgeon. He was washing in a tin basin outside his tent, throwing the cold water over his bald head and puffing like a porpoise.

"The next time it rains," he was grumbling, "I am going to have a shower bath, if I smash every regulation on the slate. The idea of a two-hundred-pound man keeping clean on a pint of water *ter in die!* Phillips? What about Phillips?"

"He's very bad, sir," Johnson replied. "I wish you could come over to-night and look at him. He's weak, and wearing himself out with delirium."

"He's a good boy, Phillips is," the Surgeon spoke through his towel. "I'll come over and bring Major Armitage if I can get him."

Through the long days Phillips had lain on the end cot; when ice was plentiful sometimes a cup of small pieces was put on the ground beside him, and he learned to reach down and fumble for it. The coolness and moisture helped his crusted tongue and cracked lips. And twice a day somebody went over him with a sponge and cold water, and for ten glorious minutes he was rested, moist, sane. Then the fever devils came again, and things crawled around him, and the cot sometimes floated high in the air, and again was so close to the ground that he smelled the damp earth, like an open grave.

And always he held to a bit of worthless paper that Johnson had got from headquarters, which said that one Alden Phillips was entitled to ten days' furlough, and was useless now, of course, seeing that he was being given a furlough that stretched into eternity.

Captain Armour came that night and sat on the foot of the bed, and swore at the heat and the smell in the ward. And then he took a long breath and said that Phillips had been in his clinic at Philadelphia for a year, and it was too bad, too bad.

After a while he scribbled a line, and sent it to Major Armitage, in charge of the field hospital, and then he sat and waited, patting Phillips's hand now and then, and muttering under his breath.

"A little bit of nursing," he snarled, "a woman to fuss over them and make them comfortable, that's what they need here: it's the men that have never seen a battle that are dying in this war."

The heat was terrible. A lantern hung above the head of the cot, leaving Phillips's face in shadow and throwing out clear and distinct, the undress of the Surgeon. He had taken off his coat, showing a broken pair of suspenders and a flannel shirt open and turned in almost to the waist over his hairy chest.

All through the ward was a hustle of preparing for the night. The convalescents were shaking crumbs off their blankets and punching pillows for their helpless comrades: milk and water were being put around: Simpson, who was a hostler by nature as well as training, was tying down a delirious Texan much as he would a refractory horse, and in a far corner a colored soldier was singing under his breath. Some of the men took up the song, humming it with shaky, unpractised voices.

There was an instant silence when Major Armitage came in. The privates saluted and slunk to their cots—the Surgeon started to fasten his shirt and thought

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better of it. Only the song went on, low, deep, fervent.

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling glo-o-m,
Lead Thou me on!" . . .

the men sang softly.

The Major nodded to the Surgeon, and stood for a moment looking down at the prostrate boy. "What's his name?" he asked.

"Phillips: Ambulance Corps, Fourth Pennsylvania."

"Sent word to his home?" curtly.

"To his mother—yesterday, sir," Johnson replied.

"It's Iowa," the Surgeon supplemented. "She won't get here for three days. The boy's been sick for two weeks. I don't know why he didn't get away from this plague spot while he could."

Simpson brought a chair and Major Armitage sat down beside the cot. He took the galloping pulse, and being a careful man, he took it for two minutes instead of one. With the touch of his cool hands the muttering ceased; Phillips, who had been staring at the tent roof, suddenly turned his head and looked at Armitage; then he jerked his hand away.

"You!" he said thickly, for his tongue was hard and dry. "Who—sent for you?"

The Major looked at the Surgeon.

"There's no delirium there, Doctor." he said. "What's he getting?"

"Nothing that he ought to have," the Surgeon grumbled. "I tell you, Major——"

But the sick man was suddenly laboring under violent excitement. He put out a bony finger and tried to touch the Major, but his shaking muscles lacked direction, and the arm dropped.

"They always come and sit beside me," he wailed, "and when I want to tell them things, they're not there. You—" he raised himself on one bony elbow and stared in the Major's eyes—"don't go yet. Wait—till I tell you. You—tore up the furlough! It was life or death to me and you—gave me death. And—when you come and sit beside me—and I want to choke you—I can't because—you know why!"

The silence was suddenly terrible. Major Armitage sat immovable; the boy's accusing eyes held him.

"All my life," the husky voice went on—"all my life, I've been taught to think of you as—one apart, a great man, a good man: I was—to think nothing evil of you—I was to respect you, to try—to be like—you. Why, it's a joke: why don't you laugh? The other faces always grin! Why don't you?"

The Major tried to speak, but no words came. A couple of privates stopped to listen and moved on, warned by a glare from the Surgeon.

"I read—everything—I could find—about you; I ordered—my life—as I thought would please you— And when the—war came, and you went, I—I went too, like a little puppy trailing—at your heels. I couldn't stay at home—any more—than you could! It—was—in—the blood. Why don't you laugh?"

The Major got up suddenly and stared down at the boy; then with shaking fingers he tried to take the lantern from its hook. From the far corner of the ward the droning song floated down to them, plaintive, appealing:

"The night is dark, and I am far from ho-ome,
Lead Thou me on!"

With the lantern in his hand, the Major hesitated. Then he turned it full on the boy's face, with its sunken, tortured eyes.

The boy's strength was going. He was swaying on his bony elbow; then he dropped back and lay quiet. When he moved again it was to say that he could make better soup than that out of an old shoe, and he pushed away an imaginary bowl. After a while, he seemed to sleep, only his fingers picked, picked at the blanket.

The Surgeon looked into the Major's face, and from there to the gaping ears of the ward, the smell, the noise, the moist heat that sapped the soul.

"Get the cot out into the air," he said, and when it had been done, he took the Major's arm and led him, stumbling, to where it had been put on the grass in the cool night, with only a candle on a box for light. It threw into relief, above the blanket, Phillips's impassive white face, and the Major's suddenly aged one. From the foot of the cot the Surgeon gave medicine now and then, and could think of no comfort—the body being his province, not the soul.

From far off across the camp there rose a distant hubbub of noise. It spread, grew, came close and resolved itself into

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the clamor of forty thousand throats. Like waves breaking on the sand the sound approached, receded, crept on again. It beat against the canvas walls of the hospital, and echoed back from the hills. The camp was suddenly alive; torches, candles, lanterns flashed up, a twisting, leaping mass of lights, and far across the camp a band was playing "Dixie." Near by a South Carolina regiment had taken up the noise. "Yi-i-i-i," they rasped the night with the old rebel yell of triumph.

Simpson ran out to the nearest regiment and collided with an officer, who was too excited to damn him.

"I'm from the hospital, Lieutenant," he panted. "What—what's happened?"

"Spanish fleet sunk by Sampson at Santiago," the Lieutenant called back over his shoulder.

A Missouri regiment had formed line and was marching noisily through the camp, their lines growing constantly amid the throb of the drums and the cheers of the men. It was a riot of surcharged emotion, of unselfish pride in a victory in which they had had no part, in a war which spelled for them only inglorious hardship, this outburst in the Camp of Those Left Behind.

Somewhere, far off, the Brigadier-General was making a speech, incoherent, throbbing, joyous. He wore his uniform trousers and a pajama coat, and stood on the top of a barrel. Simpson could not wait to hear. He scuttled back to the hospital, and feeble cheers followed his announcement, made in a voice which cracked with the tension in his throat.

Through it all, the Major, by Phillips's cot, did not move. Once or twice he looked out at the pandemonium, the relaxed discipline of the camp, but he was detached, far away. His mind was back in the days when this gaunt, dying young soldier was a youngster, and he had read him "The Man Without a Country," and had had to stop, with a lump in his own throat, while the boy had cried the hot tears of childhood. It was long ago, and now the boy was a soldier—and dying.

After a while the Surgeon came back and took up his vigil on the end of the cot.

"Thank the Good One above," he said huskily, "we've licked those damned Spaniards into a cocked hat."

The boy had stopped babbling and slept: the Major raised his head. It was evident that the doctor's voice had not penetrated to him, back in the years that were gone.

"When was—his mother sent for?"

"Yesterday."

"She cannot get here," he said simply, and fell back into his old position, his chin on his hands. When he looked up again, the noise was subsiding. The lights of the camp were paling before the dawn, and the candle had melted and run over in little wax stalactites.

"In case of—perforation," he asked dully, "could you—operate?"

"Not here; nothing to do it with. If he was anywhere but in this forsaken swamp——"

The Major leaned over suddenly and gripped the doctor's shoulder. "I didn't know him. I haven't seen him since his mother took him away—long ago. Doctor, he's my boy!" he choked, giving way at last to the horror of the thing. "My God! He is my son, and I tore up his furlough, Doctor. I gave him Death instead of Life. Man, is there nothing I can do? Have I got to sit here and let him die?"

The doctor had stripped the flannel shirt from the boy's skinny shoulder and was holding the thermometer under his arm. When he took it out and looked at it he leaned over and touched the Major's prostrate figure.

"Look here," he said bluntly, "you haven't killed him yet, but you will, with a conviction like that. Look at this thermometer; look at that sleep: I tell you he's better. He'll live to—to rag you about that furlough yet."

The doctor's eyes were misty. In the faint dawn he looked like an unshaven, shining-crowned saint.

The boy on the cot opened his eyes slowly. The racked face of the Major was bending over him, the Major's hand held his. Slowly the despair, the disillusion of the last few weeks died out of his eyes, and he slept again.

Over the tops of the tents came a misty shaft of sunlight—a promise of the glory of the day, and clear and rousing, over the drowsy camp came the reveille. Somewhere near by a regimental band broke into "The Star-Spangled Banner," its notes stirring anew the holy fire in the breasts of Those Left Behind, voicing for them their cause, their passive battles, their potentialities, their country.

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THE MIDWINTER GARDENS OF NEW ORLEANS

AN OBJECT-LESSON AND ITS ARGUMENT

By George W. Cable

IF the following pages might choose their own time and place they would meet their reader not in the trolley-car or on the suburban train, but in his own home, comfortably seated. For in order to justify the eulogistic tone of the descriptions which must presently occupy them their first word must be a conciliatory protest against hurry. One reason we Americans garden so little is that we are so perpetually in haste. The art of gardening is primarily a leisurely and gentle one.

And gentility still has some rights. Our Louisiana Creoles know this, and at times maintain it far beyond the pales of their evergreen gardens.

"'Step lively'?" one of them is said to have amazedly retorted in a New York street-car, "No, the lady shall not step lively. At yo' leisure, madame, entrez!" In New Orleans the conductors do not cry "Step lively." Right or wrong, the cars there are not absolutely democratic. Gentility really enjoys in them a certain right to be treated gently.

If democracy could know its own tyrants it would know that one of them is haste; the haste, the hurry of the crowd; that hurry whose cracking whip makes every one a compulsory sharer in it. The street-car conductor, poor lad, is not to blame. The fault is ours, many of us being in such a scramble to buy democracy at any price, that, as if we were belatedly buying railway tickets, we forget to wait for our change.

Now, one of this tyrant's human forms is a man a part of whose tyranny is to call himself a gardener, though he knows he is not one, and the symbol of whose oppression is nothing more or less than that germ enemy of good gardening, the lawn-mower. You, if you know the gardening of our average American home almost anywhere else, would see, yourself, how true this is, were you in New Orleans. But you see it beautifully proved not by the presence but by the absence of the tyranny. The lawn-mower is there, of course; no one is going to propose that the lawn-mower anywhere be abolished. It is one of our modern marvels of convenience, a blessed release of countless human backs from countless hours of crouching, sickle-shaped, over the sickle. It is not the tyrant, but only like so many other instruments of beneficent democratic emancipation, the tyrant's opportunity. A large part of its convenience is expedition, and expedition is the easiest thing in the world to become vulgarized: vulgarized it becomes haste, and haste is the tyrant. Such arguing would sound absurdly subtle aimed against the uncloaked, barefaced tyranny of the street-car conductor, but the tyranny of the man with the lawn-mower is itself subtle, masked, and requires subtlety to unmask it.

See how it operates. For so we shall be the better prepared for a generous appreciation of those far Southern gardens whose beauty has singled them out for our admiration. We know, of course, that the "formal garden," by reason of its initial and continuing costliness, is, and must remain, the garden of the wealthy few, and that the gardening for the great democracy of our land, the kind that will make the country at large a gardened land, is "informal," free-hand, ungeometrical gardening. In this sort, on whatever scale, whether of the capitalist or of the cottager, the supreme feature is the lawn; the lawn-mower puts this feature within the reach of all, and pretty nearly every American householder has, such as it is, his bit of Eden.

But just in that happy moment the Tempter gets in. The garden's mistress or master is beguiled to believe that one may have a garden without the expense of a gardener and at the same time without any gardening knowledge. The stable-boy, or

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the man-of-all-work, or the cook, or the cottager himself, pushes the lawn-mower, and except for green grass, or changeable brown and green, their bit of Eden is naked and is not ashamed.

Or if ashamed, certain other beguilements, other masked democratic tyrannies, entering, reassure it: bliss of publicity, contempt of skill, and joy in machinery and machine results. An itinerant ignoramus comes round with his own lawn-mower, the pushing of which he now makes his sole occupation for the green half of the year, and the entire length, breadth, and thickness of whose wisdom is a wisdom not of the lawn but only of the lawn-mower; how to keep its bearings oiled and its knives chewing fine; and the lawn becomes staringly a factory product.

Then tyranny turns the screw again, and in the bliss of publicity and a very reasonable desire to make the small home lot look as large as possible, down come the fences, side and front, and the applauding specialist of the lawn-mower begs that those obstructions may never be set up again, because now the householder can have his lawn mowed so much *quicker*, and he, the pusher, can serve more customers. Were he truly a gardener he might know somewhat of the sweet, sunlit, zephyrous, fragrant out-door privacies possible to a real garden, and more or less of that benign art which, by skilful shrubbery plantings, can make a small place look much larger—as well as incomparably more interesting—than can any mere abolition of fences, and particularly of the street fence. But he has not so much as one eye of a genuine gardener, or he would know that he is not keeping your lawn but only keeping it shaven. He is not even a good garden laborer. You might as well ask him how to know the wild flowers as how to know the lawn pests—dandelion, chickweed, summer-grass, heal-all, moneywort, and the like—with which you must reckon wearily by and by because he only mows them in his blindness and lets them flatten to the ground and scatter their seed like an infantry firing-line. Inquire of him concerning any one of the few orphan shrubs he has permitted you to set where he least dislikes them, and which he has trimmed clear of the sod—put into short skirts—so that he may run his whirling razors under (and now and then against) them at full speed. Will he know the smallest fact about it or yield any echo of your interest in it?

There is a late story of an aged mother, in a darkened room, saying falteringly to the kind son who has brought in some flowers which she caresses with her soft touch, "I was wishing to-day— We used to have them in the yard—before the lawn-mower—" and saying no more. I know it for a fact, that in a certain cemetery the "Sons of the American Revolution" have for years been prevented from setting up their modest marks of commemoration upon the graves of Revolutionary heroes, because they would be in the way of the sexton's lawn-mower.

Now, in New Orleans, the case is so different that really the amateur gardener elsewhere has not all his rights until he knows why it is so different. Let us, therefore, look into it. In that city one day the present writer accosted an Irishman who stood, pruning-shears in hand, at the foot of Clay's statue, Lafayette Square. It was the first week of January, but beside him bloomed abundantly that lovely drooping jasmine called in the books *jasminum multiflorum*.

"Can you tell me what shrub this is?"

"That, sor, is the *monthly flora!* Thim as don't know the but-hanical nayum sometimes calls it the stare jismin, but the but-hanical nayum is the *monthly flora*."

The inquirer spoke his thanks and passed on, but an eager footfall overtook him, his elbow felt a touch, and the high title came a third time: "The but-hanical nayum is the *monthly flora*."

The querist passed on, warmed by a grateful esteem for one who, though doubtless a skilled and frequent tinkler of the lawn-mower within its just limitations, was no mere dragoon of it but kept a regard for things higher than the bare sod, things of grace in form, in bloom, in odor, and worthy of "but-hanical nayum." No mere chauffeur he, of the little two-wheeled machine whose cult, throughout the most of our land, has all but exterminated ornamental gardening.

In New Orleans, where it has not conquered, there is no crowding for room. A ten-story building is called there a sky-scraper. The town has not a dozen in all, and not one of that stature is an apartment or tenement house. Having felled her surrounding forests of cypress and drained the

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swamps in which they stood, she has at command an open plain capable of housing a population seven times her present three hundred and fifty thousand, if ever she chooses to build skyward as other cities do.

But this explains only why New Orleans *might* have gardens, not why she chooses to have them, and has them by thousands, when hundreds of other towns that have the room—and the lawns—choose not to have the shrubberies, vines, and flowers, or have them without arrangement. Why should New Orleans so exceptionally choose to garden, and garden with such exceptional grace? Her house-lots are extraordinarily numerous in proportion to the numbers of her people, and that is a beginning of the explanation; but it is only a beginning. Individually the most of those lots are no roomier than lots elsewhere. Thousands of them, prettily planted, are extremely small.

The explanation lies mainly in certain peculiar limitations, already hinted, of her —democracy! That is to say, it lies in her fences. Her fences remain, her democracy is different from the Northern variety. The difference may consist only in faults both there and here which we all hope to see democracy itself one day eliminate; but the difference is palpable. The fences mean that the dwellers behind them have never accorded to each other, as neighbors, that liberty-to-take-liberties of which Northern householders and garden holders, after a quarter-century's disappointing experiment, are a bit weary.

In New Orleans, virtually every home, be it ever so proud or poor, has a fence on each of its four sides. As a result the home is bounded by its fences, not by its doors. Unpleasant necessities these barriers are admitted to be, and those who have them are quite right in not liking them in their bare anatomy. So they clothe them with shrubberies and vines, and thus on the home's true corporate bound the garden's profile, countenance and character are established in the best way possible; without, that is, any impulse toward embellishment *insulated* from utility. Compelled by the common frailties of all human nature (even in a democracy) to maintain fortifications, the householder has veiled the militant aspect of his defences in the flowered robes and garlandries of nature's diplomacy and hospitality. Thus reassured, his own inner hospitality can freely overflow into the fragrant open air and out upon the lawn; a lawn whose dimensions are enlarged to both eye and mind, inasmuch as every step around its edges—around its meandering shrubbery borders—is made affable and entertaining by Flora's versatilities.

At the same time, let us note in passing, this enlargement is partly because the lawn—not always but very much oftener than where lawns go unenclosed—lies clean-breasted, green-breasted, from one shrub-and-flower-planted side to the other, along and across; free of bush, statue, urn, fountain, sun-dial or pattern-bed, an uninterrupted sward. Even where there are lapses from this delightful excellence they often do not spoil, but only discount, more or less, the beauty of the general scheme, as may be noted—if without offence we may offer it the homage of criticism—in one of the gardens we have photographed [page 61] to illustrate these argumentations. There eight distinct encumbrances narrow the sward without in the least adding to the garden's abounding charm. The smallest effort of the reader's eye will show how largely, in a short half-day's work, the fair scene might be enhanced in lovely dignity simply by the elimination of these slight excesses, or by their withdrawal toward the lawn's margins and into closer company with the tall trees.

In New Orleans, where even when there are basements, of which there are many, the domains of the cook and butler are somewhere else, a nearly universal feature of every sort of dwelling, the banker's on two or three lots, the laborer's on half a one, is a paved walk along one side of the house, between the house and the lawn, from a front gate to the kitchen. Generally there is but the one front gate, facing the front door, with a short walk leading directly up to this door. In such case the rear walk, beginning at the front door-steps, turns squarely along the house's front, at its corner turns again as squarely to the rear as a drill sergeant and follows the dwelling's ground contour with business precision—being a business path. In fact, it is only the same path we see in uncrowded town life everywhere in our land.

But down there it shows this peculiarity, that it is altogether likely to be well bordered with blooming shrubs and plants along all that side of it next the lawn. Of course,

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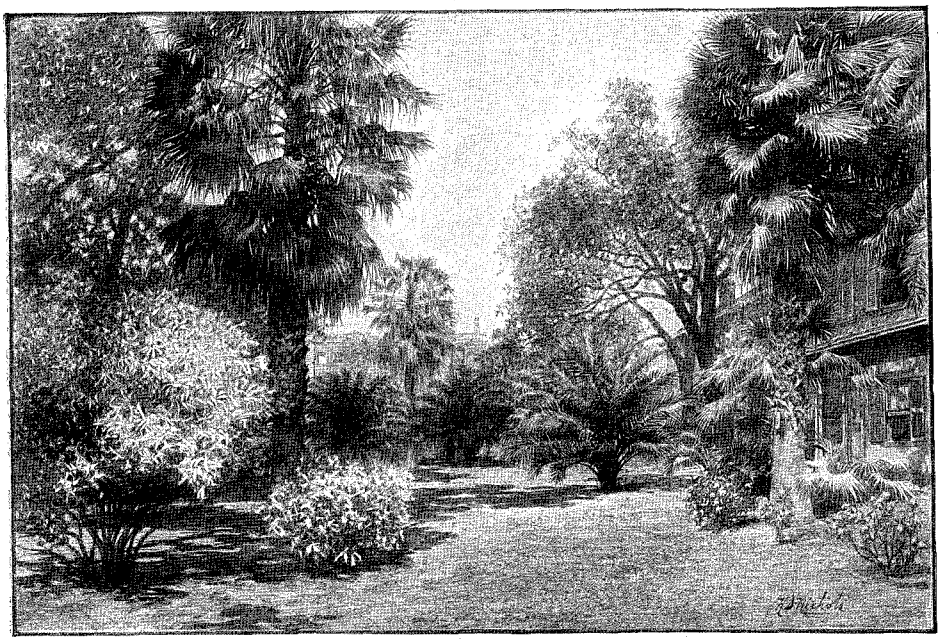

it is a fault that this shrubbery border—and all the more so because it is very apt to be, as in three of our illustrations [pages 62, 63, 64], a rose border—should, so often as it is, be pinched in between parallel edges. "No pinching" is as good a rule for the garden as for the kindergarten. Manifestly, on the side next the house the edge between the walk and the planted border should run parallel with the base line of the house, for these are business lines and therefore ever so properly lines of promptitude—of the shortest practicable distance between two points; lines of supply and demand; lines of need. For lines of need, business speed!

But for lines of pleasure, grace and leisure. It is the tactful office of this shrubbery border to veil the business path from the lawn—from the pleasure-ground. Therefore its *outside*, lawn-side edge should be a line of pleasure, hence a line of grace, hence not a straight line (dead line), nor yet a line of but one lethargic curve, but a line of suavity and tranquil ongoing, a leisurely undulating line.

Not to have it so is an error, but the error is an inoffensive one easily corrected, and the merit is that the dwelling's business path is greenly, bloomingly screened from its pleasure-ground by a lovely natural drapery which at the same time furnishes, as far as the path goes, the house's robes of modesty. Indeed, they are furnished farther than the path goes; for no good work gathers momentum more readily than does good gardening, and the householder, having begun so rightly, has now nothing to do to complete the main fabric of his garden but to carry this flow of natural draperies on round the domicile's back and farther side, and forward to its front again. Thus may he wonderfully extenuate, even above its reach and where it does not conceal, the house's architectural faults, and winsomely enhancing all its architectural charm; like a sweet human mistress of the place, putting into generous shadow all the ill, and into open sunshine all the best, of a husband's strong character. (See both right and left foreground of illustration on page 63, and right foreground, page 64.)

And now, if this New Orleans idea—that enough private enclosure to secure good home gardening is not incompatible with public freedom, green lawns, good neighborship, sense of room, and fulness of hospitality, and that a house-lot which is a picture is worth more to everybody (and, therefore, is even more democratic) than one which is little else than a map—if this idea, we say, finds any credence among sister cities and towns that may be able to teach the Creole city much in other realms of art and criticism, let us cast away chalk

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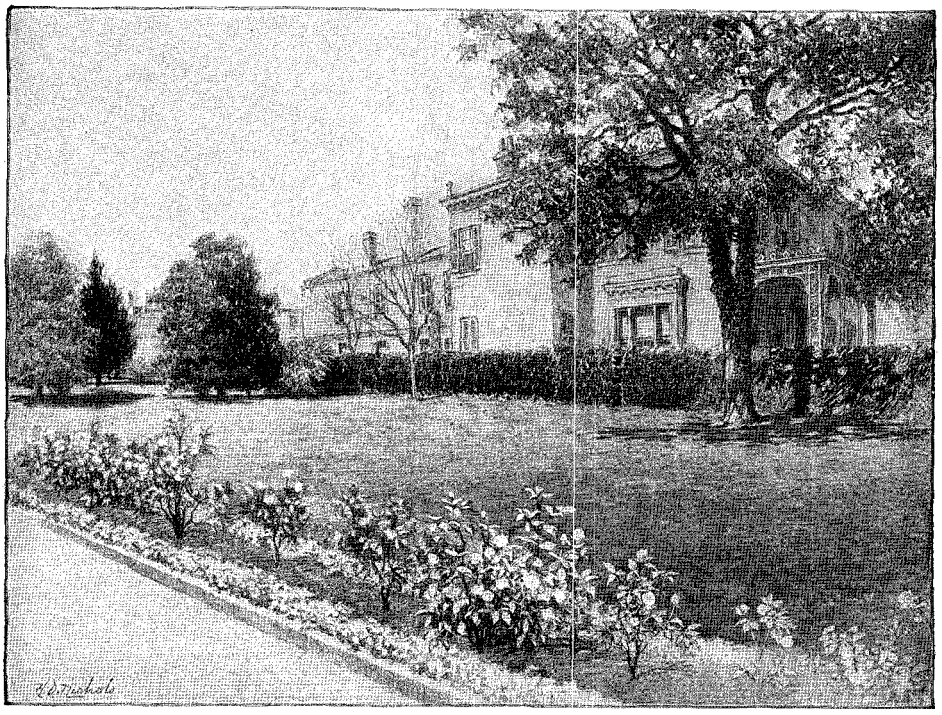

and charcoal for palette and brush and show in floral, arborescent, redolent detail what is the actual pictorial excellence of these New Orleans gardens.

For, notwithstanding all their shut-in state, neither their virtues nor their faults are hid from the passing eye. The street fence, oftenest of iron, is rarely more than breast high and is always an open fence. Against its inner side frequently runs an evergreen hedge never taller than the fence's top. Commonly it is not so tall, is always well clipped, and is so civil to strangers that one would wish to see its like on every street front, though he might prefer to find it not so invariably of the one sort of growth —a small, handsome privet, that is, which nevertheless fulfils its office with the perfection of a solid line of palace sentries. Unluckily there still prevails a very old-fashioned tendency to treat the front fence as in itself ornamental and to forget two things: First, that its nakedness is no part of its ornamental value; that it would be much handsomer lightly clothed—underclothed—like, probably, its very next neighbor; clothed with a hedge, either close or loose, and generously kept below the passer's line of sight. And, second, that from the householder's point of view, looking streetward from his garden's inner depth, its fence, when unplanted, is a blank interruption to his whole fair scheme of meandering foliage and bloom, which, on the other three sides, frame in the lawn, as though the garden were a lovely stage scene with the fence for footlights, and some one had left the footlights unlit.

A lovely stage scene without a hint of the stage's unreality, we say; for the side and rear fences and walls, being frankly unornamental, call for more careful management than the front and are often charmingly treated. [Page 65.] (See, for an example of a side fence with front half of wire, and rear half of boards, page 62, and for solid walls, pages 64 and 66.) Where they separate neighbor's front lawns they may be low and open, but back of the building-line, being oftenest tight and generally more than head high, they are *sure* to be draped with such climbing floral fineries as honeysuckles, ivies, jasmines, white and yellow, lantanas, roses, or the Madeira vine. More frequently than not they are planted, also, in strong masses, with ever so many beautiful sorts of firmer stemmed growths, herbaceous next the sod, woody behind, as-

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sembled according to stature, from one to twelve feet high, swinging in and out around the lawn until all stiffness of boundaries is waved and smiled away.

In that first week of January already mentioned the present writer saw at every turn, in such borders and in leaf and blossom, the delicate blue-flowered plumbago; two or three kinds of white jasmine, also in sorts surprisingly large of growth—in one case, on a division fence, trained to the width and height of six feet. There, too, was the poinsettia still bending in its Christmas red, taller than the tallest man's reach, often set too forthpushingly at the front, but at times, with truer art, glowing like a red constellation from the remoter bays of the lawn; and there, taller yet, the evergreen mag-

bloom, and the broad bush-form of the yellow jasmine, beginning to flower. With them were blooming roses of a dozen kinds; the hibiscus (not althaea but the H. rosa-sinensis of our Northern greenhouses), slim and tall, flaring its mallow-flowers pink, orange, salmon, and deep red; the trailing-lantana, covering broad trellises of ten feet in height, and with its drooping masses of delicate foliage turned from green to mingled hues of lilac and rose by a complete mantle of their blossoms. He saw the low, sweet-scented geraniums of lemon, rose, and nutmeg odors, persisting through the winter unblighted, and the round-leaved, "zonal" nolia fuscata, full of its waxen, cream-tinted, inch-long flowers smelling delicately like the banana. He found the sweet olive, of refined leaf and minute axillary flowers yielding their ravishing tonic odor with the reserve of the violet; the pittisporum; the box; the myrtle; the camphor tree with its neat foliage answering fragrantly the grasp of the hand. The dark camellia was there, as broad and tall as a lilac bush, its firm, glossy leaves of the deepest green and its splendid red flowers covering it from tip to sod, one specimen showing by count a thousand blossoms open at once and the sod beneath innumerably starred with

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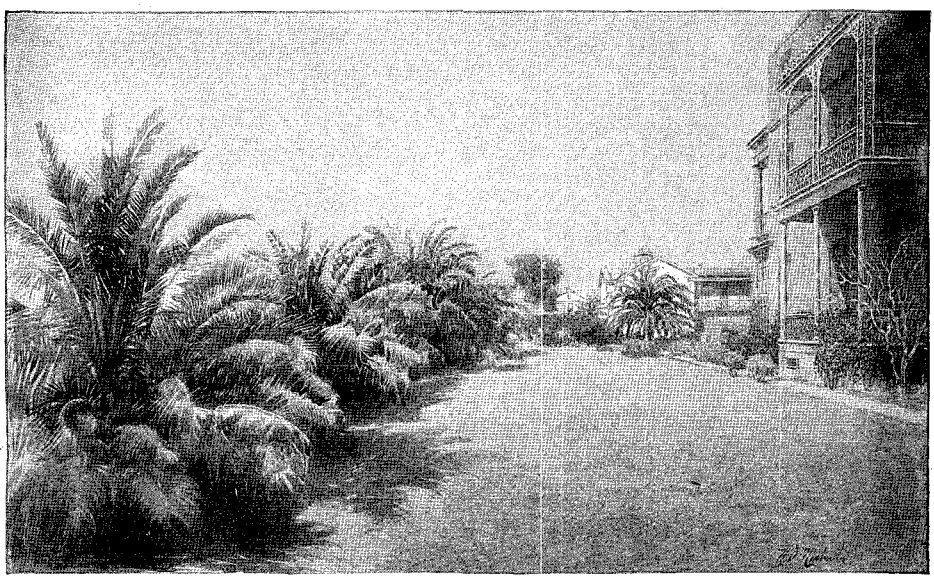

others already fallen. The night jasmine, in full green, was not yet in blossom but it was visibly thinking of the spring. The Chinese privet, of twenty feet stature, in perennial leaf, was saving its flowers for May. The sea-green oleander, fifteen feet high and wide (see extreme left foreground, page 61), drooped to the sward on four sides but hoarded its floral cascade for June. The evergreen mespilus plum was already faltering into bloom; and the orange, with its flower-buds among its polished leaves, whitening for their own wedding, while high over them towered the date and other palms, spired the cedar and arbor-vitæ, and with majestic infrequency where grounds were ample, spread the lofty green, scintillating boughs of the magnolia grandiflora (see left foregrounds on pages 62, 65, 67, and 68), the giant, winter-bare pecan, and the wide, mossy arms of the vast live-oak.

Now, while the time of year in which these conditions are visible heightens their lovely wonder, their practical value to Northern home lovers is not the marvel and delight of something inimitable, but their inspiring suggestion of what may be done with ordinary Northern home grounds to the end that the floral pageantry of the Southern January may be fully rivalled by the glory of the Northern June.

For, of course, the Flora of the North, who in the winter of long white nights puts off all her jewelry and nearly all her robes and "lies down to pleasant dreams," is the blonde sister of, and equal heiress with, this darker one who, in undivested greenery and flowered trappings, persists in open-air revelry through all the months from the autumn side of Christmas to the summer side of Easter. Wherefore it seems to me the Northern householder's first step should be to lay hold upon this New Orleans idea in gardening—which is merely by adoption a New Orleans idea, while through and through, except where now and then its votaries stoop to folly, it is by book a Northern voice, the garden gospel of Frederick Law Olmsted.

Wherever American homes are assembled we may have, all winter, for the asking—if we will but ask ourselves instead of the lawn-mower man—an effect of home, of comfort, cheer and grace, of summer and autumn reminiscences and of spring's anticipations, immeasurably better than any ordinary eye or fancy can extort from the rectangular and stiffened-out nakedness of unplanted boundaries; immeasurably better than the month-by-month daily death-stare of shroud-like snow around houses standing barefooted on the frozen ground. It may be by hearty choice that we abide where we must forego out-door roses in Christmas week and broad-leaved evergreens blooming at New Year's, Twelfth-night, or Carnival. Well and good! But we can have, even in mid-January, and

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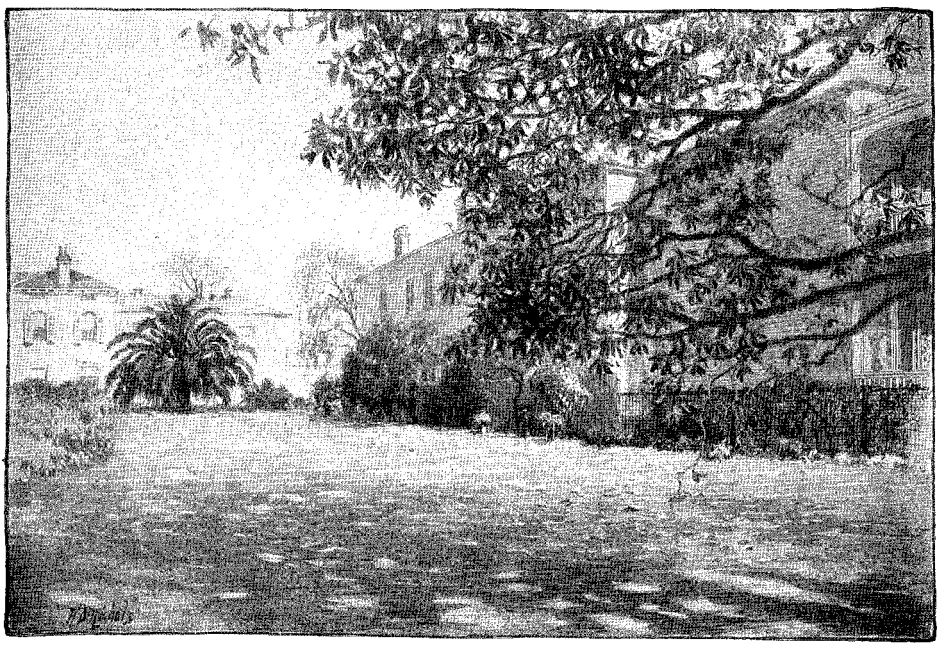
ought to allow ourselves, the lawn-garden's surviving form and tranced life rather than the shrubless lawn's unmarked grave flattened beneath the void of the snow. We ought to retain the sleeping beauty of the ordered garden's unlost configuration, with the warm house for its bosom, with all its remoter contours—alleys, bays, bushy networks, and sky-line—keeping a winter share of their feminine grace and softness. We ought to retain the "frozen music" of its myriad gray, red, and yellow stems and twigs and lingering blue and scarlet berries stirring, though leaflessly, for the kiss of spring. And we ought to retain the invincible green of cedars, junipers and box, cypress, laurel, hemlock spruce, and cloaking ivy darkling amid and above these, receiving from and giving to them a cheer which neither could have in their frostbound Eden without the mutual contrast.

Eden! If I so recklessly ignore latitude as to borrow the name of the first gardener's garden for such a shivering garden as this it is because I see this one in a dream of hope, a diffident, interrogating hope really to behold, some day, this dream-garden of Northern winters as I have never with actual open eyes found one kept by any merely well-to-do American citizen. If I describe it I must preface with all the disclaimers of a self-conscious amateur whose most venturesome argument goes no farther than Why not? yet whom the evergreen gardens of New Orleans revisited in January impel to protest against every needless submission to the tyrannies of frost and of a gardening art—or non-art; a submission which only in the out-door embellishment of the home takes winter supinely, abjectly.

This garden of a hope's dream covers but three ordinary town lots. Often it shrinks to but one without asking for any notable change of plan. Following all the lines, the hard, law lines, that divide it from its neighbors and the street, there runs, waist high on its street front, shoulder high on its side bounds, a close evergreen hedge of hemlock spruce. In its young way this hedge has been handsome from infancy; though still but a few years old it gives, the twelvemonth round, a note both virile and refined in color, texture, and form, and if the art that planted it and the care that keeps it do not decay neither need the hedge for a century to come. Against the intensest cold this side of Labrador it is perfectly hardy, is trimmed with a sloping top to shed snows whose weight might mutilate it, and can be kept in repair from generation to generation, like the house's plumbing or roof, or like some green-uniformed pet regiment with ranks



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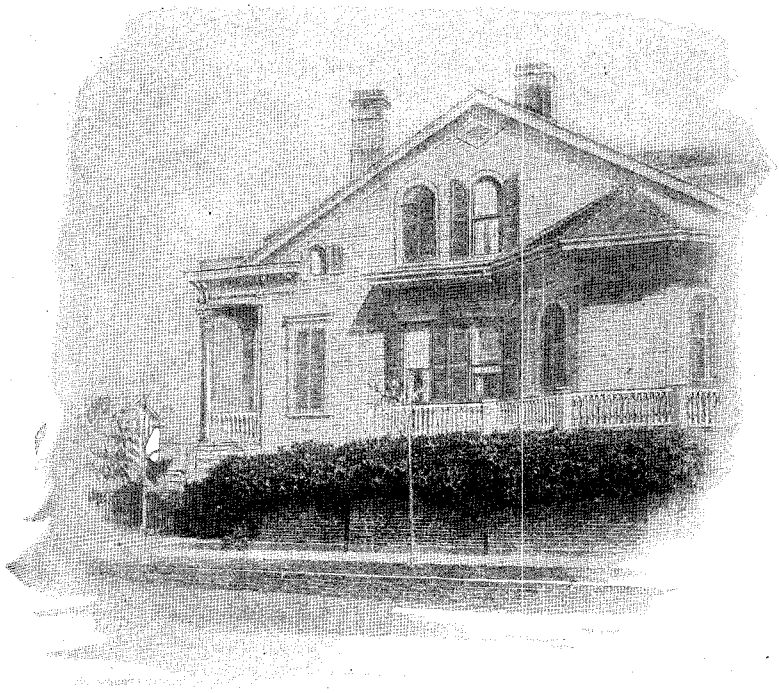
yet full after the last of its first members has perished.

Furthermore, along the inner side of this green hedge (sometimes close against it, sometimes with a turfed alley between), as well as all round about the house, extend borders of deciduous shrubs, with such meandering boundaries next the broad white lawn as the present writer, for this broad-leaved evergreens which, in duly limited numbers, assemble with and behind these, and from the lither sorts of conifers that spire out of the net-work and haze of living things in winter sleep. The plantings at the garden's and dwelling's front being properly, of course, lower than those farther back, I see among them, in this dream, the evergreen box and several kinds



time, has probably extolled enough. These bare, gray shrub masses are not wholly bare or gray, and have other and most pleasingly visible advantages over unplanted, pallid vacancy besides the mere lace work of their twigs and the occasional tenderness of a last summer's bird's nest. Here and there, breaking the cold monotone, a bush of moose maple shows the white-streaked green of its bare stems and sprays, or cornus or willow gives a soft glow of red, purple, or yellow. Only here and there, insists my dream, lest when winter at length gives way to the "rosy time of the year" their large and rustic gentleness mar the nuptial revels of summer's returned aristocracy. Because, moreover, there is a far stronger effect of life, home, and cheer from the of evergreen ferns. I see two or three species of evergreen barberries, not to speak of Thunberg's leafless one warm red with its all-winter berries, the winter garden's rubric. I see two varieties of euonymus; various low junipers; two sorts of laurel; two of andromeda, and the high-clambering evergreen ivy. Beginning with these in front, infrequent there but multiplying toward the place's rear, are bush and tree forms of evergreen holly, native rhododendrons, the many sorts of foreign cedars and our native ones white and red, their skyward lines modified as the square or pointed architecture of the house may call for contrasts in pointed or broad-topped arborescence. If, at times, I dream behind all this a grove, with now and then one of its

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broad, steepling or columnar trees pushed forward upon the lawn, it is only there that I see anything so stalwart as a pine or so rigid as a spruce.

Such is the vision, and if I never see it with open eyes and in real sunlight, even as a dream it is—like certain other things of less dignity—grateful, comforting. I warrant there are mistakes in it, but you will find mistakes wherever you find achievement, and there is no law against them—in well-meant dreams. Observe, if you please, this vision lays no drawback on the garden's summer beauty and affluence. Twelve months of the year it enhances its dignity and elegance. Both the numerical proportions of evergreens to other greens, and the scheme of their distribution, are quite as correct and effective for contrast and background to the transient foliage and countless flowers of July as amid the bare ramage of January. Summer and winter alike, the gravest items among them all, the conifers, retain their values even in those New Orleans gardens. When we remember that in New England and on all its isotherm it is winter all that half of the year when most of us are at home, why should we not seek to realize this snow-garden dream? Even a partial or faulty achievement of it will surely look lovelier than the naked house left out on its naked white lawn like an unclaimed trunk on a way-station platform. I would not, for anything, offend the reader's dignity, but I must think that this midwinter garden may be made at least as much lovelier than no garden as Alice's Cheshire cat was lovelier—with or without its grin—than the grin without the cat.

Shall we summarize? Our gist is this: That those gardens of New Orleans are as they are, not by mere advantage of climate, but for several other reasons. Their bounds of ownership and privacy are enclosed in hedges, tight or loose, or in vine-clad fences or walls. The lawn is regarded as a ruling feature of the home's visage, but not as its whole countenance—one flat feature never yet made a lovely face. This lawn feature is beautified and magnified by keeping it open from shrub border to shrub border;

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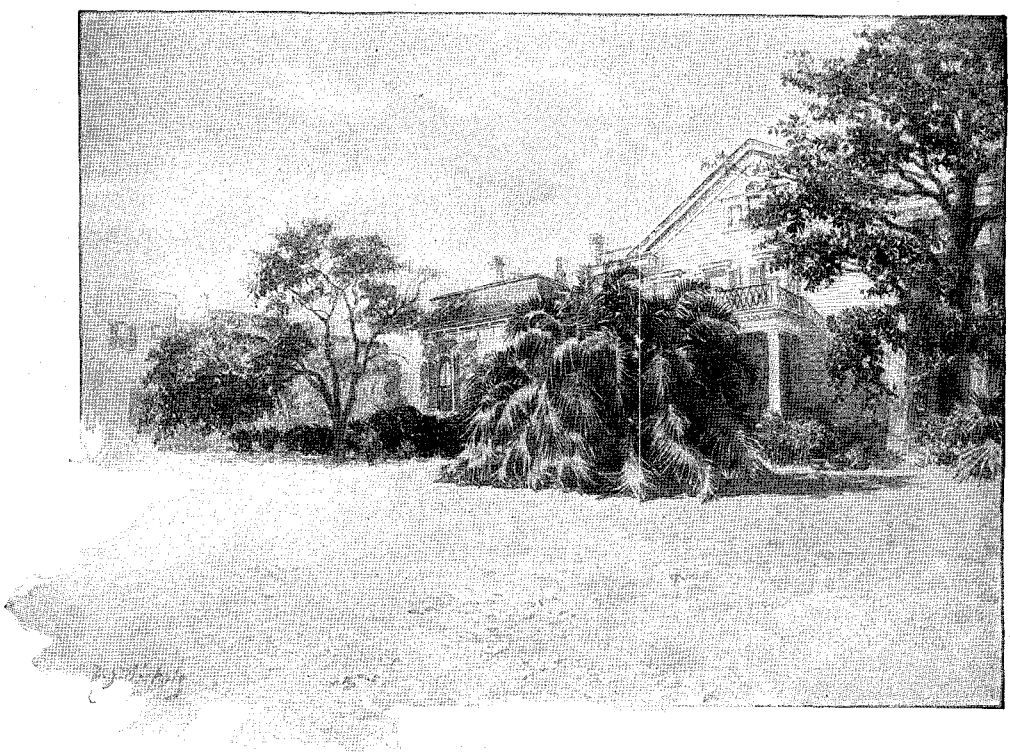

saving it, above all things, from the gaudy barbarism of pattern-bedding; and by giving it swing and sweep of graceful contours. And lastly, all ground lines of the house are clothed with shrubberies whose deciduous growths are companioned with broad-leafed evergreens and varied conifers, in whatever proportions will secure the best midwinter effects without such abatement to those of summer as would diminish the total of the whole year's joy.

These are things that can be done anywhere in our land, and wherever done with due regard to soil as well as to climate, will give us gardens worthy to be named with those of New Orleans, if not, in some aspects and at particular times of the year, excelling them. As long as mistakes are made in the architecture of houses they will be made in the architecture of gardening, and New Orleans herself, by a little more care for the fundamentals of art, of all art, could easily surpass her present floral charm. Yet in her gardens there is one further point calling for approval and imitation: the *very* high trimming of the stems of lofty trees. Here many a reader will feel a start of resentment; but in the name of the exceptional beauty one may there see resulting from the practice let us allow the idea a moment's entertainment, put argument aside and consider a concrete instance whose description shall be our closing word.

Across the street in which, that January, we sojourned (we were two), there was a piece of ground of an ordinary town square's length and somewhat less breadth. It had been a private garden. Its owner had given it to the city. Along its broadside, which our windows looked out upon, stood perfectly straight and upright across the sky to the south of them a row of magnolias (grandiflora) at least sixty feet high, with their boles, as smooth as the beech, trimmed bare for two-thirds of their stature. The really decorative marks of the trimming had been so many years, so many decades, healed as to show that no harm had come of it or would come. The soaring, dark green, glittering foliage stood out against the almost perpetually blue and white sky. Beyond them, a few yards within the place but not in straight line, rose even higher a number of old cedars

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similarly treated and offering a pleasing contrast to the magnolias by the feathery texture of their dense sprays and the very different cast of their lack-lustre green. Overtopping all, on the farther line of the grounds, southern line, several pecan trees of nearly a hundred feet in height, leafless, with a multitude of broad-spreading boughs all high in air by natural habit, gave an effect strongly like that of winter elms, though much enlivened by the near company of the evergreen masses of cedar and magnolia. These made the upper-air half of the garden, the other half being assembled below. For the lofty trim of the wintergreen trees—the beauty of which may have been learned from the palms—allowed and invited another planting beneath them. Magnolias, when permitted to branch low, are, to undergrowth, among the most inhospitable of trees; but in this garden, where the sunlight and the breezes passed abundantly under such high-lifted arms and among such clean, bare stems, a congregation of shrubs, undershrubs, and plants of every stature and breadth, arose, flourished, and flowered without stint. Yonder the wind-split, fathom-long leaves of the banana, brightening the background, arched upward, drooped again, and faintly oscillated to the air's caress. Here bloomed and smelled the delicate magnolia fuscata, and here, redder with flowers than green with shining leaves, shone the camellia. Here spread the dark oleander, the pittisporum, and the Chinese privet; and here were the camphor tree and the slender sweet olive—we have named them all before and our steps should not take us over the same ground twice in one circuit; that would be bad gardening. But there they were, under those ordinarily so intolerant trees, prospering and singing praises with them, some in full blossom and perfume, some waiting their turn, like parts of a choir. In the midst of all, where a broad path eddied quite round an irregular open space, and that tender quaintness of decay appeared which is the unfailing New Orleans touch, the space was filled with roses. This spot was lovely enough by day and not less so for being a haunt of toddling babes and their nurses; but at night—! Regularly at evening there comes into the New Orleans air, from heaven knows whither, not a mist, not a fog, nor a dampness, but a soft, transparent, poetical dimness that in no wise shortens the range of vision—a counterpart of that condition which so many thousands of favored travellers in other longitudes know as the "Atlantic haze." One night—oh, oftener than that, but let us say one for the value of understatement—returning to our quarters some time before midnight, we stepped out upon the balcony to gaze across into that garden. The sky was clear, the neighborhood silent. A wind stirred, but the shrubberies stood motionless. The moon, nearly full, swung directly before us, pouring its gracious light through the tenuous cross-hatchings of the pecans, nestling it in the dense tops of the cedars and magnolias and sprinkling it to the ground among the lower growths and between their green-black shadows. When in a certain impotence of rapture we cast about in our minds for an adequate comparison—where description in words seemed impossible—the only parallel we could find was the art of Corot and such masters from the lands where the wonderful pictorial value of trees trimmed high has been known for centuries and is still cherished. For without those trees so disciplined the ravishing picture of that garden would have been impossible.

Of course our Northern gardens cannot smile like that in winter. But they need not perish, as tens of thousands of lawn-mower, pattern-bed, so-called gardens do. They should but hibernate, as snugly as the bear, the squirrel, the bee; and who that ever in full health of mind and body saw spring come back to a Northern garden of blossoming trees, shrubs, and undershrubs has not rejoiced in a year of four clear-cut seasons? Or who that ever saw mating birds, greening swards, starting violets, and all the early flowers loved of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Bryant, and Tennyson, has not felt that the resurrection of landscape and garden owes at least half its glory to the long trance of winter, and wished that dwellers in Creole lands might see New England's First of June? For what says the brave old song-couplet of New England's mothers? That—

> "Spring would be but wintry weather
> If we had nothing else but spring."

Every year, even in Massachusetts, even in Michigan, spring, summer, and autumn

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are sure to come overladen with their gifts and make us a good, long, merry visit. All the other enlightened and well-to-do nations of the world entertain them with the gardening art and its joys and so make fairer, richer, and stronger than can be made indoors alone the individual soul, the family, the social, the civic, the national life. In this small matter we Americans are at the wrong end of the procession. What shall we do about it?

LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF GARDEN VERSE

(TO A. M. B.)

By William Aspenwall Bradley

To you who've lived your life elate
In Marvell's happy garden state,
And doubtless see, with Milton's eyes,
Eden a flow'ry Paradise,
While every walk that you have trod
Was Enoch's walk, a walk with God—
—To you this little book I bring
Wherein our English poets sing
Of all the pleasures they have found
In gardens grayly walled around,
Of tranquil toil and studious ease
'Mid flowers, shrubberies and trees.
Because you Cowley's wish have known
To have a garden of your own,
And having it, have plied that art
Which Temple calls the ladies' part,
So well, your skill might seem to be
A kind of gentle wizardry,
As still your flowers statelier grow
And with a richer color glow
Each summer, and perfume the air
More sweetly from each gay parterre.
Ah, I recall the city plot
That was your scanty garden spot
In other years. and yet your care
Made e'en those narrow beds to bear,
The narrower flinty walks between,
Such wealth of red and white and green
That prouder gardens might have sighed,
Grown pale through envy, and so, died.
But now you hold your gentle sway
O'er a domain as broad as they,
Where you may tend with tranquil mind
The seeds and shoots and bulbs consigned
Each season to the garden soil
Till, reared by you with patient toil,
At length in flaunting rows they stand
And keep the order you have planned,
The low before, the tall behind,
Their colors mingled and combined,
Gay household troops in order drawn
As for review upon the lawn,
While you the colonel seem to me,
Of summer's splendid soldiery.
Each morn I see you as you pass
Before them o'er the dewy grass,
Their files inspecting, while your eye
Scans all with sharpest scrutiny.
For you, in all else mild, are yet
In this one thing a martinet,
And woe to that gay grenadier
Whose cap of crimson shall appear
One shade less bright,—however tall,
His head into your ark must fall.
Not Prussian Frederick did school
His soldiers with such iron rule.
And yet they love you; see how, mute,
They greet you with a loud salute.
From every slender trump and bell
A martial music seems to swell,
Which, though 'tis lost to our dull ear,
I think your finer sense doth hear;
For you with music pass such hours
As are not given to your flow'rs,
Till blossoms spring among the keys,
And garden beds are symphonies.

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MONARCHICAL SOCIALISM IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts

THE motive of this writing is to convey some notion of the extent in which the associated monarchies, forming the German imperial state, are engaged in profit-yielding undertakings that in other states are usually left entirely to persons and companies. Americans are acquainted with the aims of the Social-Democratic party, the revolutionary socialism of Germany, with three and a quarter millions of voters, organized, irreconcilable, aflame with zeal. That might be called the paper socialism in Germany. Perhaps "paper socialism" is too light a phrase to use toward a force so formidable and so implacable. It is, however, the doctrinaire socialism of Germany that has not yet passed a law, nor administered a parish. The socialism in being, the only collective ownership of mines, railways, lands, forests, and other instruments of production, is monarchical socialism, existent by acts of the crown in co-operation with conservative parliamentary majorities.

The imperial government and the governments of the German states took profits in 1908, from the various businesses conducted by them, of $277,385,095. Estimating the capital value at a 4 per cent. ratio, the value of the productive state-owned properties is $6,933,627,375. Roundly, the governments operate dividend-yielding works, lands, and means of communication worth $7,000,000,000, and the governments continue to follow a policy of fresh acquisitions. Taking the federated states together, 38 per cent. of all the financial requirements for governmental purposes were met last year out of profits on government-owned enterprises. Including the imperial government, a new-comer with relatively few possessions, one-quarter of all the expenses of the state and the imperial governments on army, navy, and all other purposes, were paid out of the net profits on government businesses. Among the undertakings are no tobacco, spirit, or match monopolies.

The miniature ducal monarchy of Schaumburg-Lippe, with a population of 44,992, and an area of 131 square miles, made $206,150 from property owned collectively, or 5 per cent. of the requirements of the state. The still smaller principality of Reuss, the elder, with 122 square miles area, and a population of 70,603, has an income of $10,000, the smallest actually, and the smallest in proportion of any of the German states. The little neighbor of Reuss, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, has $350,000, or close to one-half all the public requirements, derived from state domains and mines. Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen draws 33 per cent. of the budget from farms and forests; Oldenburg, 22 per cent.; Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 49.14 per cent. But it is the great states of the empire where state management of large properties shows the more important results. Bavaria pays 39 per cent. of all the administrative costs from public-owned properties; Saxony, 31 per cent.; Wurtemberg, 38.7 per cent.; and Prussia, 47.36 per cent. Prussia, which forms about five-eighths of the empire, has a constantly increasing revenue from state-owned enterprises, which yielded, in 1908, net returns of about $176,000,000, or more than twice the state's income from taxes, which was $85,452,000; the average income from taxation per capita was 18.1 marks; while the average per capita taken in taxation was 8.7 marks. In that year the state, owing to extensions in canals, railways, and other public works, raised by loans what amounted to an average per capita of 7.1 marks. The state income from public properties amounted, in 1908, to somewhat more than the total income from taxation and from borrowings. The railways were the largest source of income, and netted $149,755,000, or about 8 per cent. on the total invested by Prussia in its railway system since the state began to buy and build railways, in 1848–49. Prussia derived from other sources, from its crown forests, the leased farms, the iron, coal, potash, salt, and other mines, the porcelain factories, banking, and a variety of less

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important industries, $26,900,000. The policy of Prussia, which dominates the empire, is strongly in the direction of increasing the participation of the government in industrial enterprises. The Prussian legislature, acting upon a recommendation of the emperor, in the speech from the throne at the opening of the Diet in 1906, passed a bill extending widely an old act, giving the state the right to take over at a valuation any discovery of mineral riches on private lands.

German manufacturing and mining is rather more completely under the control of combinations than is the industry of any other country. The closely organized syndicates in the coal and iron industries control production and selling prices more effectively than does the United States steel corporation in the United States. The Prussian government, in its desire to have a seat in the coal syndicate, determined three years ago to buy a controlling interest in the shares of the Hibernia Coal Company, mining 7 per cent. of the coal in the Rhine-Westphalian region. The Dresdner Bank, acting under a private arrangement with the Prussian treasury, bought shares on the stock-exchange until a majority of the capitalization had been acquired. The announcement that Prussia had bought the control of the company so vexed the group of coal owners who had previously ruled the company that they increased the capitalization, and issued the new shares to themselves, thus reacquiring a majority. The Prussian government brought a suit to pronounce the new issue illegal, but after the intermediate courts and the supreme court of the empire had decided against the Prussian contention, the matter has been dropped, so far as the Hibernia Company is concerned. The policy of Prussia remains unchanged, and further efforts, it is publicly understood, will be made by the government to obtain a vote, not only in the coal, but in the steel and other important syndicates. Prussia already has an important share in the direction of the potash syndicate. The theory of the Prussian cabinet and the crown is, that it is for the interests of the people that the state should take part in industrial combinations that undertake to regulate the prices of articles, or the production in any industry. Public opinion supports this principle.

Besides the productive ownerships of the empire, and of the individual states, the cities of Germany have gone deeply into street railways, gas, electricity, waterworks, slaughter-houses, market halls, cold storage, canals, and wharfs. Thus the republic of Lübeck pays 18.29 per cent. of its expenses from such sources, Hamburg, 4. 25 per cent., and Bremen, 6.07 per cent. It is a fact of some interest that the republics among the states of the empire are far more backward in communal ownership than are the monarchies.

A summary of the government-owned properties and the income derived from them is subjoined:

	Values	Net Incomes
Farms	$198,122,725	$7,925,309
Forests	730,898,200	29,235,928
Mines	128,907,725	5,116,309
Railways	4,706,904,750	189,916,190
*Telegraphs, *Telephones, *Express packages, *Mails	694,816,650	27,792,666
Other works	435,184,900	17,407,476

* These services are government monopolies.

Upon no department of industry does any of the state governments lose except upon steamers. The grand duchy of Baden runs its internal navigation lines at a loss of $15,833. Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin gain on their lines $7,163, so that on the whole of the state-owned steamer lines there is a loss of $8,670.

This structure of collective ownership, which I have called monarchical socialism, rests upon a way of thinking in Germany, which differentiates the social and political conditions there from those of any other great industrial state. The representatives of the monarchical principle in association with the conservative classes have accepted this way of thinking, and it has entered into the very texture of their ideas of government, and is supported by the great orthodox economists, such as Schmoller and Wagner. The policy of acquiring and managing industries, lands, mines, and means of communication by the government is so vital and living a part of the German empire, the subordinate states, and the parishes, that it is slowly making Germany fundamentally different industrially and politically from the United States, Great Britain, France, or any country that comes into comparison with Germany.

The American or the Englishman when talking with a German about social or polit-

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ical questions, finds that he and the German are looking at things from different basal conceptions of the functions of government. The Englishman has that background of eight centuries, during which his race has developed individual liberty, and has given free political institutions, or some form of them, to all other modern states, including Germany. A social system has been developed whose key-idea is to give the citizen free play to his individuality. The system has worked well and continues to work in the United Kingdom, the great associated colonial states, and in America. The German, while modified by the individualist school of thinking, has grown up among a different order of ideas prevailing on the Continent, derived in part from Roman law and from autocratic monarchical practice. The individual has had a less important place in the organism. The strength, welfare, and health of the whole has been the ruling conception. Hence it was possible for an enlightened society, such as that in France, to have a vigorous sincere party urging, during the Dreyfus trial, that it were better for an individual to suffer wrong than for the state to be weakened by loss of respect for the French army. The English point of view would be that it were better for a state that could not give an individual justice to perish in the endeavor to do so, than for society to maintain prestige for an institution through a disregard for the rights of one person.

The Hohenzollerns in Prussia, and the monarchies in the minor German states, in dealing with the pressure of their peoples for greater political rights, took into full consideration the economic reasons that caused political fermentation. The monarchies gave a progressively better administration, and undertook the responsibility of protecting the weaker members of society against economic misery. The so-called Prussian common law, as modified by Frederic William II, promulgated July 1, 1794, condemned idleness, recognized the right of every subject to work, and defined the state to be the protector of the poor. The common law proclaimed:

I. It is the duty of the state to provide for the sustenance and support of those of its subjects who cannot obtain subsistence for themselves.

II. Work adapted to their strength and capacities shall be supplied to those who lack means and opportunity of earning a living for themselves and those dependent upon them.

III. Those who, from laziness, love of idleness, or other irregular proclivities, do not choose to employ the means offered them of earning a living shall be kept at useful work by compulsion and punishment, under proper control.

VI. The state is bound to take such measures as will prevent the destitution of its subjects, and check excessive extravagance.

XV. The police authority of every place must provide for all poor and destitute persons, whose subsistence cannot be insured in any other way.

This fundamental law supplemented by the Stein-Hardenberg legislation of the second decade of the last century, was the foundation upon which Bismarck stood, when, on May 9, 1884, in speaking upon industrial insurance, he proclaimed the doctrine of the right of work:

"Give the workingman work as long as he is healthy, assure him care when he is sick, insure him maintenance when he is old. Was not the right to work openly proclaimed at the time of the publication of the common law? Is it not established in all our social arrangements, that the man who comes before his fellow-citizens and says, 'I am healthy, I desire to work, but can find no work,' is entitled to say also, 'Give me work,' and that the state is bound to give him work?"

"But large public works would be necessary," exclaimed an opponent.

"Of course," replied Bismarck. "Let them be undertaken. Why not? It is the state's duty."

The Bismarckian policies, carried out with the full approval of the old emperor, and by conservative majorities in the Prussian legislature and the imperial parliament, have left as deep an impression upon the social life of Germany as his part in the unification of Germany. Modern Germany began with him to abolish pauperism, to make ordered provision for indigent old age, the sick, and the disabled. Poverty is abundant in Germany, but it does not shade off so quickly into pauperism next-door to starvation as it does in the United Kingdom and in some American cities.

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The poverty is one that can, with self-respect, receive medical aid or maintenance of right from funds to which it has contributed, and will continue to contribute. These measures, while quite a separate chapter from state participation in industry, are interrelated, because both are consequences of the dominant school of political thinking that finds stability and health for society through the state sharing in business, and in compulsory provisions against the social maladies of pauperism and the unemployed.

The aim of the government in its policy of acquisition and control of mines, of communication and transport, and of sharing, to some extent, in all production whether agricultural, mineral, or industrial, is not primarily to raise revenue. The declaration of Bismarck upon the subject of state ownership of railways continues to be true. He said:

"I do not regard railways as in the main intended to be an object of financial competition; according to my view, railways are intended more for the service of traffic than of finance, though it would, of course, be foolish to say that they should not bring financial advantages. The surpluses which the states receive in the form of net profits, or which go to shareholders in the form of dividends, are really the taxation which the states might impose upon the traffic by reason of its privilege, but which, in the case of private railways, falls to shareholders."

The state railway systems of Germany are managed upon two general principles. First, they are to serve the general interests of domestic and external trade, and second, they are to show a satisfactory profit. The Prussian railway administration in 1908 lowered its regular freight tariffs for 64 per cent. of the traffic, in order to serve the exigencies of trade, especially export trade, during a period of commercial depression. The government is in a position in Germany to influence the whole machinery of trade and transportation as no other government in the world can do, and this fact must be taken into account when other peoples think of competing on equal terms with the Germans in the far East or in South America.

The administration of the railways, telegraphs, telephones, mines, and the public domains by the state is possible only through trained civil servants. The efficiency of state-managed mines and factories in competition with privately owned enterprises in Germany comes from the character of the bureaucracy. This permanent civil service is one of the greatest glories of Germany, and one of the most powerful of reasons upholding the monarchical principle in a semi-autocratic form in Germany. The Prussian bureaucracy, the model of the other German states, is the creation of the Hohenzollern family during three centuries. It had been developed and improved under all the efficient sovereigns of the Hohenzollern line, such as the Great Elector and Frederick the Great, and it has been a principle of the private policy of the Hohenzollern family to rule through a body of civil servants, whose place in the state is as honorable as that of the army, or perhaps it would be more just to say as ranking next to the army. The non-partisan administrative body, with its own disciplinary courts for cutting out of the public service any member who uses his official position to favor a private interest, either his own or that of another, has kept the civil service up to a code of honor that can be compared in the United States only to the codes regulating the army and the navy. Thus in Germany a public servant, because of the power that his class possesses, the personal distinction, and the social position that go with the public service, is willing to work for the state for less than he could receive in the service of a private company. The chiefs of technical bureaus in the mining, agriculture or forestry, telegraph, telephone, or railway services, are paid from $1,750 to $3,000 a year. The director-general of the Alsace-Lorraine railways is paid $3,375, and an allowance for house rent. District superintendents on the Prussian lines, each of whom has supervision over from 1,500 to 2,000 miles of line, are paid $2,750 a year, with free dwellings. It frequently happens that men in the government service of unusual capacity reject offers from private concerns of two or three times the salaries they are receiving. The officials who decline such proposals have the same feeling about them that a United States army engineer would have. His pride in the service, the sense of usefulness to the

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country, the social consideration shown to his service, and the certainty of being promoted regularly, and of having a pension upon his retirement, make the public service more attractive than a private one could be. The present emperor has the passion for efficiency which was the most eminent quality in Frederick the Great. The emperor trusts, and in every possible manner honors, the civil servant who has done an exceptional thing. As Mr. Bryce says of Frederick, it was not enough for this great man that a thing was well done, but that it must be done in the best possible manner. The qualities and the efficiencies that are required of the bureaucrat have made it possible for the German Emperor as King of Prussia to retain his autocratic power in the state during a period when democratic government has ruled the great neighboring states, with the exception of Russia, and during a period when Germany has made its greatest advances in culture and in industry.

If it should be that German statesmen have hold of true principles in the ownership and management of productive properties by the state, Germany has the start by a century over other nations. It may be that a political industrial system that tends to limit individualism, as it is understood in the United States, may produce in a further development finer individuals because of what the German conceives to be a more balanced justice. Whether that be so or not, conservatives in Germany have faith in their system, and believe that subsequent generations of other peoples will find well-being in doing as the Germans are doing. There it is, a mighty phenomenon in the industrial life of one of the most advanced nations.

WILLIAM'S PSYCHIC DISTURBANCES

By Robert Alston Stevenson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"JIMINY Crickets!" ejaculated William Walter Madison, "I wish I had one! You just pick words out of the air, don't you, like the magician picking quarters out of nowhere?"

"It's very simple," explained the wireless operator. "All you need are a few wires and this little instrument."

"Father," asked William, "may I have one?"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jarvis Madison, banker, railroad owner, millionaire, absentmindedly. The *Celtic*, plunging into a foamy sea, three days out from New York, had just picked up a message for him from Wall Street. The message was annoying.

"Why?" persisted William.

"Don't ask questions!" commanded his father. He was planning an answer which later, hurled through the dreary mist ahead, upset the Street for a day or two. "What would you do with a wireless outfit? You have too many things now."

"Nothing," said William. "But may I have one?"

"No," said his father. "You are too young."

"I wonder," said William to himself, "whether I am ever going to grow up. Is she going again?" With his eyes popping with excitement he watched the operator take a message which came from a mysterious somewhere beyond the horizon.

"Don't you think your father will let you have the outfit?" asked the operator after Mr. Madison had gone. That the son of Mr. Jarvis Madison could not have anything under the sun that he wanted seemed strange to him.

"No," answered William. "When father says no that way, it's no, or a licking for meh!" But for the rest of the run in Will-

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iam spent most of his time in the little cabin on the forward deck.

"Jarvis," said Mrs. Madison one evening several weeks after their return, "have you noticed any change in William?"

"I can't say that I have," answered Mr. Madison.

"You haven't! For six weeks he has been angelic. He hurries home from school every day and seems very anxious to study. He appears to have lost interest in everything else. He is getting pale and I am afraid that he is working too hard."

Mr. Madison smiled. William, breaking down under overwork at his books, was a picture he could not project.

"I'm really worried," continued Mrs. Madison. "I think I'll have Doctor Manners look him over."

Accordingly William, much disgusted at the proceeding, was haled to the Doctor's office and with a bored expression heard that learned gentleman assure his mother that there was nothing the matter. "Two or three hours on horseback in the Park every afternoon is all that he needs."

"But I couldn't study my lessons," said William, his face falling.

"I'll give you an excuse for your lessons," said Mrs. Madison.

"I don't want an excuse," said William. "Couldn't I play on the roof?"

"The roof!" Doctor Manners looked puzzled.

"We have a playground on the roof for William," explained Mrs. Madison.

"Anything to keep him out-doors will do," said the Doctor, and he bowed his visitors out.

Mrs. Madison watched William for a day or two, and as no further signs of waning health appeared, other than an unusual attention to his school work, she soon forgot her anxiety and accepted it as a turn for the better in his career. Besides, it was a very busy season for her. A leader in advanced thought, she was very much interested in efforts to uplift mankind from dull monotony into the region of possibility as disclosed by the researches of the Society for the Investigation of Psychic Phenomena. The first meeting of the society was to be held shortly and its importance overshadowed even William's sudden conversion to the rank of hard-working students.

That young gentleman, always greatly interested in anything unusual, was attracted one afternoon, on his return from school, by the crowd of motors and carriages that filled the street in front of his home. Knowing that his mother did not approve of his appearance in public on such occasions, he entered the house by way of the basement and was on his way to his room when he met one of the footmen.

"What's doing, Patrick?" he asked.

"Sure, I don't know, Master William," was his answer. "There's a pale gent goin' to talk to the ladies. I was just hearin' the butler say he was a spook raiser, whatever that means."

Filled with curiosity, William sought a dark corner of the hallway near the drawing-room, and, partly because of his adventuresome spirit, and partly because of the attractiveness of Patrick's description of what was going on, it was not long before he discovered that he could further his investigations much more easily by slipping under the curtains to a point of vantage beneath the piano close by in the drawing-room. With careful manipulation of the draperies on the piano he managed to get a very good view of the meeting, and without much risk of discovery settled down to an enjoyment of the proceedings. What risk there was thrilled William—the Last of the Mohicans was always at his best in ambush—and he wished he had a pea-shooter with him. The long-haired leader of the advanced thinkers would have made an excellent mark. But when the lecturer warmed up to his work William forgot everything else in the excitement of what he heard. He could feel the goose flesh creeping over his shoulders as Mr. Algernon Vivian described his intimate conversations with the departed. He was thrilled when messages from the dead were retailed, and he was greatly interested in a story of a departed spirit establishing his identity by a reference to a second cousin's rusty penknife. The climax came, however, when Mr. Vivian assured the ladies that the time was soon coming when mediumship would be easy, within the reach of all, and quick and instant communication with the spirit world would be established with the possibility of thereby obtaining glimpses of the future. William could stand no more. He emerged, his head bulging with ideas of a practical nature and

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'You just pick words out of the air, don't you?"—Page 75.

the joy of a new discovery. That evening he tried to fall into a trance—but he fell asleep in the process and, although he repeated his efforts in a purely scientific frame of mind, nothing happened, and he was on the point of asking his mother about it when suddenly—as was generally the case with William—a new idea came to him. He always hugged his ideas to his very soul, because he found that they were seldom received with favor by grown-ups, and for two or three days his heart was full of joy. Not in vain had he crawled under the piano.

"Mother," William raised his head from the couch in the library, on which he had been lying quietly for a half hour after dinner, "I feel as if I were going to fall into a trance."

"A trance!" Mrs. Madison looked up from a picture puzzle.

"Yes, one of those things Mr. Vivian told about."

"When did you hear Mr. Vivian?" Mrs. Madison looked over the puzzle critically.

"I was under the piano." William sank back on the couch and his voice was weak. "I feel—queer— I feel it coming —on."

"William!" Mrs. Madison sprang up quickly in alarm, scattering the four hundred and twenty-eight pieces of the puzzle in all directions. "What is the matter?"

"I don't know. I feel dreammmmmy— and—" his voice faded away into a faint murmur.

"William! William!" Mrs. Madison leaned over the couch. William lay motionless; his eyes were closed and his arms rested rigid at his sides. His lips, however, were moving gently.

"I—see— I see—" the words came slowly.

"What!" whispered his mother.

"I see—" the voice was low yet distinct

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But for the rest of the run in William spent most of his time in the little cabin on the forward deck. Page 75.

—"I see—Aunt Jane. She's on—the sea. She's coming here."

"Your Aunt Jane!" Mrs. Madison regained her composure. "Your Aunt Jane is in Europe."

No reply came from the couch. Stiff and motionless, William lay unresponsive.

"William!" Mrs. Madison shook him vigorously. "What is this nonsense about your Aunt Jane?"

No answer.

"William!" Mrs. Madison grew alarmed.

"What's the matter, mother"—languid surprise was in the boy's voice—"was I asleep?"

"What did you mean when you spoke of your Aunt Jane?"

"What about Aunt Jane?"

"You said you saw her."

"Did I—then I must have fallen into a trance."

"You did nothing of the sort."

"Didn't I!" this disappointedly.

"You must go to bed instantly."

"All right," said William, and with meek resignation he rose from the couch and obeyed his mother's command. Several times during the evening she tiptoed up to his room only to find him sleeping sweetly and showing no signs of his recent psychical disturbance. Was it possible that he had lost consciousness! Perplexed, Mrs. Madison resumed her efforts with the picture puzzle which had been rescued from the floor.

Mr. Madison smiled incredulously later in the evening when he heard of William's trance.

"Don't you know your own son?" he said, sitting down opposite her and squinting at the scattered absurdities on the table. "He picked up some of Vivian's crazy notions and is having fun with them. You oughtn't to let him hear such weird stuff."

"That may be," said Mrs. Madison, somewhat nettled, "but if you had been here! If you had seen William you would have been as perplexed as I am. The child is so imaginative. It is a clear case of auto-suggestion."

"Auto-fiddlesticks! I think this piece belongs there!" Mr. Madison picked up a small segment of the puzzle and reached across the table to prove his assertion.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Madison, "I've nearly gone mad trying to find the rest of that angel's wing and you've found it without trying."

"Miss Madison!" the butler's voice interrupted, and was followed by a breezy:

"Hello, Jarvis, Martha. How-do-you-do." Miss Jane Madison bustled into the room.

"JANE!" Mrs. Madison rose with a blank look on her face. What Mr. Madison said he said to himself.

"JANE!" repeated Mrs. Madison mechanically.

"The same," replied Aunt Jane. "I wired Mary not to tell you. The *Baltic* docked late and I took a bite before coming. I wanted to surprise you."

"*You* have." Mrs. Madison sank back into her chair and looked at her husband. "Isn't it queer and spooky?"

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"The cordiality of this reception impresses me," said Aunt Jane. "Have you two lost your minds? You haven't said once that you were glad to see me. Don't I look well in my new Paris clothes?"

"Jane," said Mr. Madison, "it's William's fault. According to Martha he fell into a trance this evening——"

"And predicted your coming!" interrupted Mrs. Madison.

"The dear," said Aunt Jane. "William must be a good guesser. No one knew that I was coming but Mary."

"What a convenient thing it must be to have a clairvoyant in your own family!" she added after she heard of William's dip into the realms of the unknown. "I must get him to throw a trance for me."

"You must not do anything of the sort," said Mrs. Madison positively. "If William did lose consciousness it would not do him any good to tell him about it, and if he didn't—you'll admit, Jarvis, that it was a strange coincidence?"

"I'll admit nothing about William," said Mr. Madison.

The next morning Mrs. Madison observed William with scientific thoroughness. He listened to her description of Aunt Jane's unexpected return from Europe with genuine, open-eyed surprise and made no reference to the evening before. Evidently it had made no impression on him, and when he departed for school his mother watched him swing gracefully down the avenue on his roller skates with a steadily growing conviction that, whatever the cause, it had been her lot to witness, at first hand, a remarkable phenomenon. Later in the day she discussed the occurrence with Aunt Jane, who had dropped in for a cup of tea and a bit of gossip.

"I confess," she said, "that I do not understand it."

"I wouldn't try," said Aunt Jane, who knew William. "I'd wait. William generally explains himself if you give him time. By the way, where is he? I haven't seen him."

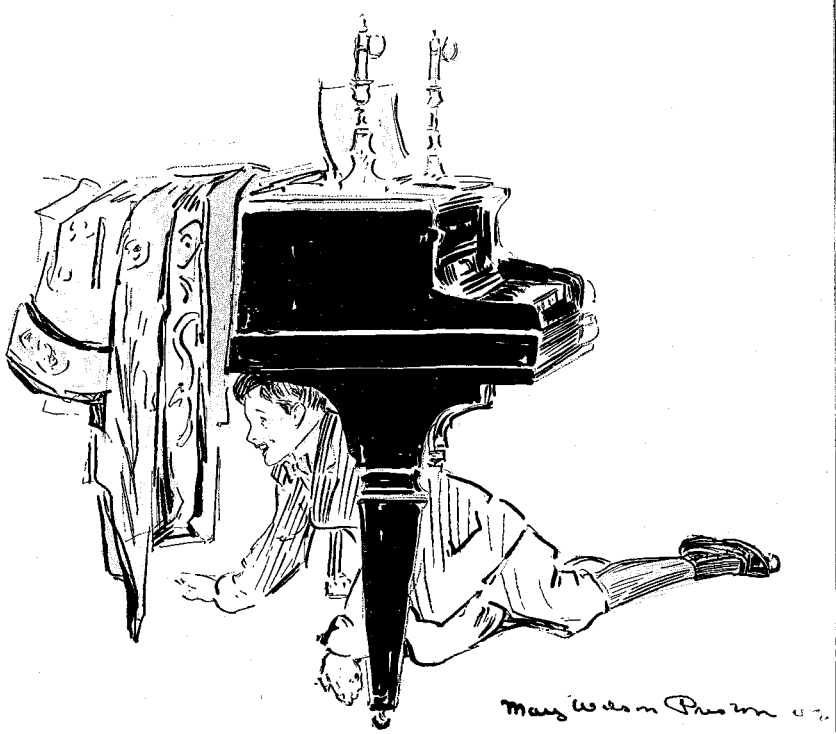
"He's playing on the roof. I'll send for him."

In a few moments William appeared and greeted his aunt with the suppressed enthusiasm of thirteen; he seemed to be preoccupied. After the formalities were over he quickly withdrew from the conversation with a few cakes, abstracted from the tea-table for future use, and was forgotten.

"Why in the world did you come home so unexpectedly?" asked Mrs. Madison. "You planned to stay over for a year."

"I missed my church work and—what's that?"

A low, gurgling sound came from some-



He managed to get a very good view of the meeting.—Page 76

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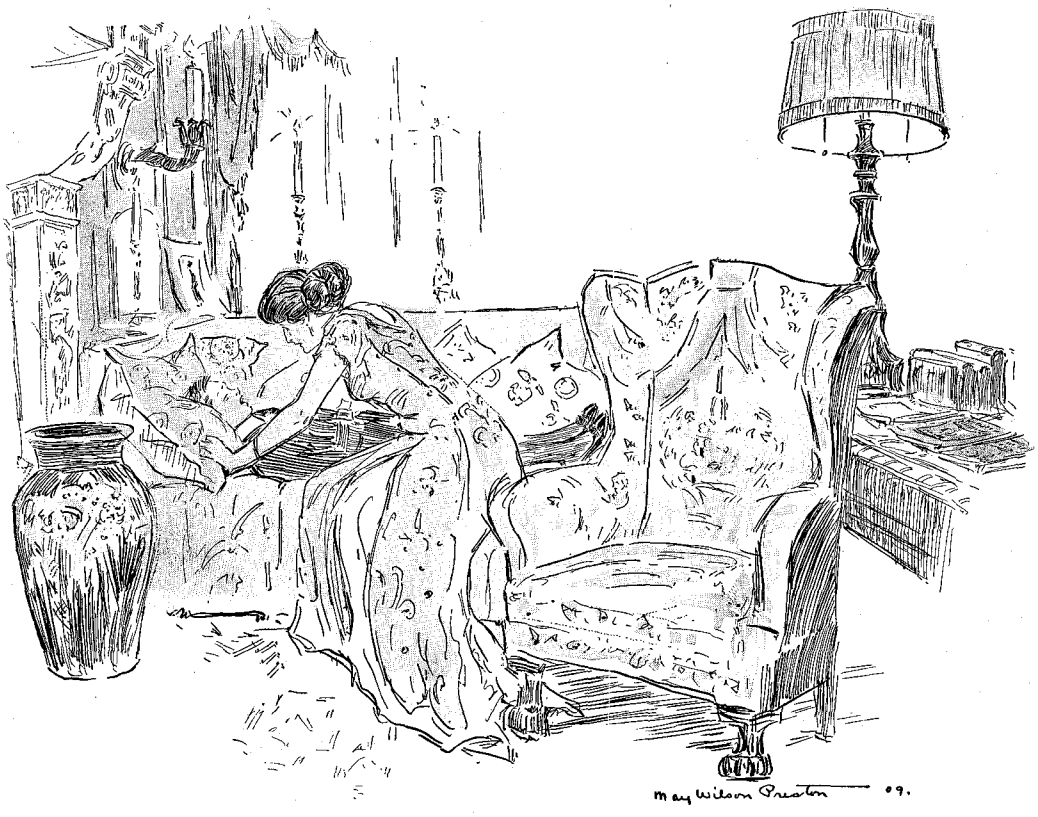

"I see—Aunt Jane. She's on—the sea. She's coming here"—Page 78.

where in the room. They listened and again it came.

"Look!" Aunt Jane pointed toward the couch where, in the dim light, stretched out at full length, William was emitting strange sounds.

"He must be throwing another fit," said Aunt Jane. Followed by Mrs. Madison, she tiptoed over to the couch. For a moment the gurgles continued and then gradually merged into coherent, but hesitating, enunciation.

"Don't say a word," whispered Aunt Jane; "this beats one of your society meetings a mile."

"I see," came from William's lips, "I see—words— I can't see them all— J—D—Wells—" The look on Aunt Jane's face changed —"will—arrange wedding —for—January—J-ane—M—ad—i—son." William's voice faded away into dreamy uncertainty.

For a moment they stood looking at William, and then with a quizzical smile Mrs. Madison looked at Aunt Jane, whose face betokened embarrassed surprise.

"You young rascal!" she said leaning over and shaking William with all her strength.

"What's wrong?" William rubbed his eyes, apparently struggling with an effort to regain the world of reality.

"Jane!" Mrs. Madison interrupted, forgetting her psychic son for a moment, "are you going to marry Jack Wells? You dear old thing! I'm so glad. Now I know why you came back."

"I might just as well own up," said Aunt Jane. "I am, but I'd like to know how this young rat found it out." After she had disengaged herself from Mrs. Madison's enthusiastic embrace she turned to the couch. "William!" she said sternly, but her nephew, with characteristic decision, had removed himself quietly and quickly from

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the scene of action; he had never been a demonstrative boy

Meanwhile Mr. Jarvis Madison was being driven up-town in his electric brougham. With a frown on his face he leaned back in a corner and neglected the bundle of evening newspapers lying on the seat beside him. The day in the Street had been trying and Jarvis, usually at peace with the world, was in a bad humor. The stock of one of his pet railroads had been attacked by the bears; the price had gone tumbling down throughout the session of the Stock Exchange, and that was exactly what he did not want to happen. Some strong influence was at work, but with all his skill he had not been able to discover from what source the attack had come, and unless he could check the onslaught Mr. Jarvis Madison stood to lose a million, perhaps more.

Consequently when he reached his home he gave but indifferent attention to Mrs. Madison's news regarding William's actions and dismissed the romantic announcement involving Aunt Jane with:

"I knew she would."

He hurried through his dinner and shortly after received a group of his associates who had been hastily summoned to a conference. He outlined his plans for the next day concisely and with the boldness that had made him famous, and remarked in closing:

"I d give ten thousand dollars if I could find out before the market opens tomorrow who is back of it all. I suspect Billings, but he has been in Cuba for the last six weeks. If it is he I think I could make things so interesting for him in his Western line that he would not bother me for the next ten years. I think we can pull through anyhow, but it would be a great relief to know the exact source of the attack."

The party filed out into the night, and after the door had closed Mr. Madison stood in the hall a moment thinking. Then he mounted slowly the broad stairway to the library above. Had he not been so busy with his thoughts he might have noticed William's face peering with reckless excitement from behind the drawing-room hangings. When his father disappeared, he emerged from his hiding place and went up the stairs one at a time. He, too, was engaged in deep thought. He stopped by the library door and looked inside; his father was sitting in an easy-chair with his head resting on his hand and his mother was reading by a low light near him, and William hesitated. He puckered up his brows and then—William was a chip of the old block—quick decision came to him and he went quietly into the library and, unnoticed, arranged himself comfortably on the couch. Silence reigned for several moments, and then Mr. Madison was brought back from Wall Street by a touch on his shoulder.

"Jarvis," said Mrs. Madison softly, "look at William!"

Mr Madison looked up. "What is the matter with William?" he asked impatiently.

"Listen," said Mrs. Madison. "He's there on the couch."

"Have you two lost your minds? You haven't said once that you were glad to see me."—Page 79.

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With an annoyed expression, Mr. Madison concentrated his attention on his son and heir. After a few preliminary gurgles William lapsed into silence and Mr. Madison started to speak.

"Sh!" warned Mrs. Madison. The honk of a passing motor broke the stillness, but Mr. Madison obeyed his wife's warning finger and they waited and listened. They were rewarded shortly when William, without his usual stage settings, in a voice that was robust and strong, broke the silence with:

"POUND MADISON—BILLINGS."

Mr. Madison gripped the arms of his chair and half rose, a strange expression on his face.

"Is he saying anything that interests you?" asked Mrs. Madison. Triumph was in her eyes.

"He's saved me about a million if what he says is true," announced Mr. Madison with a gasp as he sank back in his chair and watched William. Mrs. Madison said nothing. She was curious to see how her husband would deal with the situation.

"William," Mr. Madison spoke sharply, "I think you are over your trance now."

William sat up with a quickness that evi denced a speedy return from oblivion.

"Don't say a word," whispered Aunt Jane; "this beats one of your society meetings a mile."—Page 80.

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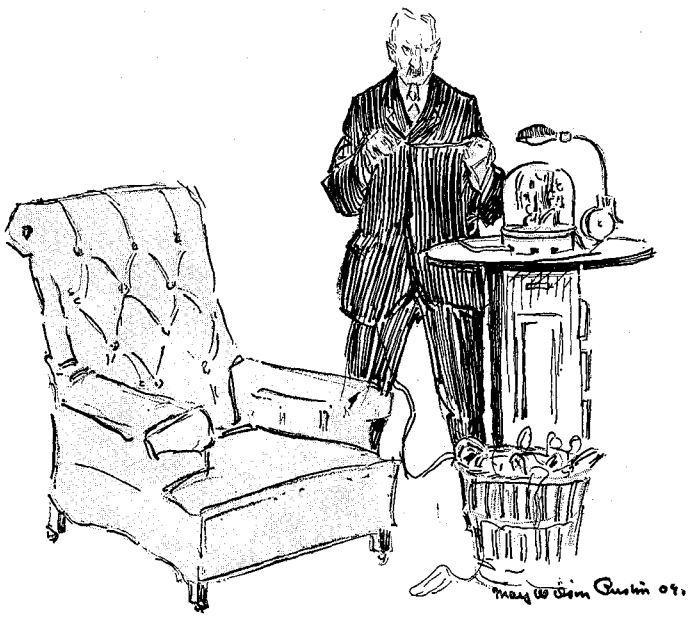

And unless he could check the onslaught Mr. Jarvis Madison stood to lose a million, perhaps more.—Page 81.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever succeeded in bluffing me?"

"No, sir."

"Well, will you kindly tell me where you get your information for these side-shows that you have been giving?"

William rose with alacrity; he understood that tone in his father's voice. "Yes, sir," he said, "if you'll come up-stairs."

Followed by his father, he led the way past his own room and the servants' quarters until they emerged on the roof.

"There," he said with a dramatic gesture which took in the whole heavens silver with the light of a brilliant moon.

Mr. Madison looked about him for a moment in some doubt, and then, catching sight of a net-work of wires stretched between two chimneys, he smiled.

"I see," he said finally. "Did you manage this wireless business yourself?"

"Yes," answered William excitedly. "Mr. Dripp, on the *Celtic*, told me how to do it and where I could get the fittings. I've got the receiver down in my closet. It's as easy as pie. I can't read the messages right off yet, but I mark down the dots and dashes and translate them afterward. I could have a lot more fun if I had a sender, but I haven't saved up enough yet. You said I couldn't have one, but I thought you wouldn't mind if I got it myself. Perhaps I ought to have told you."

"But why did you try to fool your mother?"

William thought for a moment.

"I guess," he said, "it must have been that man with the long hair. I don't know. Anyhow, I did. I couldn't help it when I picked up those messages of Aunt Jane's, and it was more fun than a goat to watch their faces when I was throwing the fits."

"When did you pick up my message?"

"Early this morning when I was practising."

"I think you had better go to bed now," said Mr. Madison, but before he left the roof he looked out over the twinkling lights of the city to the south. Somewhere out there in the moonlight he knew that there was a ship heading toward New York, and he smiled when he thought of what was going to fall out of the air into the consciousness of one of its passengers, John Gordon Billings, before the stock market was open an hour the next morning. After

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inspecting William's receiving instrument he parted from that young gentleman and started down-stairs tingling with the fun he was going to have with John Billings.

"Father!"

Mr. Madison stopped and looked up. William's face was peering over the balustrade in the hall above.

"Yes?"

"If you don't mind, I'll take a brand-new two-hundred-mile sending instrument instead of the ten thousand."

"If you don't mind, I'll take a brand-new two-hundred-mile sending instrument instead of the ten thousand."

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SOME DIFFICULTIES OF A JURYMAN

By Joseph Hornor Coates

AN experience as juror serving some half-dozen or more terms in State courts and two terms in the United States courts, covering some hundreds of trials, either actively engaged or as spectator, and principally in criminal cases, is, perhaps, a greater mishap of its kind than usually falls to the lot of the citizen. If it does not entitle one to speak with any degree of authority on the position of a juryman it at least suggests some topics for serious reflection, more especially as regards the juror's relations to trials for crime. This paper proposes to present briefly a few of these.

We are often told that "trial by jury" is the palladium of our liberties, the great glory of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence; and it is hardly to be questioned that the founders of the American Republic considered the preservation of this principle as of the first importance. Alexander Hamilton devotes Number LXXXIII of *The Federalist* solely to a defence against the charge that the new Constitution neglected to guarantee jury trial in civil cases if not in criminal trials; and to clear up any obscurity on this point it was found necessary for the first Congress to propose a number of amendments firmly engrafting the principle of jury trial upon American jurisprudence in order to secure final ratification of the Constitution by all the States. In theory, then, at least, the position of a juryman ought to be one of some special dignity, and certainly it is often one of great moral responsibility. So far as the observation of one man goes, the juryman with few exceptions enters the jury-box with a keen sense of his responsibilities and a conscientious and sober desire to do his duty in rendering even-handed justice. In jury room discussions I remember perhaps two or three cases, not more, where prejudice quite evidently ruled a fellow-juror's judgment, several instances where sympathy blinded him to the demand of the law for a punitive verdict, but not a single instance where a suspicion of corrupt motive has remained. The juror seems specially to bear in mind —more faithfully than either bench or bar, at times, so far as my observation goes— that he is what his title implies, the sworn man.

The juryman when summoned for court service is likely to have had little or no previous experience; the majority are serving for the first time. He is brought into court under threat of punishment if he does not obey the summons; he finds it difficult to be relieved of what is often— perhaps usually—a distasteful and inconvenient duty paid for at day-laborer's wage; if he wishes to proffer a request to be let off he must be presented by an attorney at the bar of the court for examination, make his plea and offer his excuse in respectful terms, and, as a favor, receive the mercy of the court or, perhaps, have it frowningly rejected by the judge, who sits towering above him while he stands below as an unsuccessful suppliant. Usually, I fancy, he is treated with courtesy, but sometimes it is scant and sometimes he meets impatient rudeness. There is the oft-told story of some famous English jurist who, when asked what were the qualifications of a good judge, answered: "A good judge? H-m, let me see: he ought to have good manners, a good temper, common-sense, and—well, if he knows a little law it won't hurt him." No doubt these are qualities which go far to insure success in any walk of life; but however it may be in England, it must be admitted that occasionally our American judges lack the first two qualifications, though, perhaps, I ought to say that I myself have never had personal cause of complaint and have the memory of much courtesy from the bench. Lapses from good temper are no doubt unconscious and simply due to some natural infirmity and the vexation incident to tedious routine work; though it may be that a judge, especially a younger one, thinks it his duty to bear in mind the old German law which prescribed that he should sit "like a grim-looking

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lion." Gentlemen of the robe have a weakness for precedents.

But the juryman from his first entrance in response to the court's peremptory summons finds little in his treatment to impress him with an idea of special dignity in his position, even if he has no overt cause of complaint. He is herded with his fellows, ordered about by the tipstaves or bailiffs of court, addressed in peremptory tones; sometimes, if in his unfamiliarity he is going the wrong way, he is grabbed by one of these gentry of the badge and hustled as if he were the prisoner in the dock. He sits in the court room with an ever-present sense, if he be sensitive, that he must be careful not to get into trouble; the feeling of liberty is gone, he is enveloped in an atmosphere of restraint. Really he is placed more on an equality with the prisoner at the bar than with the judge on the bench, yet he is as essentially a part of the court as that august potentate and may have at any time a greater responsibility imposed on him.

In some court rooms, when disengaged from the actual trial of any case and awaiting summons to the jury-box, the juror is often forced to sit among criminals, witnesses, loafers, and ill-smelling persons attracted to the court by business or curiosity; though in some court rooms separate seats are provided for the temporarily disengaged jurymen.

The juror is sworn to render his verdict according to the evidence submitted to him and the law in the case. In Pennsylvania, at least, by decision of the Supreme Court of that State, the jury is declared the judge *of the law* as well as of the evidence in criminal trials. By what fine-spun reasoning the administration of justice in civil causes may be considered to involve different principles, the special logic of the legal mind will no doubt discover; but in criminal trials in Pennsylvania, if it is not so elsewhere, it would seem as if the Supreme Court has relegated the sitting judge to the position of a sort of presiding officer or chief clerk or upper bailiff, to keep order in the court and to see that the jury is not interfered with in its duties. Yet often the judge still practically directs the verdict, and perhaps commonly, and properly, influences it.

The late Judge Waddell, a very able, upright, and fair-minded judge of a county court, whose agreeable personality made it a pleasure to sit under him, had some years ago a case of criminal libel sent back to him by the Supreme Court, on appeal, for retrial on the ground that in his charge he had instructed the jury that under the law as he expounded it a verdict of guilty should be rendered. I was present at the second trial and distinctly remember the opening words of his charge. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, smarting under an unaccustomed reversal, "I want first to say to you that in this case you are to judge the *law* as well as the facts. Don't forget that; the Supreme Court has so decided and that is the law in Pennsylvania. I repeat it, *you* are to judge the law. *But*—you have sworn to render your verdict upon the evidence before you, and I want to say that the best evidence you can have of what is the law governing this case is what I tell you it is!" Whereupon he proceeded to lay down the law, the jury promptly convicted the defendant, who as promptly appealed again to the Supreme Court and was promptly granted a third trial. I believe he was finally acquitted or the case was dropped. There was no criticism by the Supreme Court of Judge Waddell's interpretation of the actual law in the case, as I remember it, but simply that he was overstepping his authority when he imposed his interpretation on the jury. The Supreme Court's decision still stands, and is recognized theoretically as law; yet perhaps cases might still be appealed successfully on the ground that it is ignored. It would seem too plain for argument that judges should not set an example of evasion of law.

In a recent murder trial in Tennessee, a *cause célèbre*, the judge took a very remarkable course. When the time came to read his charge, to quote from the published accounts of the episode: "'The law makes the judge the witness of the law,' remarked Judge Hart, 'so I will now take the witness stand and give my testimony.' He left the bench, walked around to the witness chair which has been the centre of attraction for two months and began to read." It is difficult to think of any more definitive way, aside from its spectacular features, in which he could have put himself on record, at this stage, as a mere witness in the case testifying before the jury as to the law, recognizing the jury as the real court having judgment of the law as well the facts. He could

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not have made clearer admission that the case in which he was engaged was a "trial *by* jury," to use the old and familiar legal phrase. Lawyers, as other folk, sometimes use words loosely. One often hears of a judge "trying" a case, sometimes from his own lips; the prosecuting attorney often announces that he will or will not "try" a case; the defending counsel says so, too; but the theory of jury trial seems certainly to be that the one judges, the other prosecutes, and the third defends; but it is the jury which "tries"—"threshes" it out, "separates, as what is good from what is bad" in the first meaning of the word, or in the derived meanings, "puts to the test or proof," "brings to a decision" in the retirement of the jury room.

Probably in the majority of cases it is the opinion of the judge, so far as the jurors can gather it from his charge, which makes the verdict of the jury. Speeches of attorneys for prosecution or defence carry little weight in the retirement of the jury room, so far as my observation goes; I recall only once that such a speech was mentioned in considering a verdict, and then a juryman arguing for the defendant criticized the man's own counsel! I have observed, however, that the charge of the judge is listened to with grave attention, and his opinion, if it is at all indicated in the charge, is frequently referred to in the jury room when the case is doubtful.

In all the many charges I have listened to there remains the recollection of but two that struck me as unjust; and in general they have seemed conspicuously fair-minded. In one of these exceptions I was myself the plaintiff in the action, many years ago, so that hardly counts. In the other, I was a juror in a civil case, and the judge had an unfortunate infirmity of temper, due to ill health, which often caused him to scold and hector. It was excused by everybody on account of his high personal character and conspicuous ability on the bench. He was essentially a just man, universally respected, and with a quite unusual capacity for rendering justice; but he always seemed to want to render it himself and to have no use for the jury unless he could not make up his own mind, which was seldom. In the case in question, a damage suit against a corporation, he charged the jury quite strenuously for the defendant; but in spite of that the vote stood six to six when first taken and would certainly have shown a large majority for the plaintiff, if not unanimity, had it not been for the judge's charge. Several jurors, indeed, expressed actual fear of punishment if the verdict should be rendered in accordance with their own convictions of justice and had to be reasoned with on that score. I think even then the verdict might have been a substantial one for the plaintiff, but after some hours the judge sent for the jury, heartily abused us collectively for not rendering his verdict, warned us not to "allow this jury to be dominated by one obstinate man"—I fancy he had in mind a very quiet and innocent countryman who was scarcely opening his mouth in the jury room and was voting with the judge—and finally sent us back with the announcement that he was about to adjourn court until Monday morning, it then being Friday, but that the clerk would remain for an hour or so to record our verdict if we agreed on one. After that a judgment for the plaintiff was hopeless; we were threatened with imprisonment for at least two days if we did not promptly agree, and with but a few minutes to spare the defendant corporation got its verdict. If ever an agreement was reached under coercion and "duress of imprisonment," that would seem to be one. The counsel for plaintiff, learning the state of affairs in the jury room, which he did before we left court, took an appeal and got a retrial. The case was ultimately settled out of court, I think.

This particular judge was rarely reversed on appeal; he was a most worthy and estimable man, though inclined to be arbitrary, as United States judges often are. In this case, as in others where the judge rails at the jury, it would seem as if he were really guilty of that "contempt of court" which jurymen as well as others are sometimes accused of. The judge—and the lawyers side with him—seems to think that he is "The Court," sometimes so styles himself, and sometimes is addressed by that term, yet he is after all only a part of it, if properly the most considerable part, though the juror is as essentially a part, too. If a juryman should follow a bad example and scold, hector, and rail at the judge—or anybody else in court for that matter—he

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would promptly be committed for contempt. Really, it seems good logic to hold that if the judge—one part of the court—can commit for contempt a juryman—another part—the jury ought to have the same right to commit the judge when he offends; though how they are going to enforce an order of commitment seems beyond conjecture. Speaking seriously, however, the whole question of a judge's power to commit for contempt is somewhat vague and a little inchoate after all; it rests now on a legal assumption fortified by precedent, and it would probably be desirable to have it accurately defined by statute. In that one case, at least, I have known the fear of it powerfully to influence jurymen in joining in a verdict against their convictions. If that was a violation of their oath, if it was perjury, then it is hard to see why the act of the judge which brought it about was not subornation.

In some civil causes the judge has a practice of issuing "binding instructions" to the jury to render a particular verdict where he is convinced the law would not justify any other. He may take the case from the jury by entering a nonsuit, but then a new suit might be brought on the same cause of action; so, to settle the matter, he wishes a verdict, and as he cannot render one himself and enter it on the record he instructs the jury to do it. Something very like that appears sometimes to be done in criminal trials as well. The procedure is unquestionably of convenience both to bench and bar; and the legal mind, which occasionally has a fondness for perversion of reasoning, will find plenty of argument to support it. But there is the juror with an oath resting on his conscience obliging him to render a verdict on his own judgment; what is he to do? Is he simply to obey orders? As a matter of fact, unless he happens to be foreman, he never renders any verdict at all; he is not consulted by his fellows and simply sits still while the foreman, under instructions from the judge, announces a verdict in which no one has taken a part except himself. Whether that is placed on the record as the free action of the jury I do not know; if the fact that "binding instructions" have been issued is not recorded, it ought to be. To the lay mind it would seem clear that no sworn juror should consent to accept instructions from any one. And the whole proceeding is simply a convenience to save a few moments in time, for if the judge should explain the matter to the jury and send them out, they would come back at once with the proper verdict at least ninety-nine times out of a hundred, if not invariably. There is probably no miscarriage of justice from this practice, but as a short cut it seems unreasonable, unnecessary, arbitrary, and improper; yet few practices are more firmly engrafted on court procedure. There is a case recently reported where a coroner, apparently wishing to shield the police from danger of prosecution for false arrest, forced his jury to accuse a particular person of murder when they had brought in an open verdict against "parties unknown," which he declined to receive and bullied the jurors into changing it as he wished. The evidence, it may be said, was so slight that the person accused by the coroner was never even indicted, but was discharged on hearing.

No judge in this country would dare to commit a jury for their verdict, though jurymen are sometimes afraid of it; but verdicts have been known to be received with scolding and abuse, and the offending jurors dismissed from further service in disgrace. Sometimes judges openly show their disagreement with the conclusions of the jury in a way that does not tend to enhance respect for the jury system. I once heard a judge call back to the bar of a court a man who had just been acquitted and tell him that he need not think he left that court room in the character of an innocent man, even though the jury had pronounced him not guilty. And in another case the judge ordered the acquitted man back into the custody of the court while he inquired of the district attorney whether there was no way in which he could be tried over again. I was not in the jury-box in either of these cases, but from what I heard of the evidence it seemed to me both verdicts were just, and that it was not in good form to cast reflections upon them.

In England it has been claimed that in theory jurors are even to-day liable to fine for bringing in a verdict "contrary to the direction of the court in matters of law," though it is said that this is disputable and "certainly would never now be attempted in practice." Before 1670 jurors who per-

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sisted in acquitting prisoners whom the judges wished convicted were often fined and imprisoned. In the celebrated case of the acquittal of William Penn and Mead, the presiding officer of court, the recorder, said to the jury, after they had been virulently abused during the trial: "I am sorry, gentlemen, you have followed your own judgments and opinions, rather than the good and wholesome advice which was given you; God keep my life out of your hands; but for this the court fines you forty marks a man, and imprisonment till paid." They were discharged from Newgate jail upon habeas corpus and "their commitment was adjudged illegal." Other cases of the kind were brought before the House of Commons, which resolved "that the precedents and practice of fining or imprisoning jurors for verdicts is illegal." And "finally, in 1670, it was solemnly decided by the Court of King's Bench that the practice was contrary to law." The same principle of law which protects jurors from punishment by fine or imprisonment when the judge thinks their verdict a perversion of justice, it would seem, ought to protect them as well from lesser punishment by scolding or open contempt. If their judgment is honest, even though mistaken, they are entitled to be treated with respect; if they have entered into a conspiracy to pervert justice they should be indicted and tried as for any other crime. Scolding and openly manifested contempt is ill judged in either case; it is either an inadequate punishment or it is unjust and improper. When the jury returns a verdict it is the judgment of the court; and for the sitting judge to treat that judgment of the court flippantly or contemptuously because he disagrees with it tends to bring the whole system into disrepute. His plain duty is to do what he can to elevate the system of trial by jury so long as it is an essential part of our jurisprudence. It has fallen into a certain degree of contempt, and for this state of affairs judges cannot be held entirely guiltless. It is doubtless only the very few who commit improprieties, but the great majority of righteous judges have a power of influence if they would exercise it; and it might be of profit to ask themselves why it is that when a man is obliged to serve as a juror many of his friends think it the same sort of joke as if he were arrested and fined for speeding a motor-car. It is hard to think of any more effective way to enhance the dignity of trial by jury in the mind of the public than by respect shown to the jurors in the court room; and that is largely, if not entirely, at present in the hands of the judge.

The general neglect to use unquestionable power for better things is more fairly a subject of criticism than the few instances of gross impropriety which serve to call attention to the weakness of the situation. It should not be hard for courts to increase popular respect for the current administration of justice, lapses in which from time to time show themselves in suspicion of the courts. If jurors and jury service are not now what they should be, the majority of judges can effect a reform to higher standards, provided they honestly and earnestly believe in trial by jury as a safeguard of liberty and justice. Many of them are perhaps not altogether convinced of that, the pleasing platitudes of expositors of "Anglo-Saxon law" notwithstanding. It may be questioned whether the tendency is growing to take the system seriously; one sometimes hears lawyers question its value and express preference for trial without jury.

The question as to how a serious divergence of view in the jury room should be dealt with has presented much difficulty and has often been discussed. Experience in jury service does not seem to suggest any entirely satisfactory remedy; and in practice it seems impossible to avoid at times some degree of pressure upon the minority to get on with the business of the court and avoid unreasonable mistrials. In civil cases, as in damage suits where the question involved is the amount of money to be awarded, the jury often arrives at a verdict by averaging the discordant estimates of its members; but that is a crude method at the best, and no doubt is often abused. I remember once being foreman of a jury trying a suit against a telephone company for damaging some trees with its wires. The plaintiff, on the stand, thought his damage might be three hundred and fifty dollars. Personally I thought the injury insignificant, if any; but the eleven other jurymen had no doubt whatever that a telephone company always injures trees or anything else at every opportunity. After general discussion I proposed that each

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juror should write on a slip his own estimate of the damage to be awarded. One slip was for nothing, one for five dollars, and I think one for twenty-five dollars; but the average was some fifty dollars beyond the plaintiff's own estimate! On calling attention to this and that one slip contained the grossly excessive figures of six hundred dollars, the youngest juryman, who seemed a nice sort of lad, spoke up ingenuously, saying, "that's mine. I supposed it would come to an average and thought I'd better put it high enough so as to make it all right!" Perhaps some of those who made low estimates may have had the same idea. However, we settled on a hundred-dollar verdict rather than have a mistrial; and I learned afterward that the defendant company was satisfied to get off so easy. While it thought it ought to have a verdict in its favor, it did not expect one. One of the counsel in this case was a woman lawyer, and tried her case admirably, though the jury found against her client.

In criminal trials, especially for a grave offence, there is often much difficulty in arriving at unanimity. Few cases that are defended at all are so clear as to be beyond the shadow of a doubt; and the line of cleavage is vague between what is "a reasonable doubt" to which the accused is legally entitled and the degree insufficient to acquit him. To many minds the one so insensibly merges into the other that it is hard to draw the line. Human sympathy naturally plays its part; not improperly, notwithstanding the legal theory that a juryman must attempt the impossible and dehumanize himself. It is, and ought to be, painful for a right-minded man to be obliged to send his fellow-creature to jail or to the gallows; though I have rarely seen what seemed to me a miscarriage of justice from this cause. I have more than once, however, seen an obstinate man hold up a verdict for a long time where his sympathies were enlisted, but where there seemed no reasonable doubt about the guilt of the prisoner at the bar. In one case, a charge of burglary, where the guilt seemed to me clearly established, we were kept out all night by seven of the jury who insisted on acquittal, and the cause was apparently race prejudice. Three white men were being tried, and the main evidence was that of a negro accomplice, who had turned State's witness, corroborated by two other negroes and a professional detective. One juror said to me during the weary watches of the night, "I'll never agree to send those white men to jail while that nigger gets off free!" I fancy he would have made little trouble if the question had been to send all four to jail. Detective evidence seems rarely to receive much serious consideration in the jury room.

In another case a white girl was accusing a negro of an attempt at felonious assault. Her own testimony showed that at the time of the occurrence there had been no thought of wrong on either side, but that what was merely a somewhat unseemly scuffle had been magnified by her parents into serious attempt at crime and that suggestion put into her head. Eleven of the jury in short order came to that conclusion, notwithstanding a little evident race prejudice; but the twelfth juror frankly said that he wanted conviction simply on the ground that the accused was a negro. In fact, he had made that announcement at the noon lunch recess of court, before he had heard the evidence. At the last moment, when adjournment for the night was at hand, the rest made a dead set at him and brought him in.

Where one unreasonable man is holding up a verdict in which he ought to join, all sorts of pressure is often brought to bear and there appears to be no other way out. The judge locks the jury up indefinitely to force an agreement. In England, I believe, the jurors are confined in an unfurnished room, unheated in cold weather, and given neither food nor drink until they agree. They are starved out. Here they are fed and every reasonable effort is made for their comfort during this imprisonment, though I have had to sleep on hard wooden benches or chairs. Once, the only comfortable spot I could find was the judge's high-backed chair, tilted back seductively on springs, with my feet propped up on a pile of law books on his desk; we were not confined to one room during the night, but had the range of the court-house, under guard. In the morning, after the jury was discharged, I told him he possessed the only berth in court suitable to a nap. He placidly replied, with his invariable courtesy, "I noticed this morning that somebody had been disturbing my desk" (no doubt I had

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put his books back in wrong order). "I have several times told the county commissioners they ought to provide cot-beds for jurors; I wish you would go to them and make complaint, and I will support it." Since that time they have been provided in this court.

Where simple argument fails, persuasion, and often angry denunciation, usually brings an obstinate man to terms after awhile, and after he sees the one or two others who have at first stood with him gradually fall off. It is hard for one man to stand out permanently against eleven others who are locked up in the one room with him and clamoring to be let out. Nobody likes to be isolated and most men shrink from staying in a hopeless minority. I have seen cases where the jury was at first evenly divided and where the first defection from one side to the other was speedily followed by an agreement of the whole. Some men never seem to have any firmly settled conviction, but wait to see on which side preponderance lies. And then, more than once, I think a verdict was delayed past meal time by one or two men, simply to get a good dinner at public cost. Once we were taken, in charge of two bailiffs, to one of the leading hotels of Philadelphia and served with an elaborate mid-day dinner of seven or eight courses, at United States Government expense, in the most sumptuous private parlor of the house, a room which has often been the scene of distinguished social functions and where royalty has been entertained. Under the influence of that mollifying feeding an agreement was not very much longer delayed. It is fair to say, however, that a wish to dine at public cost had nothing to do with the long delay in this case, which was due solely to the sympathy of one juror who hated to be instrumental in jailing the accused person. He did not seem to want a verdict of acquittal either; but simply a "hung jury," a disagreement which should relieve him of a feeling of personal responsibility.

A modification of the requirement of unanimity in a verdict has often been advocated as a reform. In civil cases there would not seem to be much danger in letting the judgment of nine men out of the twelve stand as the judgment of the court, reporting the divided vote as part of the verdict, so that if an appeal should be taken the figures of the vote might be considered by the appellate court. I believe in some of the newer States unanimity is not always required.

In criminal trials—and it is there that the trouble mostly arises—the case seems to be somewhat different; but in other than capital cases perhaps the judgment of ten might be taken without substantial risk of injustice. Where a man is on trial for his life, or for any crime punishable by long imprisonment even, the strong conviction of innocence in the minds of several jurymen seems to me in itself often to raise the question of a reasonable doubt of guilt. For evidence in criminal trials is often of a character hard to weigh justly in arriving at a conclusion as to truth.

There would be nothing new in accepting the judgment of a divided jury. Even an appeal to Anglo-Saxon law, so dear to the heart of the theorist in jurisprudence, will furnish precedents, and we know how sacred a thing a precedent is in the eye of bench and bar. A legal writer quotes the law of Ethelred making the verdict of a two-thirds majority valid: "Let doom stand where thanes are of one voice: if they disagree, let that stand which VIII of them say; and let those who are there outvoted pay each of them VI half marks." Like many reformers, Ethelred—or his adviser who may have framed the law—perhaps had some private doubt as to the propriety of his own reform, and added the concluding provision imposing a substantial fine upon a recalcitrant minority to insure unanimity after all; tradition and precedent are sometimes tyrannous things. One may imagine the panic of those unlucky jurors who found themselves in the fatal minority, and the scramble to change votes and escape being mulcted in "VI half marks" each. As the fine amounted to some twenty-five shillings or more in silver, and money was then vastly more valuable than now, it may easily have been a potent "discourager of hesitancy," and the obstinate juror who stood out to the end would pay well for his amusement.

The locking up of juries, actually imprisoning them, may be necessary; but any agreement reached in that way appears to correspond pretty closely in terms to what the law books call an agreement extorted "under duress of imprisonment," which is fraudulent and invalid. The authority for

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it rests on the very old precedent of court practice; and no doubt judges would find the most ample justification in law if the right were questioned, especially as there is nobody to decide on their own powers but the judges themselves. It is an indignity for a free citizen, acting as part of a court of justice, to have his liberty taken away by a show of force—for he is taken into custody, led into a room, and locked in forcibly by court officers—and he might well ask himself whether he is capable of rendering a strictly impartial verdict under restraint. Perhaps that is one way of convincing the prisoner at the bar that he is being "tried by his peers." In a recent murder trial in New York City, notorious over the whole civilized world, each juror was placed under arrest as he stepped into the jury-box, even before the case had opened, and he was kept a close prisoner —unless fortunate enough to be rejected as a juror—throughout the wearisome weeks of that trial. The excuse offered for this indignity—for it is certainly that, disguise it how you will—was that it was necessary to prevent some juryman being bribed; but it does not seem unreasonable for an honest man to ask why he should be suspected of willingness to be corrupted any more readily than the judge or the district attorney. Judges and district attorneys have been known to be bribed, or bribers, before now; perhaps on the record quite as often as jurymen. Why not lock up the judge and district attorney along with the jury to prevent the possibility, or suspicion, of their being "reached"? It would look to be simpler and more effective to buy up one judge or a prosecuting attorney, rather than twelve jurymen, which could not be done without the active assistance of the court officials themselves, and anything less would merely be the temporary relief of a mistrial. In any jury honestly drawn there will surely be at least a preponderance of honest men ready to resent and expose any attempt to corrupt them; and as a matter of notoriety in trials where scandal has arisen, popular suspicion seems more often directed against the judge or court officials than against the jury. So that imprisonment of jurors during trial appears to have proved an ineffective way of assuring public confidence in the righteousness of the court; and it is surely a hardship and, if unnecessary, an injustice, if not a misuse of judicial power. In any event, it hardly seems calculated to bring conviction of the theory that "trial by jury" is the palladium of our liberties if it is publicly announced that jurors have to be imprisoned to prevent selling themselves out.

As to the judges, considering that so many of them are elevated to the bench by political influence, or by personal political activity, we are to be congratulated on having a body of men generally of undoubted high character and containing so few who are objectionable. They are, without doubt, mostly hard-working, conscientious, able, and upright public officials. A few, a very few, possibly sometimes sell justice or allow themselves to be improperly influenced in its administration; but that is an old story, as any one who dips into the history of jurisprudence in England and other lands may know. Selling of justice is extremely ancient, older than the parable of "the unjust judge." Not quite so far back, but still ancient, there is in the Icelandic saga of "The Banded Men" an amusing tale told of a corruption of the court—a sort of court of appeals, apparently—and the details of the shifts and turns of the law are full of curious interest. It began with a criminal prosecution which was thrown out of court on a technical plea of a flaw in the indictment. The accused person was of known bad character and notoriously guilty of the crime with which he was charged; but the prosecutor was the wealthiest man in Iceland, and two of the judges concocted a scheme, in which six others joined them, to bring about a forfeiture of his goods for their joint enrichment on the ground that he had brought his accusation to court illegally. Taking advantage of their own decision as to this, the eight of them "banded together" to spoil the unlucky litigant, who prepared to fly with what portable goods he could carry. He was approached, however, by a shrewd and unscrupulous lawyer who persuaded him to hand over a large sum in silver, promising to buy him a judgment in his favor. This able counsel first went separately to two of the most needy of the eight judges—the "Banded Men"—and bought them up privately, obtaining from each a promise to act if the other one would join him. Then by a series of ingenious

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legal manœuvres he arranged that the decision of the court should lie in the hands of these two whom he had bought and whom the other six of "The Banded Men" were quite ready to trust to make the decision of forfeiture which was sure to incur popular odium, cunningly expecting to reap the benefit and escape the blame. However, when decision came to be rendered and it was found that a nominal fine was imposed, as the saga quaintly puts it, "the Banded Men were exceedingly ill-content with this ending of the case." The two repentant conspirators justified their action on the same ground that the man who turns State's evidence takes: that it is much better to forsake your fellow wrong-doers and do the right thing—being paid for it—than to continue in evil. From all of which we see that human nature in ancient Iceland was pretty much the same as it is in America, and elsewhere, to-day. The case itself recalls in some features the famous case of the conspiring oil refiners in New York State who were convicted of murder in blowing up an independent refinery and causing loss of life, carried it on appeal to every higher court in the State, the verdict of conviction being affirmed on every appeal, and finally, by a rare excess of judicial severity, were sentenced, for murder, to pay a fine of one thousand dollars each!

Having in mind ancient and modern instances of judicial malversation, only too frequent, though doubtless not in proportion to the talk about it, the honest juror, whom the court is benevolently trying to shield from a temptation to forswear himself, might ask with some show of justice why he should specially be picked out for suspicion? And he might ask, too, whether there is anything in the Constitutional provision that "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States," to save him from being locked up. He might ask, and no doubt "the court" would answer him quite to his satisfaction; and show him, constructively, that however he might be in physical durance, as a theory of the law—not to say a legal figment—he wasn't locked up, or imprisoned, or restrained of his liberty, or in duress at all; but that really he was enjoying a very dignified position as a chief constituent of the court, under suspicion unfortunately, engaged in the solemn and important public function of trying a fellow "peer" for his life. Whether the person being tried has any right to object to a verdict rendered by a jury in the custody of tipstaves or bailiffs—under legalized "duress of imprisonment," one might call it—is a question which judges would, no doubt, have scant patience to answer. As to "involuntary servitude," being forced to serve against one's will under lock and key is certainly a form of that forbidden thing in the ordinary usage of speech, however easy it may be to say that in the eye of the law it does not mean it.

The whole matter ought to be definitely regulated by statute; and it seems worth considering whether better results might not be had by leaving the jury to the natural liberty of free citizens. The "honor system" has been found to work very well with lads at college and to have promoted honesty in examinations; is it more likely to fail in the case of mature men engaged in an important public duty? The college lad when treated as a suspect is found often to yield to that suggestive influence, and, on the other hand, to respond well to the power of the suggestion that he can be trusted. The juryman is called upon to fill a position of public trust; is he less likely than an immature boy to respond to the suggestion of trust? The juror of the better sort can hardly avoid a more or less conscious sense of indignity in being placed in custody; and I think that is one of the reasons why he often tries to escape service and serves reluctantly when he is obliged to. There has been frequent complaint of the character of juries, often without justification; but only selected names go upon the lists from which jurymen are drawn and the fault lies with those whose duty it is to make up the lists. If every member of the bar were obliged to serve a term as a juryman it would not hurt him, and if the judge were called upon occasionally to step down from the bench for the same service he would probably learn something of value in the conduct of his official duty. It should not compromise his dignity, if the importance of trial by jury is really so great as the text-books say.

In any event, whatever makes for the real dignity of the juryman's position and his sense of it, cannot be otherwise than of public benefit so long as we cling to the system.

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If indignity is unavoidable, by all means let us endure it patiently; but if it is not, let us have better conditions. If the lawyer thinks the present treatment of juries is perfect, he is the very man to try it; but his fellow-members of the bar would doubtless challenge him every time he stepped into the box.

If any reform is needed it is a question, with something to be said on both sides, whether it should be by legislative enactment or simply by the initiative of the judges in changing rules of court. It is undoubtedly the theory on which this republic was founded that the people should govern themselves by their own laws, enacted by legislative bodies whom they should elect for that purpose, rather than by court-made law. The late James C. Carter, in his posthumous work, held strenuously that what he called "the unwritten law," founded on "the customs of a free people," is higher and superior to the "written" or statute law; but that is not at all the conviction which inspired the framers of this government. In the United States there is no law except what is sanctioned by some sort of legislative act by those who stand as representatives of the people. The Common Law of England is only law in these American States where it has been expressly so sanctioned, and in at least one State is not law. Indeed, in our early history so strong was the fear of English court decisions, which make up the body of the Common Law, as McMaster shows in his monumental "History of the People of the United States," that in 1810 the Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act "forbidding the citation of any English decisions made since July fourth, 1776." This remained the law in Pennsylvania for twenty-five years, the act not being repealed until 1836, as Dr. McMaster tells me.

The courts and the judges are themselves creatures of statute, and perhaps any extension or limitation of their powers may most safely be accomplished by enactment rather than be left to the discretion of judges of court. In the theory of this republic government is to be conducted by three separated and distinct departments:

First, the legislative bodies are to make or change the law, acting as the elected representatives of "the sovereign people."

Second, the executive department is to execute the law and carry it into effect.

Third, the judicial department is to interpret the law, when required, and to give judgment under the law after judicial examination, whether by jury trial or otherwise in the nature of the case.

Now the judges of the court have held that without power to execute its judgments the court is impotent and its judgment futile and of none effect; therefore as necessary to that postulate the judges have assumed executive power. Under the guise of interpretation they have often assumed legislative power as well, to set aside or annul enacted law, or change its effect, or to make new law. That seems to be a simple historic fact. We have been blessed with good judges, in the main able and upright men, and those who have been incompetent or corrupt have been held in check by the others. Otherwise government of this republic, under the theory of the courts, would long ago have degenerated into an intolerable oligarchy. In present legal theory it is now, in the last analysis, a benevolent and righteous oligarchy of judges who, by mandamus or injunction or other process of court, may assume supreme executive or even legislative control.

Dean Trickett, of the Dickinson School of Law, a distinguished writer on legal subjects, in the *North American Review* of August 16, 1907, holds that it was not the intention of the men who framed and adopted the Constitution to give power to the Supreme Court to nullify an act of Congress; but, having assumed that power, who is to take it away? Congress might repeal the act creating the Supreme Court, and the justices would, of course, go out of office immediately the repealer went into effect—unless they found the repealing act unconstitutional, which would create an interesting situation indeed.

However, while there appear to be plenty of theoretic dangers to freedom from the assumptions of the courts, there has yet been nothing seriously to excite alarm as to judicial encroachments, not only because judges are mostly righteous and able, but also because they have proved rather curiously amenable to general public sentiment. This has been notably so in certain United States Supreme Court decisions; though it might have been expected that these justices, being appointed for life, would be even more removed from the influence of popular opin-

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ion than the elected judges. If it had not been for this susceptibility of the courts to public sentiment, it is hard to think just what might have happened before now.

So if jurymen have any woes to complain of it may be quite unnecessary to appeal to the legislatures if they can enlist public interest on their side. But legislative action might, after all, be the shorter and easier method of reform. If it did nothing more it would bring the subject before the public eye; especially, no doubt, if the courts should proceed to nullify the act of the legislature.

If trial by jury has outgrown its usefulness, as some of the legal profession appear to think, by all means let us abolish it. But if it is actually so important to liberty as we have been taught, surely the conditions under which it is applied to the well-being of society ought to be under constant and watchful scrutiny; and anything which strengthens its power for good ought to be of the highest consideration, while whatever may weaken or hurt it is to be sternly resented.

Either way it seems proper matter for some seriousness, and for careful reflection. Undoubtedly there is an existing tendency to hold it in frivolous regard, if not in contempt.

A FROZEN BROOK

By Louise Driscoll

WHAT do you dream, O Stream, as you sleep so long?
Hint of the black morass where your mother stays?
Kiss of the meadow-grass in your early ways?
Where the sweet kine came to drink and the even-song
Of a thousand birds rang out in the dusk of days?

Tell me your dream, O Stream, as you sleep so still.
Leaves that are stirred at dawn and flowers that bend,
Looking, like love for a word in the eyes of a friend?
Seeing themselves as love in love's eyes will?
Giving a dream for a dream 'till the world shall end?

What do you dream, O Stream, in your long, still sleep?
Is it of oceans wide to you unknown,
Blank in their waste of pride and depths unshown,
Where myriad streams lie in Nirvana deep?
O contemplating Buddhist, wrapt and lone!

Tell me your dream, O Stream,—would you forget
Life that was near and sweet; gold, green and blue?
Press of the little feet that came to you?
The thirsting comforted, the parched thing wet?
For the wide, blank waste of the sea you never knew.

Dream, Stream, dream, for your way is long,
And the end of streams is the wide, wide waste of the sea.
At the end of dreams the waves wait hungrily.
Hush of the little feet and the even-song,
The breathing earth and Springs that are to be!

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THE RETURN

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

PROLOGUE

THE DEPARTURE

THE sharp flurry of snow was over, and in the cleared air of the frosty New Year's Day, 1794, drawing to its close, Monsieur the Marquis walked quickly on his way. His way lay along the old rue de Manège that stretched the length of the Jardin National, but lately the Jardin Royal des Tuileries. Once only did Monsieur the Marquis let his glance drift across the snowy street to the erstwhile royal gardens. A look of fine disdain, of sombre rage, swept over his handsome face, and withdrawing his gaze, looking neither to the right nor left, he walked still more quickly onward.

As he neared the Church of the Oratory a sudden sound made him halt. He knew only too well what it meant, and, leaning against the high iron railing, he waited with averted eyes for the tumbril to pass on its way to the Place de la Guillotine.

When the wagon and its burden had vanished down the darkening street, Monsieur the Marquis turned away and, with a passion of rage and sorrow tearing at his heart, walked quickly on once more. A thousand thoughts crushed his brain, but the dominant one was that the last bond of duty and allegiance that bound him to his unhappy country had snapped. For the first time he felt himself free—free to go as others had gone. He had scorned to flee, to take up arms against his country with those noble renegades who had sneaked out of France; his honor had demanded that he trust his country with his life and property. But now, under the Terror, what life was safe for an instant, what properties beyond the reach of the lawless villains in power?

He quickened his pace. He was glad now that he had sent his young brother Raoul out of the country. The lad was safe with his tutor in Coblentz. As for himself, there was no time to lose now. He must get out of the accursed country with his wife and child at the earliest possible moment, and when once they were in some safe retreat, he would join the Prince de Condé's army in Coblentz.

At the rue du Pont Neuf he hesitated. He felt that he could not see his wife just yet, he was too much agitated, and there were many things he must think over and decide before going to her. But time pressed hard, and after an instant's indecision he turned to the right and, following the street to the Quay du Louvre, gained the Pont Neuf. Midway the bridge he stopped once more, and, leaning against the parapet, stared out over the dark river. The cold night wind struck on his hot cheeks and forehead and cleared his brain. Old beliefs dropped from him. His illusions crashed about his ears with the suddenness and confusion of a physical shock. He realized for the first time that the greatest good can sometimes be the greatest wrong, and that he, the soldier who had fought for American liberty and democracy under Lafayette, must now join the kingly force across the Rhine and fight for monarchy.

At the thought of America his face once more darkened. His wife was an American. The young French lieutenant who had gone to America to fight had stayed to woo, and when the war was over and he sailed away to France she, who had been the lovely Miss Henrietta King of Richmond, joyfully sailed with him.

"Would to God I had left her safe in her peaceful America," he groaned, looking out over the turbulent city. As he looked, a throng of ragged men, bearing lighted torches that dripped fire, and brandishing reeking weapons, passed him, holding high in their midst a bloody head on a pike.

"This mad, terror-ridden city is no place for me and mine," thought Monsieur with a shudder, and turning he made his way to the rue Dauphine, and so along the Boulevard St. Germain to the old rue de la

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Planche, where had stood for generations the great mansion of the d'Aubignys.

Monsieur the Marquis pushed open the big iron gates that swung between the two carved stone pillars, and closing them quickly behind him silently gazed around. A feathery sprinkling of snow lay over everything—over the courtyard where stretched long shadows from the pointed turrets, sharply defined in the cold starlight; over the abandoned walks and the leafless trees and shrubs of the garden which in springtime flung a wealth of perfume over the high walls into the hot streets. He looked at the familiar scene with rising emotion.

"'Tis perhaps the last time I shall see it thus—or ever!" he thought sadly. "This time to-morrow we must be away if we are ever to quit this accursed city."

The necessity for instant action forced itself upon him, and with only one more glance about him, he quickly crossed the court-yard and, passing under the *porte cochère*, entered the great hall.

In the salon Madame d'Aubigny awaited him. She sprang to her feet as her husband entered.

"Albert!" she breathed, half sobbing. D'Aubigny went quickly to her.

"I was—detained," he said, smiling and putting an arm about her. He had recovered his composure and greeted her with all the cheerfulness at his command. "And the child?" he asked.

Madame d'Aubigny touched a silver bell. A middle-aged woman appeared at the door—one of the three faithful followers left in the great house.

"The child," said Madame d'Aubigny.

In an instant the woman was back with a curly-headed boy of six, who fled to his father, and was swung to the broad shoulder, where he perched happily, smiling down on his mother.

'Twas a pretty picture—the great room with the fire leaping up brightly on the marble hearth, above which looked down that warrior ancestor who had led one of the victorious battalions at Fontenoy under the Maréchal Saxe; the tapering flame of the wax candles in the gilded sconces on the walls reflected in the polished parquetry, and, lighting up the portrait of Monsieur the Marquis, but lately done by de la Tour, which hung near the door above a small Clouet; the warm velvet curtains at the long windows, that shut out the cold and the night; the low gilt fauteuils, the gleam of marble figures, and, above all, the child laughing from his father's shoulder, while the mother looked fondly up at him.

As they stood thus, happy and secure, there came a sudden knocking at the great *porte cochère*. Almost instantly the clangor ceased, the door was forced open, and an armed guard, accompanied by an agent of the *Comité Revolutionnaire*, burst into the room.

Monsieur d'Aubigny faced them.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, citizens?" he demanded sternly, glancing from one to another of the villainous-looking soldiers and then at the agent of the Revolutionary Committee.

The agent Pellin took a step forward and laid a hand on d'Aubigny's arm.

"I must do my duty, citizen d'Aubigny," he muttered.

"Since when has it become your duty to force an entrance into a gentleman's house?"

"Since receiving instructions from the *Comité Revolutionnaire* to arrest you, citizen d'Aubigny, and present you before the *Comité de Salut Public* sitting in secret session this night!"

"And the charges?" asked d'Aubigny steadily.

"Correspondence with the *emigré* citizen, formerly Monsieur le Prince de Condé; assisting in the escape of the *emigré*, formerly Monsieur le Comte Raoul d'Aubigny——"

"Ah!"

Pellin looked around at his men. "Do your duty, citizen soldiers," he growled.

At the words Madame d'Aubigny, her face blanched as white as the dress she wore, sprang to her husband's side.

"You shall not take him!" she cried in a terrible voice.

D'Aubigny, encumbered with the child still clinging about his neck in terror and his wife who had thrown herself on his breast, was powerless to fight, even had he not realized that resistance was as unwise as useless.

"Call off your men!" he commanded fiercely. "I surrender to the authority you represent—call off these cutthroats of yours!"

Pellin looked at d'Aubigny. "Stand back!" he growled surlily to his men. He

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motioned them back and came close to d'Aubigny.

"Monsieur," he whispered, "I regret this—but what will you?—orders must be obeyed or my own head pays. I will do what I can—is there anything?——"

"Yes," said d'Aubigny, and putting down the child, he drew the man aside and spoke a few words to him in a low tone. Then he turned to his wife. "Riette," he said, "it is unnecessary for me to tell you what a summons before the *Comité de Salut Public* means. So, instead of attempting any resistance, I have bargained with this gentleman here"—a smile flickered for an instant over Monsieur's scornful lip—"for a few thousand francs to be allowed to place you and the child in security—what security there is in this accursed place," he cried, blazing out into sudden wrath. "Some warm wraps for Madame and the child, quickly," he said, turning to the serving-woman who had stood transfixed with fear. "There is but little time—these impetuous gentlemen will brook no delay," and he smiled bitterly.

Madame d'Aubigny looked up at her husband. "Let me stay with thee, Albert, go to prison, die with thee! What will life be without thee?" she cried imploringly.

"And the child?" questioned d'Aubigny sadly.

She looked down at the boy. "Where art thou taking us?" she asked faintly.

"To the one asylum I know of in this doomed city—to the American Legation, where I shall put thee and the child under the protection of our friend Monsieur Gouverneur Morris. He will not refuse me, I know"; and wrapping her in the warm cloak which the trembling servant had brought, he half led, half carried her and the child from the room, followed closely by Pellin and his men.

The Legation in the rue de la Planche, but a short distance from the Hôtel d'Aubigny, was alight, and Mr. Morris himself came out to greet them. He started back in amazement and alarm at sight of Henriette's pale, tear-stained face and the soldiers who kept close to d'Aubigny.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" he demanded.

"I have been arrested and summoned to appear immediately before the *Comité de Salut Public*. As I know only too well what the outcome will be, I obtained the favor of bringing my wife and child to you for protection, sure that you would not fail us," and d'Aubigny looked anxiously at Mr Morris.

"Nor will I! God alone knows whether or not this spot will afford you protection, but I pledge you, d'Aubigny, to do all I can for your wife and child. I have not violated the neutrality of the Legation by inviting you here, but now that you are come, I will not refuse my aid, let the consequences be what they may!"

"I knew I could count upon you!" said d'Aubigny, much moved. "I go to my death with a lighter heart now that I know they are in your care. What I most wish," he went on hurriedly, "is that as soon as may be—by the next boat, if possible—Henriette and Albert shall be sent back to America—away from this accursed, terror-stricken France! Would to God I had never brought her to it! Later, perhaps, when the times are changed, they will come back——"

Henriette, who had stood silent during all this hurried interview as if in a trance of fear, suddenly turned to her husband, her face white and blazing with wrath.

"Never!" she cried, "Never! I renounce this country now and forever! Do you think I will return to this France which has murdered my husband, orphaned my child? Never!" and she broke out into terrible sobs, echoed by the little Albert, who clung to her in terror.

"Do not forget the boy is French, Riette," said d'Aubigny.

She put the weeping child down and sank to her knees at his feet.

"He is not!" she cried passionately, raising her hand in anguished protest. "From this night forward I renounce his country for him! From this night he shall be of my land—an American! I shall teach him to forget this wicked, blood-stained France, the people he has known and loved here, the very language he speaks! He shall remember thee, only thee, Albert!" and rising she flung herself into her husband's arms in an agony of passion and grief.

"It shall be as thou dost wish, Riette," said d'Aubigny, very gently, looking down into her agonized face. "Give him this to remember his father and his father's people by," and detaching a seal that hung from

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the ribbon of his watch-fob, he handed it to his wife. It was a richly wrought circlet of gold set with a piece of lapis lazuli of a wonderful deep blue, in which was carved the crest of the d'Aubignys: a chevron or between three crescents argent, impaling a gryphon passant and the motto—*Passez bien devant.*

There was a movement at the door, and Pellin came forward.

"Citizen d'Aubigny—time presses——"

"I am ready, Pellin," said d'Aubigny quietly, and with a gesture of gratitude to Mr. Morris and a last kiss of farewell to his wife and son, Monsieur the Marquis, followed by Pellin and his soldiers, turned away, and in an instant had gone out into the night and the unknown.

I

THERE had been a short, pelting rain—just enough to clear the air of a touch of spring sultriness and to lay the dust on the asphalt pavements. The horse-chestnuts glistened in the renewed brilliancy of the afternoon sunshine, and whiffs of fragrant moisture were wafted over high walls from concealed gardens.

As Mrs. Dabney sped up the Champs Elysées in her Brazier motor she marvelled anew for the thousandth time at the alluring loveliness of Paris, at the finish and perfection of that capital of the world, so different from the crude wonderfulness of her native Chicago.

It was her first trip abroad, although she was forty-six, and her husband was worth the comfortable sum—from an American point of view—of ten millions, all made by the manufacture and sale of "Dabney's Flour"—"high as the Himalayas in quality."

That she had not been to Europe before was entirely her own fault, for Mr. Dabney was a typical American husband, generous and self-immolating to a fault. It would have seemed to him a natural and appropriate course of action had his wife and daughter elected to abandon him to his untiring commercial activities and spend much of their time and his money abroad. But Mrs. Dabney was not a typical American wife, and it had been her fond and oft-repeated boast that she had never been away a day from her husband in the twenty-five years of their married life.

This somewhat appalling period of fidelity had had an end six months before when, by the urgent advice of Mrs. Melville Peck, the entreaties of her daughter, now twenty, in whom *velléités* for the rue de la Paix were beginning to stir, and the enthusiastic consent of her husband, she had engaged the best state rooms on board the *Kronprinzessen Irma* and sailed for Genoa.

Of course Mrs. Melville Peck went with them as their guest. That lady had a way of making herself so invaluable to friends about to start on foreign trips that she invariably ended by accompanying them at their expense. To Mrs. Dabney, her friend's frequent journeys abroad and knowing attitude toward the small Parisian shops, unheard of by the vast body of touring Americans, for whom only the Bon Marché and the Magasins du Louvre exist commercially, coupled with the authenticated fact that she had twice been entertained at the country houses of English aristocracy, made her seem a person profoundly versed in European experiences. It was not, therefore, astonishing that Mrs. Dabney and her daughter ceaselessly congratulated themselves on having secured Mrs. Peck as a travelling companion, especially since she had undeniably engineered her friends' continental tour from the first with no small amount of skill and success. Their march on Paris—in a sixty-horse-power Brazier—by way of the Italian Riviera, Rome, Florence, and Geneva, had been a succession of small social conquests. Wherever they went they left behind them a very distinct impression of unlimited wealth and a number of highly desirable acquaintances.

Undoubtedly the most notable of these had been a young French nobleman, the Marquis Raoul d'Aubigny. Just how such a brilliant luminary had swung into their orbit Mrs. Dabney scarcely knew. As the untrained eye is blind to the revelations of the microscope, so Mrs. Dabney's undisciplined social instincts ignored those subtle processes by which Mrs. Peck had attracted the young Marquis and attached him to her party. That he was attracted and attached was amply obvious, and with that net result Mrs. Dabney was entirely contented. Her daughter, as the one most directly interested, also seemed contented with the situation, and allowed the young

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man to follow her—at discreet distances and with frequent ingenuously contrived accidental meetings—from Rome to the French capital.

It was in Paris that all the rays of pleasure which had so highly illuminated their continental trip were focussed into one blaze of delightful enjoyment. The vivacity of their impressions and their capacity for sight-seeing were in inverse ratio to their experience. To such unflagging zest for adventure Mrs. Melville Peck could only yield the sort of admiration that does not include imitation, and having "done" Paris repeatedly herself, she left her friends to frequent solitary excursions.

It was on such an occasion shortly after their arrival that, having spent a couple of hours in the Musée Carnavalet, Mrs. Dabney and her daughter found themselves speeding up the Champs Elysées toward their hotel in the brilliant sunshine of a May afternoon. As the big motor skimmed over the wet asphalt the charm of life, *la joie de vivre*, penetrated to the innermost fibre of Mrs. Dabney's being.

"I declare to gracious, Nettie," she said solemnly, turning to her daughter, "if I'd known Paris was like *this*, wild horses couldn't have kept me in Chicago! I'd been running over every year, and if your father hadn't wanted to come, he'd just have had to stay home by himself!"

The girl—she was extremely pretty, with a slim, aristocratic loveliness that is the marvel of our astonishing western civilization—leaned luxuriously back against the cushions of the car, looking out at the brilliant *va et vient* of the crowded avenue.

"It's great!" she declared. "Better than Rome."

"My goodness, yes," said Mrs. Dabney reflectively. "The Coliseum was all right, but the Forum was awfully scrappy."

The girl murmured an inarticulate assent.

"Geneva's a nice place—the lake is pretty, but it doesn't look a tenth as big as Lake Michigan," ran on Mrs Dabney.

"Geneva!" cried the girl scornfully. "Why Geneva isn't in it with Paris! This is just simply the most beautiful place I ever saw. I'd like to live here."

Mrs. Dabney laughed. "It looks as if you'll have your wish, Nettie," she declared teasingly. The girl blushed and laughed, too, as she met her mother's glance. Mrs. Melville Peck often remarked to interested spectators that one of the most delightful things about the Dabneys was the *bonne camaraderie*—Mrs. Peck had never found an adequate translation for that useful phrase—existing between the mother and daughter.

"The Marquis certainly is smitten," went on Mrs. Dabney delightedly. "It's about time he was turning up again. We haven't seen him for four days now, and of course we'll see more than ever of him here. 'My foot is on my native heath, my name it is—' why, Nettie!" she cried suddenly breaking off, "there he is now—in that brougham," and leaning out of the car she smiled and bowed to a good-looking young man who cleverly contrived to return her salutation with impressiveness the while he was signalling frantically to his coachman to turn and follow the motor.

He caught up with them as the chauffeur slowed down at the hotel entrance and, springing out of his carriage, assisted the ladies to alight.

"What luck!" he exclaimed in excellent English. "I had just left the hotel in despair—they told me you were out!"

"We've been to that Carnavalet Museum," explained Mrs. Dabney. "It was awfully interesting, but I am famished. Picture galleries and museums always make me hungry. Come right up and let's have tea," and she discreetly led the way while the two young people followed slowly.

"I took the liberty of sending you up some flowers," said Monsieur d'Aubigny to the young girl in a low voice, the boldness of which proceeding was instantly mitigated by the almost shy glance he let rest upon her.

"You are very kind," she replied in a voice and manner that matched his own and surprised herself. She had discovered, somewhat to her secret irritation, that she was continually being surprised by her attitude toward this young Frenchman. It was as if in answer to some unspoken appeal on his part she unconsciously transformed herself into as near an approach as possible to the ideal of young womanhood to which he was accustomed.

"When did you arrive in Paris?" she asked as they slowly mounted the broad stairway together, and even as she asked the question she wondered humorously to herself how she would have put it had

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Once only did Monsieur the Marquis let his glance drift across the snowy street.—Page 96.

this young Frenchman been a compatriot—"when did you blow in?" or something equally breezy.

"Yesterday morning."

"Yesterday—!" she arched her well-marked eyebrows and assumed an aggrieved look, but her eyes fell before the glance Monsieur d'Aubigny bent upon her.

"Ah," he said slowly, "of course I had to pay my respects to my mother."

"I wanted to come sooner—you know that well enough—" he hazarded when

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they were seated by one of the long French windows in Mrs. Dabney's ornate salon that gave on the Champs Elysées—"but—well, my mother had a good many business affairs to discuss with me. I have been away quite a while, you know."

"Yes," assented the girl calmly, but she looked at d'Aubigny curiously. Something different in his appearance and manner had struck her from the first moment of meeting at the hotel entrance. He sat opposite her on one of the numerous gilt fauteuils the salon boasted, and in the full radiance of the afternoon sun. By the clear light she noted that the genial, youthful expression of his face had given place to a tired, harassed look, just as the former gay spontaneity of manner had vanished in favor of a rather constrained attitude. Suddenly the girl leaned forward.

"What is the matter—you don't look well," she said impulsively.

The young man pushed back his blonde hair from his forehead with a nervous gesture.

"Oh, I'm all right," he declared. "I'm just a bit tired discussing so many things with my mother. You see, in France, the young—even young men—are not free agents—they must accept advice, be dictated to, submit in most cases even when their views differ radically, and my mother is a very determined woman. Understand me," he went on hastily, "we are the best of friends, and she is a wonderful woman; but sometimes, of course, we have different ideas." He paused, and then added hopefully as he bent over her white hand of which he had possessed himself, "but every thing will, *must* come out all right!"

The young girl drew back in some confusion, and d'Aubigny sprang to his feet as Mrs. Dabney entered—she had disappeared a moment after reaching the salon with the amiable consideration of the American mother who realizes to the full and without bitterness that visiting young men come to see her daughters, and not herself. She was accompanied by Mrs. Melville Peck, and followed almost immediately by servants with the tea service.

In the general conversation which followed there could, of course, be no recurrence to the note of intimacy between d'Aubigny and Miss Dabney, and the young girl could only sit silent, wondering perplexedly what had happened to so evidently disturb him, and letting the two older ladies make the conversation.

"We are charmed with your city! Mrs. Dabney and Nettie here can't get enough of it, indefatigable sight-seers though they are," declared Mrs. Peck to the young man in a pause of the rather perfunctory talk.

"It's too simply exquisite! Nettie and I spent hours in the Louvre yesterday—I don't mean the Magasins—" Mrs. Dabney smiled archly and knowingly, "and if we could have had our poor tired feet 'restored' like the statues, we would have stayed there the rest of the day."

D'Aubigny smiled. "When it comes to 'doing' Paris, as you say, one finds it rather overwhelming. I am hoping you will allow me to show you some of the sights of my native city," he added, looking at Miss Dabney.

"How very kind of you! We shall be delighted."

"It is doubly kind, because there are certain things we can't see without you, my dear Marquis," interjected Mrs. Peck adroitly.

"For example?" asked the young man somewhat bewildered.

"Oh, I mean all the fascinating, *old* part of Paris, the Faubourg part—that undiscovered country of the tourist that you keep shut up, out of sight behind high walls. I know we are welcome to your museums and galleries and the big hotels and cafés and theatres—all this vast, glittering part of Paris that we can help pay for—but what *we* want to see is the other part—the part we can't buy!"

The young man met this with a bow and a gleam of amusement in his eye at the lady's astuteness; but as he gazed thoughtfully at the tip of his glossy boot, it seemed to Miss Dabney that the slightly harassed look on his face deepened.

"Ah, that would be very easy," he finally declared pleasantly. "My mother and sister are impatient to make your acquaintance, and I hope I may shortly have the honor of showing you ladies my home, which happens to be in the part of Paris you desire to see, and perhaps you will be good enough to consider it as fairly typical."

"My dear Marquis, how delightful!" Mrs. Dabney's easily aroused enthusiasm made of this little cry a pæan of praise,

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while Mrs. Peck murmured a pleased acceptance in a lower key.

"I will call for you if I may," said the young man as he rose to go with a comprehensive bow that included the three—"tomorrow afternoon at five."

II

It was with an almost solemn pleasure that the two older ladies made ready the following afternoon for their first incursion into the *terre inconnue* of the Faubourg. As for the young girl, her secret perturbations made of the occasion a rather fearful joy. She could not conceal from herself that the visit was fraught with large possibilities, and it was with an access of nervousness entirely foreign to her usual self-sufficiency that she found herself at the entrance to the Hôtel d'Aubigny in the old rue de la Planche.

Monsieur d'Aubigny was obviously anxious also, but Mrs. Dabney was far too absorbed in joyous anticipations to be capable of feeling anything so personal as nervousness. As the motor turned in through the big iron gates that swung between their carved stone pillars her anticipations, however, were swallowed up in amazement at the reality presented to her view. The old garden stretching its length in formal rows parallel with the high stucco walls that completely enclosed it; the modest château, almost invisible from the quiet street, rearing its undistinguished façade above a small court-yard whereon pointed turrets threw tapering shadows in the afternoon sunshine, formed a picture sadly at variance with her preconceived ideas of the architectural splendors of the Faubourg and the naked opulence of familiar Lake Shore residences.

If the unpretentious exterior of the Hôtel d'Aubigny had plunged her in amazement, the richness and taste of the interior, to which she was introduced on the threshold, astonished her equally. From the great entrance hall, with its stairway and balustrade carved in writhing salamanders—a portion of the château dated from the time of Francis I—they passed into a salon of noble proportions, at the far end of which sat Madame d'Aubigny in solitary, but obviously accustomed, state.

Mrs. Dabney could never afterward recall just what her uninformed idea of a French countess of the old order had been, but certainly the reality as presented to her in the person of Madame d'Aubigny did not tally with her expectations. Madame d'Aubigny was tall and thin, with an angular thinness that could scarcely be termed aristocratic, and her clothes were such as went far to excuse the ill-concealed amazement of the American ladies. But when one noted the steady gleam of the fine, dark eyes, the firm cut of lip and jaw, one easily divined that, after all, Madame d'Aubigny might be a personage.

She received her visitors with a consummate dignity and aloofness of manner which were calculated to chill the warmth of any unconsidered advances as effectually as an ice-pack reduces a fever, and which conveyed to the astute intelligence of Mrs. Peck, at least, a hint of the reluctance with which she had consented to receive her son's friends.

Before such reserve Mrs. Dabney's cordial irrelevances lapsed into more or less embarrassed silence; and the easy "cosmopolitanism" of Mrs. Peck's manner—which she had counted confidently upon to ingratiate her into the favor of another woman of the world—suddenly seemed to resemble the very flower of provincialism.

Only the young girl seemed impervious to the chilly social atmosphere. Although she was conscious of a scarcely veiled antagonism in the attitude of Madame d'Aubigny, her bearing was as gravely dignified and unembarrassed as that of her hostess. The nervousness which she had felt on entering had dropped from her, and in the great rooms of the Hôtel d'Aubigny she felt herself inexplicably at ease. Looking at her, the young man told himself he had never seen her beauty to such an advantage. It was as if she were some gem which had suddenly found a perfect setting.

In the felicity of his emotions he exerted himself to the utmost to dispel his mother's reserve toward his guests, but without much success, and it was with undisguised relief that he saw the door open and his sister advance into the room.

Madame la Baronne de Guéret, a small blonde, habitually dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, resembled her mother only in being thin, but was astonishingly like her brother in face and manner. She was one of the *émancipée* young Parisian matrons, going in for "*le sport*," and enjoying herself tremendously wherever

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

"But everything will, *must* come out all right!"—Page 102.

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she went. She rather affected American society, and greeted her brother's visitors cordially. With this younger lady Nettie Dabney immediately felt on friendly terms, while Madame de Guéret on her part regarded the American girl with a somewhat quizzical interest that betrayed a sympathetic knowledge of her brother's affairs apparently as yet unshared by his mother.

"My brother speaks much of you," she murmured to the young girl under cover of the desultory talk going on at the other end of the table where tea was being served.

Miss Dabney colored slightly. "He has been most kind and useful, too," she returned.

"Useful! Usefulness is scarcely Raoul's distinguishing characteristic," exclaimed Madame de Guéret, and she smiled an amused smile.

"My mother and I have a talent for getting ourselves into difficulties while travelling, and on several occasions Monsieur d'Aubigny has come to our aid."

"Ah, I can understand that that would give him great pleasure," murmured Madame de Guéret—"only I had thought that travelling could present no difficulties to Americans."

"It is our first trip abroad," said the girl stiffly. For some reason which she did not stop to analyze, she felt impelled to explain herself fully to Madame de Guéret—the most superficial piece of reticence suddenly seemed impossible to her overstrained perceptions. "I have never been in Paris or in a French home before," she added with gratuitous explicitness.

"But that is delightful!" cried Madame de Guéret rising. "Raoul," she called to her brother, "Miss Dabney has never seen a French *intérieur*. Let us show her the house and gardens."

As the little party passed from one nobly proportioned apartment to another, up the famous *escalier*, and through the great gallery that ran the width of the house and gave upon the court-yard, the admiration of the American ladies found expression in staccato exclamations of surprise and delight. Even to their undisciplined senses the artistic coherency of the Hôtel d'Aubigny—so different from that gay catholicity of taste to which they were accustomed and which revels in the juxtaposition of "Louis Seize" drawing-rooms and Moorish lounges behind a Georgian exterior—appealed powerfully, and the gardens into which they presently emerged, and which had, on entering, struck them as lacking size and brilliancy, now seemed the suitably sober complement of the chaste loveliness of the house within.

Into the subdued richness of this picture the old Marquise d'Aubigny fitted perfectly. To the American girl, watching her with astonished and observant eyes, it occured forcibly that it would be a mental impossibility to disassociate her for an instant from her surroundings. For the first time the young girl realized what it meant to be the descendant of an old house, the representative of a great family. It was as though all the historical associations with which the house teemed were visibly attached to one person—as though the long shafts of light sent down from an immemorial past were focussed on one head. She had the stinging sensation of being herself incredibly detached and modern, and in the moment of her illumination she saw with disconcerting clearness her own position and the inevitable attitude of Monsieur d'Aubigny's family in the event of her marriage to him. Even the great *dot* which she could bring would not temper the severity of that attitude, as the d'Aubignys were obviously wealthy, as wealth goes in France.

But if the girl was troubled by these reflections, she gave no sign, and Madame de Guéret, watching her in amused amazement, pronounced her a miracle of adaptability. And nowhere did she seem more at ease, more her usual beautiful young self, than in the great salon lined with portraits of dead and gone d'Aubignys, to which they presently returned from the garden. There, if anywhere, thought Madame de Guéret, this young American girl would feel impressed by the traditions and glory of her family. Perhaps it was with some faintly amused idea of bringing it home to her that, as the two older ladies still lingered over their wraps, she murmured an invitation to the young girl to make a tour of the room with her.

She stopped before the marble chimney-piece. "That," she said, looking up at the great portrait which hung above it, "is one of our ancestors who led a charge at Fontenoy under the Maréchal Saxe. It was to him the King gave the estates we still hold

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in Touraine. I have always wished I had known him—I like his looks!"

The girl looked at the portrait. "So do I," she said, smiling; "but I think I like this gentleman's even better," and she turned to a portrait hanging near the door above a small Clouet. It was the portrait of a young man of very noble countenance and bearing, dressed in the fashion of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Madame de Guéret followed the young girl's glance. "You should do no less," she declared gayly, "for he liked Americans so well that he married one. He is the only d'Aubigny—so far—" and she glanced mischievously at the girl—"who has so distinguished himself." She waited, but her railleries did not pierce the girl's composure, and after an instant's unsuccessful pause, she went on.

"Raoul knows the story better than I—he was our great-great-uncle, and a very brave and unfortunate gentleman. He fought in your American Revolution and married an American lady. He was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. I am not sure but that my mother thinks it was a just punishment for having married an American," she added, laughing a little maliciously. "Our own great-grandfather, whom he had got out of the country to the Elector of Trèves, was saved, and under Louis Philippe the estates and the older title were transferred to him."

"And his wife?" asked the girl.

Madame de Guéret spread out her pretty hands. "Ah—that was never known. She went back to her country with her little son and our great-grandfather made researches for her at the time the King offered him the title, but nothing could be discovered. You can imagine to yourself that when it was a question of being a Marquis and the head of the house, he was not too anxious to find an heir," and she laughed gayly at the recollection of the ancestral astuteness. "Ah, Raoul, you should have been here to tell Miss Dabney the story of our great-great-uncle Albert!" she added, turning to her brother who came up at that moment with the ladies.

Monsieur d'Aubigny stared up at the portrait.

"He was a brave gentleman and married the woman he loved," he said with apparently irrelevant fierceness.

Mrs. Peck looked at the young man with an imperceptible smile. "But does it require any special bravery to marry the woman you love?"

D'Aubigny turned on her a glance of stored belligerency.

"In this country—yes," he said shortly.

Madame d'Aubigny laid a reconciling hand on the young man's shoulder. "My son means," she murmured, "that with us marriages are not arranged on a basis of sentiment alone—family considerations and common-sense are of paramount influence."

D'Aubigny moved restlessly beneath the maternal touch.

"My mother means" he retorted, "that in France a young man of position has no liberty of choice, and that if he does not marry well within the social circle to which he belongs by birth, he is accused of having endangered the family position, of having tarnished the prestige of his illustrious name, of——"

"We French people are old-fashioned, if you will," Madame d'Aubigny quickly interposed. "We like to see our sons marry the daughters of our friends, young girls who have been brought up with the same viewpoint, the same education, the same social position, who will help them to fittingly uphold the traditions of their house." Her manner was rather that of a Spanish *Conquestadore* repulsing a foreign invasion. But suddenly she glanced at the American girl, and the aggressive look vanished and one almost of appeal came into the dark eyes. "We French do not like changes, innovations, we cling to our customs, our family associations, and we essay to perpetuate them at all costs—can you understand?"

At the unspoken appeal the girl's whole manner suddenly changed, and she came forward smiling brilliantly.

"Of course, we understand," she exclaimed rather breathlessly. "We understand and admire your position. We Americans are selfish—we think each of himself—never of the family." She held out a slim hand in farewell. "With such claims upon you"—her bright glance swept the walls from which looked down the illustrious d'Aubignys in limned greatness—"how could you do otherwise than safeguard the family interests?"

Mrs. Peck, glancing hurriedly at the young Marquis, surprised in his eyes the fires of re-

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volt his mother's exordium had kindled. She was not astonished at his resentment, but she was astonished at his prompt action—the firm request he made of Mrs. Dabney, as the ladies stepped into the waiting motor, for an interview at eleven the next morning, and the formal proposal by letter for Miss Dabney's hand which reached Mrs. Dabney that evening.

The young man's precipitancy carried with it the seal of Mrs. Peck's approval, and she instantly applied herself to finding a solution of the sufficiently exasperating problem confronting her friends.

The result of her deliberations was a surprise and disappointment for Monsieur d'Aubigny, for on calling punctually at the hotel the following morning for his answer, with intentions steeled by a stormy interview with his mother, he found only a hastily written line by Mrs. Dabney, apprising him of the fact that they had been suddenly called to England, and would not be in Paris again until the autumn, when her husband would have arrived from America and would give Monsieur d'Aubigny an answer to his proposal of marriage.

To this delay and check to his advances the young man submitted with as good grace as he could muster, determining to employ the period of his probation—for such he deemed it—in preparing his mother for the inevitable. It was a tribute to Miss Dabney that, even in the first flush of his disappointment, no doubt of her loyalty added bitterness to his thoughts. With the lover's divine intuition he knew that she cared for him and that the flight across the Channel had been, for some inscrutable reason, the decision of the astute Mrs. Peck. When reason had finally triumphed over feeling, he even acknowledged to himself that the enforced separation was not an unmitigated evil. It would offer Nettie Dabney the opportunity to relegate to a somewhat mellowed past the memory of her visit to the Hôtel d'Aubigny, and give him time, in the vulgar phrase, to get his second wind—he realized that he had been a little breathless since his encounter with his mother. From the first, there had been scant room for regret in his thoughts that the lady of his choice had not been of his own land and social position, and latterly, in the mounting ardor of his emotions, such heresies had become even unthinkable, but he realized to the full two important facts—his mother's deep-rooted prejudices against a marriage outside of their own social order and the paramount importance, from his point of view, of reconciling her to that marriage.

He wisely concluded that the summer offered none too much time for combating these prejudices and effecting that reconciliation.

III

It was mid-October before the Dabneys and Mrs. Peck returned to Paris. D'Aubigny read the announcement in a belated afternoon paper simultaneously with the arrival of a note from Mrs. Dabney telling him of their return and inviting him to tea at five the following afternoon. The news and hospitable tenor of Mrs. Dabney's note elated him inexpressibly. He had not realized on what a tension he had lived during the last four months until it broke. The self-control which had been strong enough to hold him far from the lady of his heart for so long snapped like a thread under the strain of her nearness. Twenty-four hours seemed an eternity, and in a tempest of joyous emotion he resolved to go straight to her. A half-hour later his brougham was disputing the entrance of the hotel with a travel-stained Brazier that had crowded in just before him.

In the elevator d'Aubigny found himself in the company of an American, as he knew instantly, whose goggles, motor coat, and portmanteau, carried by the obsequious bell-boy, dustily proclaimed him the owner of the touring car. This gentleman alighted *au troisième*, too, and proceeded with swift strides down the corridor. D'Aubigny, following at a more leisurely pace, reached the door of Mrs. Dabney's apartment just as it was opened to the stranger. To his astonishment he saw Mrs. Dabney herself hovering expectantly behind the servant, and before he could efface himself she had fallen upon the neck of the tall stranger and at the same instant had caught sight of d'Aubigny.

Laughing, she disengaged herself and advanced to the young man with outstretched hand. He would have declined to be a further witness to the return of the husband and father had not a sight of Miss Dabney in the background, emerging from the drawing-room, caused his tactful resolution to waver.

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After all, why shouldn't he take his immediate chance? It struck him as rather symbolic that he and the arbiter of his fate should have arrived at the same instant. The further advent at that moment of Mrs. Peck, to whose instance he felt he owed the long delay of the summer, settled the thing, and he mentally declined, in haste, to clear out either literally or figuratively.

The wisdom of this masterful decision was confirmed by the cordiality of Mr. Dabney's manner. That gentleman evinced neither embarrassment nor irritation at d'Aubigny's somewhat inopportune arrival, but, on learning the young man's name, declared himself uncommonly glad to see him.

The frank gaze of Mr. Dabney's shrewd eyes, the kindly smile lurking around the large firm lips, the whole uncomplicated directness of the man, as of one who was used to calling a spade a spade and had a habit of going undeviatingly to the point, so instantly impressed d'Aubigny that he did not even feel a shock of surprise when Mr. Dabney, seating himself with a humorous carefulness on one of the insecure gilt chairs scattered prodigally about the salon, leaned forward and said:

"So you're the young man who wants to marry Nettie!"

"I am." To his astonishment Monsieur d'Aubigny found himself replying with a directness as unequivocal as his interlocutor's.

"Ah!"

"I had the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand—" the young man hesitated and glanced in some embarrassment past Mr. Dabney to where his daughter sat on a gilt *canapé* between her mother and Mrs. Peck.

Mr. Dabney smiled his large, slow smile. "That's all right," he commented. "We don't keep these things from our girls—in fact, it's generally the girls who break the news to us—if they think it wise for us to know!" He chuckled audibly. "Besides, I haven't had a chance to talk this over with my wife. I've just got here by the steamer, so we'd best do it right here and now. You were saying——?"

"That I had the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand in May."

Mr. Dabney extracted a large, dark cigar from a leather case and rolled it thoughtfully between his fingers. "I don't know much about the customs of this country, but I was under the impression that the parents arranged these matters over here."

The young man flushed to the roots of his fair hair.

"It is true—but my father died many years ago, and my mother—there were reasons—" he broke off hurriedly. "Mrs. Dabney led me to hope that I was to have an answer on her return to Paris. I have waited as patiently as I could all summer," he added, smiling, after an instant's hesitation.

"Yes, yes. It certainly is hard to be kept waiting for an answer all summer, and I can easily understand that any young man who has taken a fancy to Nettie"—he looked appreciatively over at his beautiful daughter—"might get—impatient. But, you see, my wife hardly knew what to do about your proposal of marriage. So Mrs. Peck here—Mrs. Peck ought to have been a politician!—advised her to waive the issue for the time being—leave that plank out of her platform temporarily—and wait for me to straighten out the whole thing. That's a way American women have of doing, and it's a mighty good way, too. What's the American man made for, anyway?"

"But I don't think I understand—" hazarded the young man.

"Well, my wife did!" interjected Mr. Dabney humorously. "Saw right through your letter to the objections behind it. And she knew just what those objections were. It wasn't the *dot* question—we've got used to the dot and carry one system in America, thanks to the international alliance; but this time it was the 'family attitude.'" The young man moved uneasily in his seat. "Your mother now—she must have made it pretty clear what she thought of plain Americans without titles—didn't think we were quite good enough for her, wasn't that it?—didn't care for the ancient and honorable house of d'Aubigny to get mixed up with American democracy?"

"But," burst out d'Aubigny, "my mother's ideas are not mine! She has old-fashioned notions, prejudices, that have become obsolete even in our class. But as for me, I think of nothing but that I love your daughter and want her to marry me!"

The big American rose slowly and stretched out a large, capable hand.

"That's all I wanted to know," he said, and he beamed upon the young man.

Monsieur d'Aubigny, rising also, ac-

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cepted the proffered hand-clasp. "Then perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what I am so anxious to know—whether I may have the great happiness and honor of making Miss Dabney Marquise d'Aubigny?"

Mr. Dabney looked down at the young man with a sort of regretful affection.

"But that, my boy," he said, "is just what you can't do. It isn't in your power."

The young Frenchman looked blankly at Mr. Dabney. "What makes you say that?" he asked when he could speak.

"Because, my dear fellow, I am the Marquis d'Aubigny myself."

The young man stared incredulously. For a bewildered instant he wondered if the man before him were mad.

Mr. Dabney waved him back to his chair.

"You aren't any more astonished than I was when I found it out a month ago." He spoke soothingly. "Sit down and I'll tell you all about it in a couple of minutes." He took from a capacious inner pocket a large flat envelope, from which he drew a crackling paper, and held it out to d'Aubigny.

"It's all there—you'll make out the genealogical lingo more easily than I did, I guess. Mrs. Dabney and Nettie know all about it. I wrote them a month ago. Jefferson Carter did the trick—found out all about my distinguished ancestors. I never cared much for Jeff—he's one of your Sons-of-the-Revolution-Descendants-of-Colonial-Governors sort of chap, and talks about Burke's Peerage and the Almanach de Gotha as if they were current fiction. But he is a nice fellow in his way—comes from the same town in Virginia my father did—and I was downright glad to see him when he walked up to me in the club the night I got Mrs. Dabney's letter about you. For the first time in my life American democracy didn't seem to me to be the whole show, and it did me good just to talk with somebody on speaking terms with European aristocracy.

"The upshot of it was that I told Jeff the whole affair, and as it was a genealogical proposition, so to speak, he became interested right off, especially when I told him that Nettie had fallen in love with *you*, minus your title, châteaux, and resounding family connections.

"'I always had an idea you had some aristocratic ancestors of your own, Bert,' said Jeff, lighting a cigar when I had finished.

"'If I had, my father was always too busy trying to make that poor Virginia farm pay its mortgage to talk to me about them,' I replied. 'But if you'll find me a few Dukes or a Marquis in my family, I'll be obliged,' I said. 'I have need of aristocratic connections just now.'

"'A close relation to ten millions is aristocratic connection enough for most foreigners,' said Jeff, laughing.

"'Well, you know *I* don't care for aristocracy, domestic or foreign,' I replied; 'but, you see, this thing involves Nettie's happiness. That child's had everything she's wanted so far, and she's going to keep on having it,' said I.

"'Build her a French château on the shores of Lake Michigan and tell her to bring her Marquis over here,' suggested Jeff facetiously.

"'Where will you get your antique atmosphere, your ancestral surroundings?' I demanded. 'There isn't a thing in our new house on Lake Shore Drive more than ten years old except this,' I said, and I handed him my seal."

Mr. Dabney drew from his pocket a watch, from the fob of which hung a richly wrought circlet of gold set with a piece of lapis lazuli of a wonderful deep blue color, in which was cut a chevron or between three crescents argent impaling a gryphon passant and beneath, the motto, *Passez bien devant.*

"'This was my great-grandfather's, and, as far as I know, it's the only proof I've got that I ever had a great-grandfather,' I said to Jeff.

"You ought to have seen Jeff Carter look at that seal! He didn't say a word for ten minutes. Then he got up. 'You leave everything to me, Albert,' he said in a far-away, ancestral sort of voice. 'With pleasure,' I said.

"'It will cost money—I'll have to go to Virginia to look this matter up—maybe I'll have to go abroad.'

"'Hang the expense,' said I—only that wasn't exactly what I said—'go ahead.'

"Two months later he sent me this," and Mr. Dabney waved a hand toward the paper which d'Aubigny still scanned in amazement.

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After an instant's hesitation the young man rose stiffly.

"Then, as I am no longer the rightful holder of the title—as you are really the Marquis d'Aubigny——"

Mr. Dabney laid a hand on the young man's shoulder. "My dear fellow," he cried, "you don't suppose *I* want the title! Keep it—it's all in the family—I wouldn't have it at any price! I'm an American citizen, head of the biggest flour concern in the States, Vice-President of the Chicago Municipal Voters' League, and my name's Dabney now in plain American—and a blamed good name, too—sounds as good to me as d'Aubigny does to you. I don't want my great-grandfather's French name or title!"

"What Mr. Dabney does want," murmured Mrs. Melville Peck, leaning forward on the gilt *canapé*, "is that you should reassure Madame d'Aubigny on the subject of Nettie's family. You might tell her," she added after an instant's reflection, "that Mr. and Mrs. Dabney don't object to her marrying you even if you are of the cadet branch of the family!"

Mrs. Dabney rose, smiling. "And as for the *dot*," she said gently, "we would object on principle, you understand, if it were any one else, but with you it's different—as it's really a family affair, you know——"

MOLIÈRE AND THE DOCTORS

By Brander Matthews

I

EARLY in the fall of 1665 Louis XIV again called upon Molière to minister swiftly to his pleasure, and the dramatist responded with a celerity which was extraordinary even for him. In five days he devised, wrote, rehearsed and produced a comedy-ballet, "L'Amour Medecin," which was acted before the King at Versailles in the middle of September, 1665, and brought out at the Palais Royal a few days later. It was in prose and in three acts, but by omitting the interludes of dancing it could be presented easily as a single act. In this merry trifle, improvised hastily at the monarch's desire, Molière returned to the familiar and convenient framework of the comedy-of-masks. The action takes place in the open air in front of the house of *Sganarelle*.

The plot of the little play is as simple as may be; but however slight in texture it is sufficient for its immediate purpose. Molière himself appeared as *Sganarelle*, not here the shrewd servant of "Don Juan," but the more narrow-minded and obstinate type seen earlier in the "École des Maris." He is now a widower with one daughter, *Lucinde* (probably impersonated by Mlle. Molière). The father wishes to keep his daughter for himself, but the daughter desires to be married to a young man who has sought her hand, *Clitandre* (acted by La Grange). She pretends to be ill; and *Sganarelle* seeks advice, first from various friends, and finally from four physicians, called in consultation upon her case. The doctors disagree, and two of them, after proposing radically different treatments, quarrel violently. A little later the maid brings in *Clitandre* disguised as a physician. The young lover deceives the father into consenting to his daughter's marriage, *Sganarelle* supposing that this is only a pretence, likely to arouse *Lucinde* out of her melancholy. When he discovers that she is really wedded to *Clitandre* the play is over.

This unpretending little farce, significant only as an example of Molière's fertility and facility, is brisk and lively in its movement. It was probably effective enough on the stage when performed by Molière and his comrades; and it is in the theatre that its merits would be most evident. In the preface, wherein the author explained that the piece was written to order at topmost speed, Molière modestly asserted that it contained much which was dependent chiefly on the skill of the performers. And he added a remark characteristic of the

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professional playwright who has planned his work for the actual theatre:—"Every one knows that comedies are written only to be acted."

But the interest of this amusing little piece when it was first performed did not lie in the adroitness of the acting or in the humorous ingenuity of its situations; it resided rather in the four physicians who meet in consultation. To us, in the twentieth century, they seem to be comically contrasted types of the practitioners of medicine of those remote days; but to the Parisian play-goers in the later seventeenth century they were recognizable caricatures of living men, somewhat exaggerated portrayals of four of the leading doctors of the court, each of them endowed with the individual peculiarities of the original. This was an Aristophanic license of personal caricature, which is here without offence or ill-will, for Molière was not attacking the persons or the character of these physicians. He was using them only as the means of showing up the hollowness of the pretensions of the whole medical profession of his own day.

II

It was in "Don Juan" that Molière had first girded at the practitioners of the healing art. When *Don Juan* and *Sganarelle* had to disguise themselves, the latter appeared in the flowing robe of a physician, giving his master an occasion for a few biting jibes against the doctors; and this shocked *Sganarelle*, horrified to find that *Don Juan*, a sceptic in religion, was also a sceptic in medicine. It was in "L'Amour Medecin" that Molière first declared open war against the faculty, that guerilla warfare which he was to keep up for the rest of his life, returning to the attack in play after play, as though he was as bitter against the doctors as he was against the pedants and the hypocrites. The explanation of this hostility is to be found in the fact that Molière held the physicians of his time to be both pedants and hypocrites. For affectation in all its phases, for pretenders of every kind, for humbugs of all sorts, Molière had a keen eye and a hearty detestation. On them and on them only he was ever swift to pour the vials of his wrath; and he was never moved to assault unless his hostile contempt was awakened by his acute instinct for a sham.

In every period there are certain callings, or professions, as the case may be, which the average man of that epoch delights in abusing; and we are not to-day swifter to make fun of the plumber than the people of the Middle Ages were to crack jokes at the expense of the miller. The source of the irritation which thus seeks vent in humorous thrusts is the same; it is the result of our knowledge of the fact that we cannot control the accounts rendered by the miller and by the plumber. We must accept them as they are rendered; and the only revenge open to us is to take away the character of the craftsman who has us at his mercy and whom we cannot help suspecting. In all ages, or at least ever since law and medicine were first recognized as professions, the average man has been prone to resent the air of mystery assumed by the lawyers and the physicians, and to be annoyed by their professional self-assertion. Hosts of merry jests, directed at the conceit of the members of these two professions have been handed down from century to century, or are born again by spontaneous generation.

Molière's immediate predecessors in the comic drama, the devisers of the comedy-of-masks, had drawn unhesitatingly from the inexhaustible arsenal of missiles directed against the two professions; and in attacking the practitioners of medicine Molière was only doing again what the Italians had done before him. And here the question imposes itself, Why did he neglect the lawyers to concentrate his fire on the doctors? The answer is not far to seek; the lawyers, whatever faults they might have, were not imposters, and Molière's resentment is always against an affectation or a pretence. The law might lend itself to chicanery, and to annoying delay and ultimate injustice; its procedure might be complicated and vexatious, but the lawyers did not pretend to be in possession of mysterious secrets, and they did their work in the open for all men to see. The physicians made the most exalted claims for their art and they demanded to be taken on faith, however weakly their practice might fall below their preaching. Ordinarily the lawyer deals only with losses of money; and he does not lay hands upon the person, nor require us to submit our minds to his that he may control our

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bodies. And this is what the physician does now, always has done, and must always do. This is, therefore, why the practice of the law, sharply as we may dwell on its defects, does not come home to us as closely as the practice of medicine, which must ever be a matter of life and death.

But there were also special reasons peculiar to his own period, why Molière was moved to pour out his contempt on the physicians. The reign of Louis XIV marks what is perhaps the lowest point in the history of medicine in France. The men who represented medicine were narrow and bigoted conservatives, accepting blindly all that they had inherited from the ancients and refusing resolutely to depart from the practices of their forefathers. They rejected every new discovery without investigation—scouting it scornfully. They were determined to maintain their ancient landmarks. They believed that medicine was an exact science, that they were the custodians of all its mysteries; and that what they did not know was not knowledge. They held fast to a body of doctrine, a purely theoretic conception of their art, which was almost as closely reasoned and as compactly co-ordinated as was the contemporary doctrine of Calvin in matters of religion. Behind this they intrenched themselves, and in defence of this they were prepared to die in the last ditch—and to let their patients die also.

In Paris the Faculty of Medicine was a close corporation, bound together by the loyal traditions of a trade-gild and possessing a solidarity more substantial than that of any modern trades-union. There were only about a hundred physicians in the capital and not more than four were admitted in any one year. The cost of a medical education was onerous, and therefore, the profession was recruited from the well-to-do. At the examinations special privileges were granted to the sons of physicians; and the profession thus tended to be hereditary with all the obvious disadvantages of persistent inbreeding. The training of the youthful aspirant to the doctorate was philosophic not to say scholastic, and the questions propounded to the candidate were often foolish. Medicine was not considered as an art, necessarily more or less empirical, but rather as an exact science, lending itself abundantly to scholarly disputation. The doctors were generally more interested in medicine as a code of tradition, and in their own strict obedience to its precepts and precedents than they were in the art of healing and in the condition of the individual patient. They were indeed far more conservative than the ancients whom they bound themselves to follow; and the oath of Hippocrates had a large liberality which was lacking in the pledge subscribed by the young doctor in Paris, which was little more than a promise ever to defend sturdily the rights of the Faculty itself.

The doctors of the capital rejected the circulation of the blood, so we are told by one historian of medicine in France, because this came from England, and also the use of antimony and of quinine, because one came from Montpellier and the other from America. It refused to have anything whatever to do with surgery, which it despised; and students of medicine were not allowed to dissect. The physicians held surgery to be a mere manual art, unworthy of a learned profession. Any physician who had ever practised surgery was required to promise that he would never again descend to this craft fit only for an artisan. There were numberless other absurdities accepted by nearly all the physicians of the time. Bleeding and purging were, of course, the foremost of remedies, since they were necessary to rid the body of its "humors." Patients took medicine or were purged not only for any ailment they had, but also for the ailments they might have in the future, merely as a precautionary measure. And to these ridiculous practices every one who consulted a physician had to submit, including the King himself.

III

Since these absurdities and artificialities were patent to all, Molière could not help seeing them. He was moved to mirthful indignation by the empty pretensions of the physicians. He might not know better than any other layman what ought to be done; but he was too sharp-sighted and keen-witted not to see that these things ought not be done. Here, as elsewhere, he had an abiding faith in the power of nature to take care of itself and to work out its own salvation. This led him to abhor the endless purging, bleeding, and drugging which every physician then resorted to. It led him

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also to anticipate the modern practice of letting a disease run its course. In "L'Amour Medecin" the nimble-tongued *Lisette* tells how the household cat has recovered from a fall into the street, after lying three days without eating and without moving a paw; and then she adds that there are no cat-physicians, luckily for the cat, or it would have died from their purgings and bleedings. A similar attitude is taken by other characters in the later plays, in which Molière returned again to the attack.

Molière had had thorough instruction in the official philosophy, as the Jesuits imparted it to their students; and he had been made familiar with a more modern school of thought by Gassendi. He was by training fitted to understand the philosophic foundation on which were raised all the theories promulgated by the Faculty of Medicine; and his objection to the practices of the French physicians of his time seems to be due not more to the absurdity of these practices than to the absurdity of the philosophy which justified them.

He did his own thinking in his own fashion; and he was no blind worshipper of authority. He was not overawed by the revered name of Hippocrates, outside of which there was no health. Even the citing of Aristotle was not to him conclusive if his own eyes revealed to him an experience not obviously in accord with the saying of the great Greek. It is not without significance that he makes one of his characters declare that "the ancients are the ancients, and we are the men of to-day." Molière was no iconoclast, no violent revolutionary, no rejector of tradition solely because it was an inheritance. On the other hand, he was ready to prove all things so that he might hold fast that which was good. So it was that he detested vain theorizing and the building up of formulas and of classifications into rigid systems, false to the facts of life as he saw them with his own eyes. The medicine of his day was a rigid system of this sort; and the moment he perceived this clearly he could not help exposing it.

But his detestation of the contemporary perversions of the doctrines of Hippocrates and of Galen did not lead him to misrepresent them. On the contrary, he strove to reproduce them with the most conscientious accuracy. If the discussions of his doctors, their dissertations, their disputations seem to us almost inconceivably ridiculous, this is because Molière had assimilated the theory that sustained them and had absorbed the vocabulary in which they were habitually set forth. To bring forth abundant laughter all that Molière had to do was to show the doctors in action, to isolate this principle and that, and to set this forth in their own jargon, with only the slight heightening necessary to make it clear. The result is inevitably laughable because of the fundamental absurdity of the originals thus faithfully portrayed.

The scholars who have investigated the history of medicine in France are united in their admiration for the fidelity with which Molière has dealt with the doctrines he was denouncing. They have constant praise for the certainty with which he seized the spirit that animated the French physicians of the seventeenth century, and for the skill with which he caught the very accent of their speech. His was no haphazard criticism; it was rooted in knowledge. The consultation in "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" is declared to be almost a phonographic report in its verisimilitude. Even when the comic dramatist was moved to frank caricature and overt burlesque, as in the ceremony of the "Malade Imaginaire," he was only exaggerating more or less what actually took place on similar occasions. His satire, however grotesque in may seem, however broadly humorous, has philosophic truth to sustain it.

IV

Although Molière put into "L'Amour Medecin" four figures of fun which his contemporaries recognized as copied from certain of the more prominent physicians of Paris, there was no bitterness of personality in this. It was the whole Faculty he was attacking and the spirit that governed this trade-guild of those who trafficked in medicine. He had no quarrel with any individual doctor; indeed, he was on the best of terms with several practitioners of the healing art—with La Mothe Le Vayer, for one, with Bernier, for another, and with his own doctor, Mauvillain.

The only favor that Molière ever craved from the sovereign was that a vacant canonry might be bestowed on Mauvillain's son. This request he addressed to the King on

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the joyful day when Louis XIV at last permitted the public performances of "Tartuffe." In his appeal he told the monarch that the physician had promised and was ready to bind himself, under oath, to keep his patient alive for thirty years if this boon could be obtained from the King. The petitioner explained that he had not demanded so much, and he would be satisfied if the doctor merely promised not to kill him. Grimarest has recorded that the King once asked Molière how he got along with his physician, and that the dramatist answered, "Sire, we talk together; he prescribes remedies for me; I do not take them; and I get well."

These talks together were probably the source of Molière's accurate and intimate acquaintance with the principles, the procedure, and the vocabulary of contemporary medicine. Mauvillain was a man of marked individuality, who had had troubles of his own in his youth, but who rose in time to be dean of the Faculty. Ardent defender of the rights of his guild, he seems to have had a sense of humor; and it may be that he took a malicious pleasure in supplying Molière with material for caricaturing other members of the Faculty and even the Faculty itself.

Molière's uncertain health must often have given occasion for these talks with Mauvillain; and although he may have told the King that he did not take the remedies his physician prescribed, it is a fact that when he died he owed a heavy bill to his apothecary. That his health was uncertain is beyond all question. His lungs were weak, and he had a chronic cough, which he even gave as a peculiarity to one of the later characters he wrote for his own acting. He came of a feeble stock; his mother died young and few of her children attained long life. Molière's younger brother died before he did—and he himself was to survive only until he was fifty-one, the immediate cause of his death being the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs. Two of his three children died before him; and his only surviving child, a daughter, died at last without leaving issue.

It is only after he became conscious that his health was failing and that he had to call on physicians for relief, it is only then that he began to make fun of them, after he had had personal experience of the futility of their efforts. Perhaps we may find the exciting cause of his hostility to the contemporary practice of medicine in the inability of the contemporary practitioners to alleviate his own ailments and to restore him to strength. A fact it is that he continued his attacks on them to the end of his life, and that the last play he lived to produce, the "Malade Imaginaire" contained the most vigorous of all his assaults, far more searching than the comparatively mild satire of "L'Amour Medecin."

FROM AN AUTOMOBILE

By Percy MacKaye

FLUID the world flowed under us: the hills,
  Billow on billow of umbrageous green,
  Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen
One rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills
And silver rising storms and dewy stills
  Of dripping boulders, then the dim ravine
  Drowned us again in leafage, whose serene
Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous wills.

Then all of nature's old amazement seemed
  Sudden to ask us: "Is this also Man?
  This plunging, volant land-amphibian—
What Plato mused and Paracelsus dreamed?
  Reply!" And piercing us with ancient scan,
The shrill primeval hawk gazed down and screamed.

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A DAUGHTER OF SHINING WOODS

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

"ATAVISM," said the Orientalist, as Murray finished his story.

"Dual personality," said the doctor.

Stirling, the big, lean, weather-beaten man in the easy-chair, leaned forward as one does who has a tale on the tip of his tongue. He had been silent all the evening till now.

"I suppose you see more of such things in the East," he began. "I've never been there. But the East isn't the only place you see them. They're just nearer the surface there, like—like a rock in quick water, where the currents divide."

Hallock, the writer man, looked up in quick appreciation of the figure.

"The currents of life, in this case," he suggested.

"That's it—a rock dividing the currents of life. It was last fall that I saw how this romance had ended—or, rather, how it had continued, for I found Billy Hendricks and his wife living in a clearing not far from the upper waters of the Montreal. They have a comfortable log house there, with roses and wallflowers and other things you don't expect to see in the woods growing about it. In the house are books and pictures; the books mostly essays and poetry, for Mrs. Hendricks has never reverted enough to lose her fondness for such things."

"Reverted?" queried Hallock.

"Yes. At least that's the way I explain it, though I shouldn't wonder if it was more than that—something you can't explain. The beginning of it was four years ago last October. Tom Douglass and his wife had leased an island in Temagami, and gave a house party there. They called it a camping party, but the name seemed odd to me; fresh milk and eggs from the station every day, and vegetables two or three times a week. It was a house party without a house, and a mighty pleasant one, with a congenial crowd of men and girls. You know what a matchmaker Mrs. Tom is; I expect she hoped to pair us all off in those two weeks. Only one of the girls, Helen Mackvicar, seemed to belong in the woods, and it looked from the first as if she and Billy Hendricks would hit it off. She looked like an Indian, with her straight, dark hair and aquiline features. I could hardly believe it when Mrs. Douglass told me she came from New York. It seemed as if she didn't belong there at all. And Hendricks, too, was out of the usual run—different somehow. He is an honorary chief of the Chippewas, you know, and lived among them for years.

"One night we all went for supper to a cove in Devil's Bay, not far from Kokomis Island, meaning to paddle back by moonlight. There is a stone on the island that looks remarkably like a little old woman, seated. The Indians say that she is Kokomis, the Devil's wife, whom he turned to stone ages ago, and put on the island. When the brigades start out from the Hudson Bay Company's post, in the September moon, they stop a night near Kokomis, and make offerings to her of tobacco and flour and tea, and ask her to give them good hunting. The priests can't stop them, though a priest is generally big medicine to an Indian.

"Hendricks and Helen Mackvicar lagged away behind the rest on the way to the cove. Supper was nearly ready, and the sun was red over Obabika before their canoe touched the rocks. I was at the shore when they came, and it didn't take a hawk's eye to see that something had happened. Hendricks hauled out the canoe, and looked over toward Squirrel Point before going up to the fire. Six mojo canoes—five paddlers in each—were just going in to the shore.

"'Indians, of course,' I said, when I saw what he was looking at.

"'A brigade,' said Hendricks. 'They'll sacrifice to Kokomis to-night, when the moon is an hour high.'

"He turned and went up to the fire-place.

"The moon, just past the full, rose as we were finishing supper, and perhaps three-quarters of an hour later we started for Kokomis, intending to lie in the shadow of the shore and watch the chief of the brigade

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put his offerings in the hollow at the base of the stone. I happened to be first in the little bay, and held on to a branch within a few feet of Kokomis. Hendricks slid alongside, and Helen Mackvicar rested her hand on the gunwale of my canoe, just where a moonbeam came through the leaves and touched it. I thought she was trembling a little, though it may have been only the breeze in the alder leaves that made it seem so. The other four canoes lay out beyond—all very quiet. We didn't have to wait long; the scrape of the stern paddle against the rail of the mojo and the drip of water from the blades came to us from around the point almost before the last of our party had come into the cove, and presently the big birch shot into the shadow of Kokomis. Helen Mackvicar's hand was surely trembling now; I could feel it shake my canoe as it rested on the rail. The Indian in the bow of the birch laid aside his paddle, and bent over the hollow at the feet of Kokomis, the other four kneeling motionless against the thwarts. The bow man stood up; it was so dark in the shadow that we felt rather than saw him rise to his feet, and lift his hands over his head in the Indian attitude of prayer. He stood there for a moment, and then intoned the invocation:

"'Oh, Kokomis! give us good hunting!'

"The other four repeated after him:

"'Oh, Kokomis! give us good hunting!'

"At the response I heard a long 'A-ah' from Helen Mackvicar; the kind of sound you make when you hear something you have been trying to remember for a long time. She took away her hand from the rail of my canoe as the mojo left the shore; Hendricks dipped his paddle like a man in a dream. I heard him mutter 'Good God!' as he passed me. Not an exclamation of surprise exactly; of wonder, rather, and bewilderment.

"Do you know the Northern Lights? If you do, you know what the Bible means when it says, 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' It seems as if you must hear the sweep and rustle of them; somehow they make you afraid. We went back under the splendor of them that night, my canoe close to Hendricks's, all the way, though I might as well have been in the middle of the Atlantic for all he or Helen Mackvicar knew of my presence. Once, I heard her repeat in a sort of whisper, 'Oh, Kokomis! give us good hunting!' and her hands rose over her head as she said it. And above them those glorious flames, like the fires of burnt-offering. I can see it all now; the air was electric with what was between those two. Not what was between them, exactly, for there was nothing of that sort for some days, but with the sense of something that they alone knew about. As soon as we reached the island she went to her tent without a good-night to any of us.

"'Bring your blankets out on the point,' said Hendricks to me. We often slept out there. The moss was a foot thick.

"'Do you know,' he said, when we had rolled in, 'she said the first words of that prayer when we stopped at the island on the way to the cove. It seemed as if she had known the rest, and forgotten it. Yet she doesn't know a word of Ojibway and never heard of Kokomis.'

"I answered something or other—I forget what—but he paid no attention to it. He lay there with his eyes wide open, the moon shining on his face. I fell asleep presently, but woke, as you do in the woods, shortly after midnight. The birds are all awake then, and the squirrels; everything seems to be moving. Hendricks was lying as he had been hours before.

"'Her great-grandfather was a missionary in this region,' I heard him say to himself, and I knew he was still looking for a solution of the riddle.

"A white-throated sparrow—the Indians call it 'Wasaks Manitou,' which means 'The Spirit of Shining Woods,' woke us next morning by singing on a bush over our heads and flew away as I moved. Hendricks was lying as I had seen him when the birds had twittered sleepily at midnight; I do not think he had moved or slept all night long.

"He and I and four others were starting that morning after moose, a two-weeks' trip or more, over to Quebec side. The party turned out early to wish us good luck, but the girl wasn't among them. Hendricks moved away slowly that morning and our canoe was launched last of all. She came down just as we shoved clear of the shore.

"'Good hunting,' she said, speaking so low that the words hardly reached me where I sat in the bow. I felt Hendricks stop paddling; when I turned around he was looking steadily at her—and she was returning his gaze, biting her lip a little.

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

"She was still standing on the point with the mists rising around her feet."—Page 118.

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The mists were rising about her feet, and gave her a sort of unreal appearance.

"'Good hunting,' she repeated.

"'Thank you,' answered Hendricks, and bent to the paddle. I had a feeling as if I had seen the C string of a banjo stretched tight, if you know what I mean. His 'Thank you' relieved the tension.

"The first portage was opposite the camp, perhaps half a mile away. The bank was steep there, and when I reached the top of it with my first load I looked about me. She was still standing on the point with the mists rising around her feet; Hendricks was below me on the shore, just putting the tump-line over his forehead.

"'Couchineu,' he asked our guide that evening, 'haven't the Ojibways some story about a chief's daughter that comes back to the tribe every fifty years or so?'

"'Mitchi Wasaks?' suggested Couchineu.

"'Mitchi Wasaks,' repeated Hendricks, 'Shining Woods.' That's the name.

"'They say she comes back sometam,' admitted Couchineu. 'One's grandson sees her.'

"'Every second generation, eh? Do you believe it?'

"Couchineu didn't answer for a moment. Then he bent over the fire again and said,

"'The priests say it is not so.'

"Hendricks went exploring alone after breakfast the next day, for we were taking it easy—staying at White Water a day for the fishing. We didn't begin to worry about him till an hour or so after lunch time, for we knew he was a good man in the woods."

Stirling paused and lit the pipe which he had been filling.

"Anybody can get lost up there," he continued. "It must have been two in the afternoon when we set out to look for Hendricks. He had started up a moose runway and his tracks were plain enough for a couple of miles, until the moose trail ended at a dry watercourse covered with big boulders. We found a line of scratches such as hobnails make on soft stone, and followed them some distance, perhaps a mile, to where they ceased at a flinty outcrop in the middle of the stream bed. We made détours into the woods on both sides, firing our guns and shouting, but got no answer. An hour or so before sunset a couple of us went back to the morning's camp for food and blankets. It seemed best to camp at the end of the moose trail, and search from there in all directions.

"When any one is lost in the woods you hunt for him until you drop—night and day. Not because you stand any chance of finding him in the dark, with only a birch torch for a light, but just because you can't sit still and do nothing. We searched that night for I don't know how long—time doesn't mean much under such circumstances—and then came back to where the fire was glowing on the rocks to guide us, and slept where we dropped, with our blankets huddled around us any old way—just as they came to hand.

"Anything is possible at night or even in the afternoon. In the morning you see things as they are; especially if they look hopeless. We had so little to go on. Hendricks might have left the stream bed at the point where the nail marks ended, or he might have followed it over the flints, for no one could tell how far, and left it on either side. Worse yet, his boots might not have made the scratches at all, for that kind of mark looks fresh for years. But the scratches gave us the only theory we had to work on; we couldn't abandon it till we had proved it false. We went farther up the stream than we had gone on the previous day, and explored the woods on each side more carefully.

"Sleep, if you can get enough of it, puts you in equilibrium again; restores the nerve cells, I suppose. But a little of it—and we had none of us had more than three hours the night before—puts you on edge, and takes the curb off your imagination if you are worrying about anything. Time and again that day I thought I heard answering shouts, and worked toward them over windfalls and through muskeg long after I should have recognized them as echoes. The others had the same experience. That kind of work takes it out of you; the work and the disappointment at the end. It was slow, too, for each of us had to mark his way back to the stream, either by bending twigs, Indian fashion, or by blazing trees. We were too tired to eat that evening. Hendricks had been gone two days and a night, but, unless he had hurt himself badly, he would still be all right, for even a man without fire-

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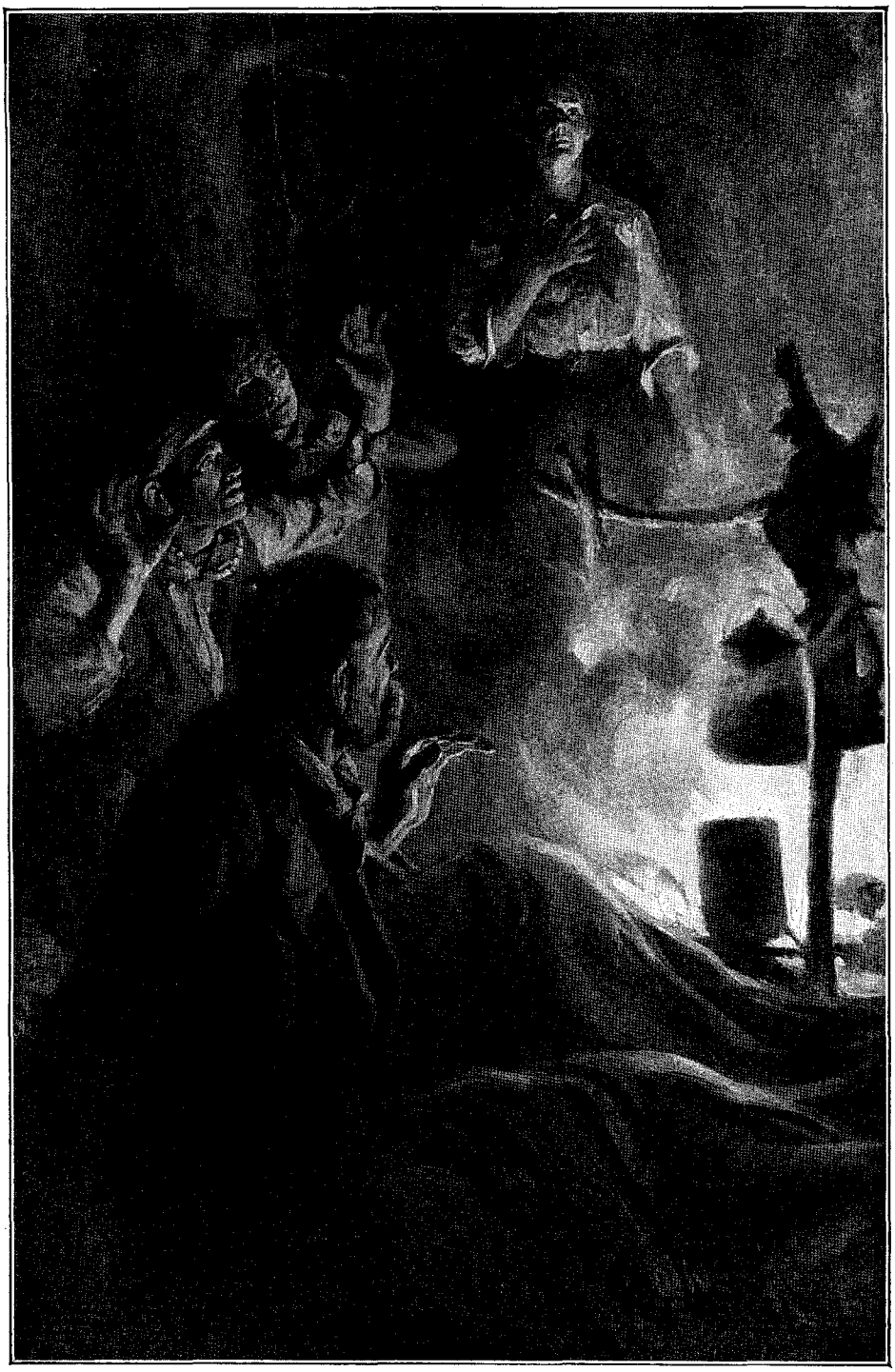

Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

"Something moved clear of the leafage. The fire rustled and flared up."—Page 120.

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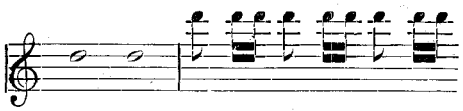
arms can kill hedgehogs. It was the chance of injury that worried us. We rolled in for a four-hours' nap, meaning to hunt again at moonrise and hunt down stream, for we felt that we had thoroughly explored the country in the other direction.

"The moon was half an hour high when I woke up. From the edge of the woods a white-throated sparrow sang once, not chirped, you understand, as they always do soon after midnight, but sang his whole song. It goes

Stirling whistled the note and paused. His pipe had gone out; he was sitting on the edge of his chair, his elbows resting on the arms and his hands clasped tight together.

"It gave one the creeps, coming that way in the middle of the night. I threw back my blankets, meaning to rouse the rest and start hunting again, but before I could do so they all woke up at once, just as if some one had called them.

"'What is it?' Dicky Livermore asked. It sounded as if he were answering a summons.

"Wasaks Manitou sang again. A twig cracked, and a load of dew, brushed from a branch as if some one had passed, pattered down.

"'Hendricks!' called Livermore. 'Is that you, Hendricks?'

"Something moved clear of the leafage. The fire rustled and flared up.

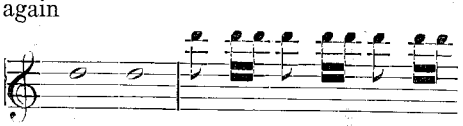
"'A woman,' cried Livermore.

"'Mitchi Wasaks!' It was Couchineu who said that, as his hands rose straight above his head.

"'It is I, Mitchi Wasaks,' responded the figure. The voice was thin and far away, but there was something familiar about it for all that. I kicked up the fire. The long black hair fell free from the top of her head, and was confined by a thong or its like at the nape of the neck, where a feather was stuck through it.

"'Miss Mackvicar!' I exclaimed. 'How did you get here?'

"'Yes, of course,' she answered, but the voice was still strange. 'I knew that he was lost and I came.'

"Over her head the white-throat sang again

"'Come!' she said.

"I don't know why I obeyed, but I couldn't help myself. Couchineu and the rest followed along behind. She went up the watercourse—and we thought we had searched in that direction thoroughly—farther than we had gone, and turned into the woods. There wasn't a mark or sign to guide her, but she didn't hesitate a moment. We stumbled after her; she seemed to drift along without effort, turning now to the right, now to the left. I bent over to break a twig to guide us on our way back; the one I touched was already broken and beyond it were a number of others hanging down. I pointed this out to Cochineu.

"'It is the trail,' he said.

"We had been going on for two hours now, but Helen Mackvicar, or whatever spirit had taken her form, never faltered. The sky was gray with daylight, and all the birds were stirring, but still we heard the white-throat above them all. There seemed to be but one, which was strange. As we entered a burned area where the huckleberries grew thick, the sun rose above the horizon. Huckleberry bush conceals all marks except blood stains, but she pushed steadily through it; often it waved as high as her waist. A track appeared in the mud at our feet, made apparently by some heavy body moving painfully. It may have been imagination, but I thought the bird had been fluttering ahead of her for a long time, and I know that a bird lit on the branch of a dead pine fifty feet or so ahead and sang there. Just then I saw a hand print in the mud, and beyond it another. I jumped forward through the bush, but she was ahead of me.

"Under the pine where the white-throat was singing we found Hendricks with his leg broken. He opened his eyes and saw the girl.

"'Mitchi Wasaks,' he whispered.

"'I have found you,' she said. She put

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her hand to her forehead, looked wildly about her for a moment, then, quite slowly, she sank down in a dead faint, and the part of her that had been strange left her as mists leave a lake in the morning. Over the two of them the white-throat was singing again.

"Call it atavism, or what you please."

THE POINT OF VIEW

OF course, the most omnivorous and leisurely reader cannot swallow or even taste all the flood of modern fiction. Even the deglutition of "best sellers" involves, on the part of the sampling taster, an "otium" with a minimum of "dignitate." Readers whose time is of some value to them would find it hard to explain upon what principle of selection they proceed in making their tentative sips or gulps from the tide, and endeavoring to determine, from their own casual gustations (excuse me, I have been reading Sam Johnson), "what main currents draw the years."

But if one rare swimmer and swallower in the current stream of fiction may trust his own observation, it is symptomatic that the supernatural, barred from fiction for several generations, is re-entering, "with power."

"Re-enter Ghost"

Two of the recent novelists whom a reader with something else to do has found himself somehow forced to read are Du Maurier and De Morgan. Modernizing Thackeray as they both do, though you might maintain that the newer also addicts himself to modernizing Dickens, they both rush in where their masters would have feared to tread. Dickens, indeed, was by no means above telling ghost stories. But, like Mr. Kipling in "A Matter of Fact," he "told it as a lie," when he did not present it as an equally obvious allegory, and never for a moment endeavored to impose upon the credulity of his readers. Thackeray, on the other hand, strictly abstained from relating any adventure which might not plausibly have happened to anybody. As for Anthony Trollope, he would have died first. So, for that matter, different as were his subjects and his treatment, would Charles Reade. The double consciousness in "Hard Cash," and again in "A Simpleton," is not supernatural, but pseudo-scientific. The mid-Victorians, in fact, disdained or ignored as subject-matter any material which was not documented. But the late Victorians and early Edwardians have reverted to the prime matter of romance.

The two recent novelists we have named might be dismissed as amateurs who have felt bound to impart an adventitious interest to their pictures of life and manners. There is nothing of the supernatural in "Joseph Vance." But the ghost in "Alice for Short" is, so to say, of the essence, and it is pretty nearly as documented as the double consciousness in "Somehow Good." But Du Maurier sought and found a properly supernatural motive for each of his stories. The "dreaming true" in "Peter Ibbetson," the hypnotism in "Trilby," are distinctly of the essence. And so was the Martian motive in "The Martian," in the author's mind, inappreciable as that motive may be to the readers who have yet found delight in the picture of the French school life of a British or "bilingual" boy.

But the supernatural element is by no means to be dismissed as the last refuge of the amateur. Mr. Henry James does not make upon anybody the impression of the amateur. And yet he has repeatedly founded tales upon the hypothesis that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in even his psychology. It is true that only one of these tales can be called successful. The "Turn of the Screw" alone of them is "convincing," even to the reader most willing to be convinced —at least to submit himself for the time of reading to the illusion the writer aims to produce. "The Private Life" makes, in fact, only the impression of a rather lumbering and a double-headed social or even political satire, and "The Sacred Fount" is in danger of making upon the most willing reader no impression at all.

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Even Mr. Howells, that doughtiest champion of "realism," who would ostensibly scorn most the adventitious interest of incidents at all out of the common, has derogated somewhat from his principles in this particular, as in "The Undiscovered Country."

For the purposes of the novelist, the Super Natural is, as a matter of material, only the uncommon, the Extra Ordinary. Small blame to the novelist if he seizes with avidity on anything that his newspaper tells him or that the Society for Psychical Research brings him. One falls back, in the defence of the wonder-hunter, on that impeccable plea in favor of the romance in Stevenson's "Lantern Bearers." As Stevenson has it in another essay, it is not in presence of the virtues of a "curate and tea party novel" that men "are abashed into high resolutions." And as he puts it in the essay in question, there is not much real moralizing done by "a picture of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget." Whether one desires in his fiction a "criticism of life" or an "escape from life," he is equally entitled to require in it something out of the common. To be sure, De Quincey sets forth the attractiveness on the stage of something the spectators have just been seeing off the stage, a drunkard, for instance, an omnibus, or as we might now say, a trolley car, an automobile breathing flames and gasoline. There are playwrights and novelists who make their living out of this curious desire to have represented to them, in their hours of leisure and entertainment, simulacra of the same things that bore them or frighten them in their workaday hours. But working on this yearning, whatever it may psychologically be, is not an ambitious enterprise. In the "world of divine illusion" we require some higher and rarer form of excitation. It is not by dodging the every-day automobile that one finds his passions purged by pity and terror. And the meanest moralist that blows, as the most priggish art-for-artist that also blows, may forgive his romancer for trying to create for him an environment more attractive than the light of common day.

WE have heard much about the repetition in the individual of the life of the race, and doubtless the least observant among us have noted confirmatory tokens, as, for instance, the tendency of the young human to walk on four legs, and those stages of urchin life which suggest only too vividly the actions of primitive man. It is strange that no one has had much to say about the fact that we reach further back, beyond our human selves, beyond our vertebrate selves, even beyond the power of motion, to a primal fixedness. There are moments in my experience, and they multiply as I grow older, when I am distinctly aware, through all the intricacies of being since that early dim existence, of my kinship with the first lichen clinging to the first rock. Greater than I have talked of reminiscent intimations of immortality; to me come intimations of petal, stem and root. There are certain moods for which our kinship with the animal world cannot account, leaf and bark moods, a feeling of identity with waving grass and with wind-tossed branches. Sometimes rain falling on the face and hands brings sensations of which mere flesh and blood are incapable; those moments when you breathe through your fingers, and those when your whole heavy body becomes translucent in the sun demand explanation. You long, then, to slough off the vertebræ and skull, and spread yourself leaf-wise upon the air. This elusive yet poignant comprehension of phases of being in the vegetable world makes you say, as Whitman did of animals: "Did I pass that way a long time ago?"

The Vegetable Self

Now that Mr. Macdonald has demonstrated that plants have eyes, and Mr. Darwin that they have consciousness—both facts which we ignorant folk could have told them long ago, but for the unaccountable habit of the wise never to take counsel of fools—I trust that some great scientist will add, with proofs, that plants have ears, for they have; and fingertips, for they have; and manifold sensitiveness with which they are not usually credited. Nay, some may prove that they have souls, though, when you come to think of it, it has not been scientifically demonstrated that we have them ourselves. I remember many a call to the spirit through the world of green things. The ragged crests of the militant hemlocks in the West Woods, telling of centuries of struggle with wind and sleet, and the worn and twisted cedars clinging to rocks along the coast, wear the look that you now and then see upon an aged, "unsurrendered face," recording an expression that has not been all defeat.

Perhaps the most obvious manifestation of our kinship with the world of fixed and rooted life comes in our devotion to things. There

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is a terrible story by Balzac, "Le Curé de Tours," written with that masterly realism whereby his records of human experience are bitten into our minds as with acid following the graving of an etcher's tool, the story of the Abbé Birotteau, who loved with consuming passion another's household possessions, and inherited them, only to lose them through trickery, losing with them health and all the joy of life. I doubt if any other writer has ever portrayed so vividly that fatal human clinging to objects which I believe is a survival from our vegetable state. Balzac asserts that celibates—old maids, bachelors, priests—are most subject to this low form of human experience. So menacing is his power of presenting his ideas that I always believe him, whether I will or no, and I plead guilty, not only of belonging to one of the despised classes, which I will not say, but of possessing an inordinate love of objects, of which he speaks so scornfully, not of jewels, or of garments, but of certain places and certain things which have grown all but human from their long association with human life.

As I say this, I recall, from earlier days, that southern doorway of my grandfather's old house, with the broad stone steps, and the gravelled path by which the single red roses bloomed in June, and I remember the clock with the green weeping willow picture upon its face, and the straight-backed, rush-seated chairs. The aged folk whose white heads I see against this background had grown one with their great maples for nearly ninety years, and I cannot separate them in my thought from the flowers that blossomed about their door.

As these pictures come back in memory I realize that I, too, am growing fast daily to the spot in which I live, becoming part of my bit of earth. With our apple trees I have put down root for root, which will not come up without a wrench; the fibres of my being which have twisted about the mahogany settle and highboy will tear them and me if broken apart. I am anything but a clinging vine; my sex and my profession forbid that, and yet, to the old-fashioned serving table, the windows toward the west, even to certain copper pots and pans, cling tendrils that put to shame woodbine fingers with their violent hold. The fine and fibrous roots that spread; the great lonely roots that take earth into a deadly grip, and the hard, curling tentacles which grasp lintel and eaves so fatally that withdrawing them means death —I know them all.

There are aspects of this phase of human life which are pleasant; there are others which might well fill one with apprehension. The tendency to hold fast being inevitable, how shall one abide the fear of going away? I have been meaning to ask some learned botanist or florist if many plants share with certain ferns the tendency to wither and die if the pot containing them is but carried from one room to another. I, growing downward with unnumbered fibres of New England grass, shiver lest some rude wind of destiny may tear me up. With terror I hear the fiat that I must rend all ties and spend next year in Greece. If this come to pass, shall I be better than an uprooted vegetable? Can I send down roots among those cold, perfect stones? Even now, for brief spaces, in strange spots, I have a sense of withering, a baseless feeling, as of a plant cut sharply off. What if homesickness is, after all, but reminiscence, a dim, unconscious memory of roots?

Reflection opens up many a subject of inquiry, on which Sir Thomas Browne might well have speculated. Are not our throes to discover a fixed and irrevocable theology or philosophy a harking back to that immobile time, an attempt to shirk the consequences of having come to life, a desire to return to a state of being from which relentless nature, now that we have once departed, relentlessly banishes us? How many of us may be seen in the lichen state, cowering full length upon a stone; how many in the sea-anemone stage, feebly moving tentacles in endless circles, forgetting that our spiritual life is that of the quest, and that the great gift of motion was granted us that we might move—it may be, for, spite of unceasing efforts, the old hope has not been disproved—toward some great end.

It is a curious question, too, why reminiscent hints of primitive animal life should come so early in the life of the individual, the tendency to return to vegetable ways so late. Indubitably it is to the aged and the ageing that it comes, and none could claim that it represents the height of our achievement, being rather but a quiet descent. It is a kindly experience, not like those violent emotions which rend and tear us in the heyday of our lives; gently accustoming us to the ways of earth, preparing us for the time when we shall feel, if not the daisies, at least the grass growing over us.

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PHOTOGRAPHERS without number have recorded for the information of the future the first exhibitions of human flight, but it is believed that the frontispiece of the present number gives the first record by an artist, and thus not only the *ensemble* and the color impossible to photography, but that subtle spirit of the scene which the camera misses.

How a Painter Saw Men Fly.

Mr. Charles Hoffbauer, one of the best-known of the younger painters of France (a few of whose pictures, like "A Flemish Rising" and "The Strenuous Life," are owned in America), was at Rheims during the "aviation week," and painted the sketch which is now published. How deeply he realized the historic importance as well as the strangeness of the sight is shown by some extracts from a letter which he wrote to a friend:

"No impression of brush or pencil can do justice to that first emotion of the artist upon beholding the great plain at Rheims, with a half dozen of those wonderful winged creatures floating in the air above him at the same time, the first time that human eyes had ever beheld a parallel spectacle.

"The full value of that memorable day could not, it seems to me, be fully appreciated unless one had seen the single machine of Wilbur Wright, the pioneer bird, flying over the Camp of Avour at Le Mans a year ago. The most sanguine enthusiast did not even dream then of the thing that the plains of Betheny held in store for him, since human invention had not yet learned the pace that aviation was to engender in it.

"Most significant was that moment in which the machines reached the lower end of the field, seeming to fly above the grand old Cathedral of Rheims, though in reality passing some little distance from it. What would have been the thoughts of the men who raised those towers into the air of the Middle Ages?

"The large bird-like aeroplane in the foreground of the painting is the Antoinette (50 HP.), guided by Hubert Latham.

"The second plane shows the Wright biplane (30 HP.), one of the seven Wright machines that took part in the concourse.

"The third is the Blériot monoplane (50 HP.), in which the inventor had made his sensational crossing of the English Channel a few days before.

"The Curtiss biplane, which is almost exactly like the Wright machine in a smaller size, gave an extraordinary impression of speed as it passed. But it rested with the Antoinette monoplane, guided by Hubert Latham, swooping through the air like some great bird of prey a hundred and fifty metres above the ground, to satisfy the eye and fill the imagination."

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THE FIELD OF ART

CHARLES F. McKIM

THE artist born into a period of widely diffused creative power is regarded as fortunate. No doubt he is fortunate, for many obvious reasons. But what of the artist who finds his "period" waiting to be made over? Granted that *he* has the creative power, is he not lucky in the chance to set a whole generation upon its path, and thus, perhaps, extend his influence far into the future? This was the opportunity which fell to Charles Follen McKim, the American architect who died on September 14, 1909. It was not his alone. But what he made of it gave him a place apart. It is interesting briefly to consider the situation in which he found himself and his profession when he began his career. His parents were leading figures in the abolitionist movement, and from the time of his coming into the world in 1847, to the completion of his studies at Harvard, twenty years later, he must have lived in an atmosphere of peculiar seriousness. Then he went to Paris and entered the École des Beaux Arts. Ultimately he was to diverge from the teachings of that institution, but it is important to remember how much he profited by them in his young manhood. The great French school means discipline, and the idea of discipline, as we shall presently see, was heavily to count throughout his development. It was deeply indispensable to him when he returned to America.

American architecture was in a state of transition. The nineteenth century had given sporadic signs, for a few decades, of some fidelity to the refined taste of the eighteenth, but the Civil War destroyed the last surviving standards, and the art of the builder needed to be rehabilitated from top to bottom. It must have seemed a hopeless undertaking. Ugliness, and, what was worse, ignorance, had evidently entrenched themselves in secure possession. In the campaign opened against these twin tyrants, everything depended upon the leaders. Two men of genius, the seniors of McKim by a score of years, were already enlisted when he came back from his Parisian schooling and European travels. One of them, the late Richard Morris Hunt, was himself a product of the same training. His gifts had not only been strengthened, but decisively moulded by the traditions of the École des Beaux Arts. A man of rich and even robust temperament, he was, nevertheless, all his life long, faithful to a certain academic point of view. He could be very light in hand, very graceful, when he chose, as witness the house, modelled on a château of the French Renaissance, which he built for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. But the truest measure of his power is given in such an edifice as that which he designed for the Lenox Library, a work of weighty scholarship, composed with a sort of impersonal sense of architectural law. His style, admirable as it is for its force and integrity, and fruitful as it has been in the growth of American architecture, must have seemed to McKim wanting in flexibility and charm. How was he affected by that of the late Henry Hobson Richardson, under whom he had his first practical experiences as an architect?

Richardson, like Hunt, had gone to Europe for his inspiration, but where his colleague's temperament had adjusted itself to a systematic conception of design, he had drunk almost to the point of intoxication of the generous and even heady wine of Romanesque architecture. A kindling emotion was expressed in his work, which embraced a number of small houses, but was most conspicuous in larger fields. He designed many monumental structures, impressive in mass and very warm, though never exaggerated, in their decorative aspects. The tower of Trinity Church in Boston is, perhaps, the most characteristic thing he ever did. It is a fine composition, and there are other works of Richardson which the historian of our architecture must value, but his influence was to prove curiously short-lived. Partly, I think, it was because his art, in sharp contrast to Hunt's, was too intensely personal. He was paid the doubtful compliment of eager

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imitation, but he left no school. Moreover, and this is possibly the truer explanation of his failure to establish a tradition, there was no place for the Romanesque idea in the formation of American taste. Hunt, after all, in his academic way, was nearer to the authentic spring in this matter, and McKim was at its very brink. When he left Richardson he was in the mood to beat out for himself a style which can only be described as eclectic, with the qualification that whatever was to determine its final color, it would not be either the École des Beaux Arts or the Romanesque Cathedrals.

It was in the later seventies that he and William Rutherford Mead and the late Stanford White settled down to work in harness. They were foreordained to be associated together, each contributing something that the others lacked, while all three moved naturally to a common end. The new firm played its part with a free hand, delightfully disregarding all ideals save the one which, owing to their varied resources, they were able to invent for themselves. The houses dating from their earlier period—and it was upon domestic architecture that they were then chiefly engaged—made a wonderfully fresh and original effect in the dreary ensemble of the streets of New York, and they were no less piquant to meet when isolated in the country. One of their notable city buildings was the dwelling erected on the west side of Fifth Avenue, just above Thirty-fifth Street, for Mr. J. Coleman Drayton, later occupied by the Engineers' Club, and very recently demolished under the pressure of that business movement which has been transforming the once fashionable thoroughfare. It ought to have been preserved as a landmark in our artistic history. It was a conclusive challenge to the supremacy of the stereotyped "brown stone front." Everything about it was new and charming, beginning with the broad and easy "front stoop," which was really not a front stoop at all, but a beautiful staircase. The first stage of the façade was built of rough-faced courses of stone, relieved by delicate carvings around a simple arched entrance. Above, the lines of wall and windows—the latter including a singularly unobtrusive bay—were treated with the most fastidious restraint. The house had a physiognomy, one so original as immediately to arrest attention, and, at the same time, so refined, so quietly touched with elegance, that the last thing in the world it suggested was the opening of an artistic revolution. Something of the same distinction attaches to the house further up the avenue, which was built for Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, and which still exists. Other examples might be cited. But better than a catalogue—which, for one thing, would be too voluminous—is a word on the broad significance of the entrance of McKim and his partners into American architecture.

It was not so very long ago, as years are counted, but the moment now seems historical. The artist in building was coming into his own. It was good to be alive and in the midst of tremendous changes, which seemed none the less tremendous because the public at large was hardly aware of what was going on. Architecture was more important than any other human interest, and it was tempting to believe that its fortunes in this country were largely in the hands of one group of men. Everybody knew and honored the two pioneers I have named, and everybody knew that several other brilliant men were at work. There was, for instance, a prodigious stir when Babb, Cook, and Willard built a warehouse in Duane Street, placing a new and beautiful stamp upon commercial architecture. But McKim, Mead, and White dominated the rising tide. Young men of talent, many of whom now occupy commanding positions in their profession, came trooping into the firm's office, which was an office in name, but had the character of an atelier. The first of our modern sky-scrapers, a modest enough affair, had just gone up on lower Broadway, but problems of steel construction gave comparatively little concern to McKim and his followers. If they had dealings with engineers, their associations were more intimate with painters and sculptors, and the men in the allied professions who were part of their circle, were men like La Farge and Saint-Gaudens. The artistic temperament, pure and simple, had everything its own way. The important thing was just to make a building beautiful. It was inspiring to observe the manner in which McKim showed how this was to be done. The task of exhibiting the play of his influence is a little difficult, but it is full of interest.

In a work of collaboration, two or more men may so skilfully fuse their identities as to puzzle even themselves, to say nothing of the public; but sooner or later the world comes to know just what each brought to the study of a given problem. Character will out. You cannot hide individual genius behind a firm name. In discussion of the buildings designed by McKim, Mead, and White, it has been customary to

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recognize the exceptional unity of that partnership, and to leave unanswered the question as to which one of the three may have determined this or that element in the style practiced by them all. Reserve in the matter has been very natural. An analysis of their work which seeks to carry the inquiry thus far soon threatens to entangle the critic in a classification of specific buildings, and that is not only intrusive but full of peril. For example, the faculty of Stanford White was romantic, and even playful, but I recall a talk with him about the fine cornice of the Tiffany Building, in which the point of view he disclosed was that of an architect engaged upon a positively austere conception. It is idle, then, to parcel out the achievements of the firm. On the other hand, it would be equally foolish, in speaking of McKim, to evade the detachment of his personality from the working scheme to which he contributed so much. To any one familiar with the subject he must remain as clearly defined a figure in our architecture as any of the leaders in our sculpture or painting.

An artist in the strictest sense of the term, and, as has been shown by reference to the Drayton house, an artist of fresh and original traits, he was, nevertheless, a type of intellect driving at beauty, and deep reflection went to the making of his work. His principles were thought out, not emotionally improvised. They started with the organic character of a building whose functions were to find not only charming but right expression. Thus he never did anything merely for effect; his façades might be never so original, but you would recognize always their absolute fitness. His buildings unmistakably belonged to their sites. This fact has been obscured for some of his commentators by the not infrequent modelling of one of his buildings upon some historic European monument. Argument has gone off at a tangent, confusing the question of policy involved with the question of the artist's pure constructive purpose. Ignore for a moment this matter of the adaptation of foreign designs, and look simply to an inquiry as to whether McKim did not work out his problems from the centre, giving his buildings an ineffaceable stamp eloquent of their purpose. In illustration of his constructive feeling I have only to mention, in addition to the domestic types of design already cited, the churches in the English manner built at Lenox, Stockbridge, and Morristown; the collegiate buildings at Harvard, Columbia, and elsewhere; the library for Mr. Morgan; the commercial buildings for Tiffany and Gorham; the Harvard, Century, and University club-houses; the bank building in the Bowery at Grand Street, and the station in New York for the Pennsylvania Railroad. I cheerfully make the reader a present of the fact that more than once in this mass of work he is bound to come across a design frankly taken from the past. It is far more to the point to consider this work as a whole, to note McKim's exploitation of broad ideas as well as his occasional reproduction of particular models, and then to remark the vital fashion in which he handles practical issues. His genius works in the stuff of American life, he takes our social and civic needs into his mind and proceeds to satisfy them, not as a dilettante erecting handsome screens upon the highway, but as a creative builder. The designing of such structures as I have summarized has been established upon a higher plane throughout the country through his influence. When he built a library or a church, a club-house or a state capitol, he left it a building with a soul.

Incidentally, he framed for us a new architectural language. Some critics of that language have been much perturbed over its origin, inclining to the belief that he took it bodily from abroad. I used to wonder what they were thinking about when the group of houses known as the Villard Block was erected in Madison Avenue, back of the Cathedral, and the bank at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street had been built. The influence of the Roman palace in Bramante's era was to be felt in the first of these performances, and the Florentine Renaissance was clearly to be discerned in the other; but it was the spirit, not the letter, of the old law that had controlled in both instances, and this it was that he developed in himself, and poured into the work of his firm. He developed it slowly, and very thoughtfully. He did not learn the value of the Italian Renaissance as one learns a lesson, but gradually absorbed it as he absorbed classical ideas and some French influences. Little by little he came to do his work in a kind of dry light, steadily getting rid of all that was superfluous in detail, steadily expressing himself in larger and simpler terms. He used the style of the Renaissance just as the late J. F. Bently used that of Byzantium, when he designed perhaps the most remarkable piece of pure architecture in our epoch, the superb Roman Catholic Cathedral in London. He used it, that is to say, as an instrument which he had

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made entirely his own. I have spoken of his "young men," and of the reaction of his work upon the work of many of his contemporaries. He was effective in this way because he handed on no academic formula, but a habit of mind making for refinement and balance.

The Renaissance supplied him with a vehicle not only in harmony with his own nature, but wonderfully favorable to his purpose in view of the existing conditions in American taste. We have been putting our house in order, we have had to make fresh starts, to try numerous experiments, and, in short, to organize our artistic energies. Above all, we have wanted curbing. If the laying of an iron rod upon our warring impulses was to be made endurable, the measure of discipline imposed by the Renaissance was imcomparably the best for us to adopt. Pure line, deftly balanced mass, graceful and not too lavish decoration, with a perfectly rationalized aim underlying them all, would win us from the nondescript and the uncouth, from meaningless form and redundant color. We would yield the more readily, too, as this reign of law was humanized, made not only dignified and authoritative but beguiling. McKim, who waxed in severity as he progressed, never ceased to charm, and hence his rule was easily consolidated. He had a genius for this kind of rule, because he had a genius for beauty. That was what his disciples felt, and it was through that that he helped them. It was once my privilege to go with him through the sculpture galleries of the Vatican, making notes of the statues that seemed suitable for a decorative plan then in the air. There had been talk of reproducing a quantity of classical sculpture in plaster casts, to be distributed throughout the grounds of the World's Fair at Chicago, and we prepared together a long list. The experience was precious. McKim saw these sculptured episodes, as they were intended to be, in all their relations If he accepted or rejected a suggestion, his comments bore partly upon the intrinsic qualities of a statue, but more upon its probable effect against the background at Chicago. He would pause before some piece, and in a few words explain its fitness or its uselessness. I vividly remember how the man at whose feet I sat enlarged my horizon, and put the whole question of sculptural decoration in a new perspective.

His taste was inexorable. He had a passion to be right. It would have landed a lesser man in pedantry. To him the rule of thumb was abhorrent. He prized what was good in the École des Beaux Arts, but he was impatient when its graduates tried to acclimatize here just so many French patterns. When he founded the American Academy at Rome it was not to substitute an Italian for a French formula, but to lead the young student, almost insensibly, into a nobler, more disciplined, and yet freer way of thinking and working. Thus he himself thought and worked, a steadying force in American art.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

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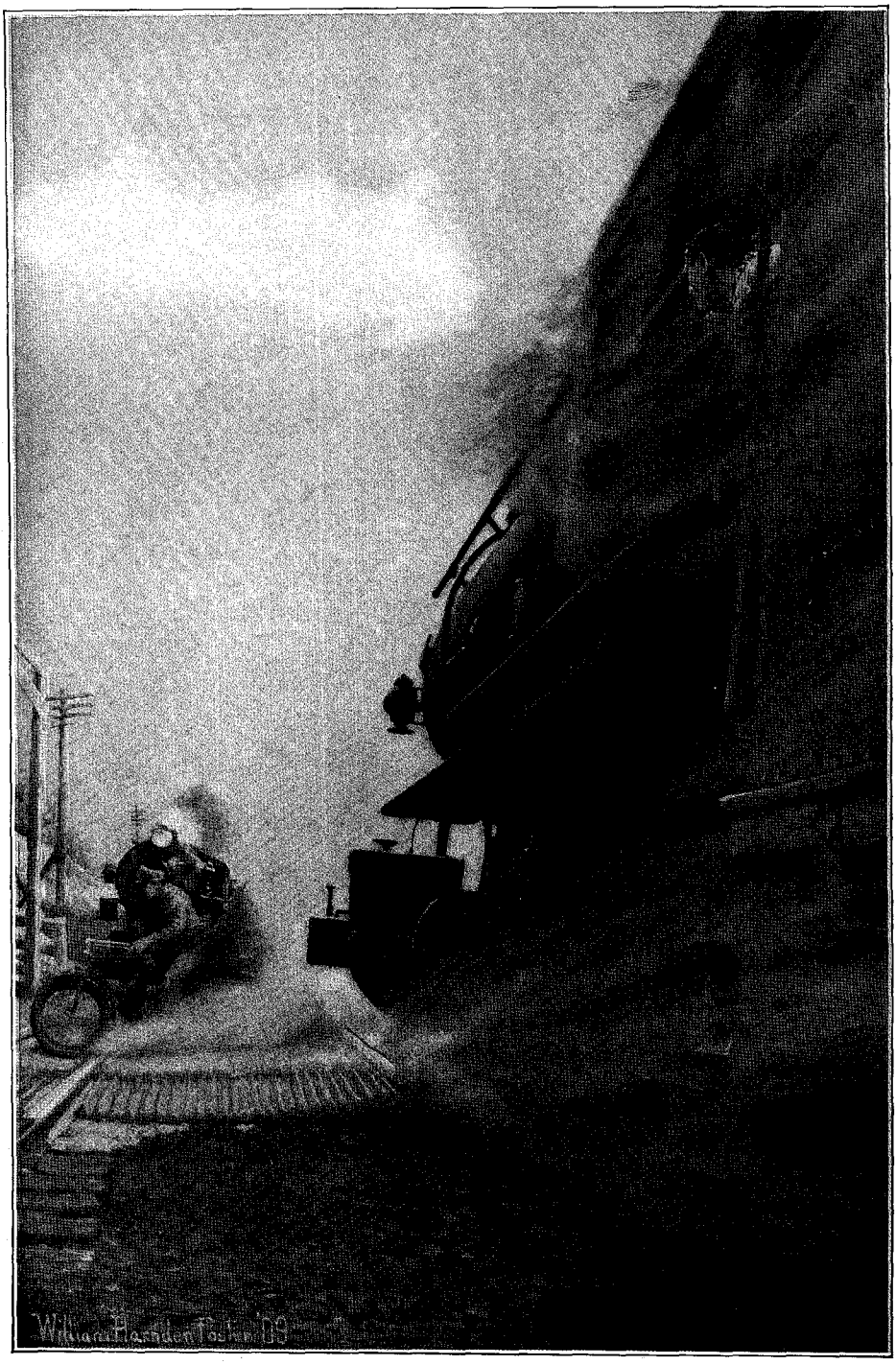

Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

ALL OF A SUDDEN SOMETHING BROWN SHOT OUT BY THE BOILER LIKE A BIG JACK-RABBIT.

—"All in a Day's Run."—Page 163.

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